ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

JANUARY 1971 • $1.50

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE FEATURING KURT VONNEGUT, JR. · ALBERTO MORAVIA MICHAEL CRICHTON · BILL COSBY · EVAN HUNTER · MARIO PUZO · "LAUGH-IN'S" DICK MARTIN · JOAN RIVERS · ARTHUR C. CLARKE JAMES DICKEY · ALAN WATTS · GAY TALESE DAVID HALBERSTAM · SHEL SILVERSTEIN MICHAEL HARRINGTON · TOMI UNGERER STUDS TERKEL · DAN WAKEFIELD · SENATOR GAYLORD NELSON · MAYOR CARL STOKES GERALD GREEN · AN INTERVIEW WITH MAE WEST · PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW PICTORIALS ON "THE ACT OF LOVE" AND VERUSCHKA · AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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PLAYBILL ONE YEAR AGO, David Halberstam wrote in PLAYBOY about the ideological rape of a small Southeast Asian nation by a military superpower. The article was called *The Americanization of Vietnam*. Halberstam, who won a Pulitzer Prize (and incurred the wrath of John F. Kennedy) for his forthright reporting of the early years of our involvement in that tortured little country, returns to our pages this month with an analysis of *The Vietnamization of America*, an eloquent evocation of the spiritual malaise that has gripped our own nation as a result of the tragedy in Indochina.

The structural failures of our society and the reallocation of our resources needed to correct them are the subjects of *A New Set of National Priorities*, a three-part symposium in this issue. The decay of our cities, the deterioration of the environment and the enduring poverty suffered by 15 percent of the population are the three major challenges the U. S. must meet when it divests itself of the burdens of Vietnam. Our experts, Mayor Carl B. Stokes of Cleveland, Senator Gaylord Nelson—cosponsor of Earth Day—and sociologist Michael Harrington, whose book *The Other America* helped focus the nation's attention on the hard-core poor in the affluent society, discuss with sobering authority each of these crises and the painful adjustments that must be made to solve them before it's too late.

If these threats to the social order—and to life itself—are not met, man may ultimately find himself in the position of the hero in Arthur C. Clarke's *Transit of Earth*: wandering doomed across a hostile planet. Clarke—the dean of science-fiction writers, a longtime PLAYBOY contributor and Stanley Kubrick's collaborator in the creation of the screen classic *2001*—recently participated in an elite symposium of scientists and NASA officials at which plans were mapped for U. S. space exploration between now and (you guessed it) 2001. The story's illustration, which starkly depicts the Martian landscape with its satellite Phobos on the horizon, was done by Chesley Bonestell, the renowned artist who was among the first to depict what it might be like to stand on a planet other than Earth. Guru Alan Watts also finds himself working in a time to be, but his vision is refreshingly optimistic. In *The Future of Ecstasy*, Watts describes how man, a species uniquely in need of self-transcendence, will achieve a state of sensual grace 20 years from now. Watts is currently atop Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County, California, finishing his autobiography.

With such distinguished contributors covering the larger social and metaphysical issues, we turned for a lighter look at contemporary life to a number of upbeat inhabitants of our own editorial department. Staff Writer Craig Vetter takes you *Underground at the "Daily Planet"* for a view of how things *really* are in the office of that bustling metropolitan daily where Clark Kent does his *machismo* number and Jimmy Olsen turns on. Vetter also joined Editors Geoffrey Norman and David Standish in producing *What Exactly Should I Make Perfectly Clear?*, a satiric sampling of the kind of advice it seems President Nixon sometimes receives from his most trusted counselors. Although none of our three staffers claims any political ambitions of his own, we've noticed a trend toward bureaucratese in their interoffice memos since this feature was completed, and one of them has requested Secret Service protection for his family and a scrambler for his office phone.

Also for this issue, Associate Editor David Stevens contributes both a George Plimptonish *Playboy After Hours* essay on bobsledding and *Games for the Virginia Woolf Set*, a sampler of sadistic party diversions that emphatically excludes charades or buzz. And Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman writes about a man who plays one of the most brutal games of all: professional football. But even defensive linemen have probably been kinder to Joe Namath than some of the people from the rough world of moviemaking he ran into in Italy, where he filmed *The Last Rebel*, his third picture. In *High Noon for Broadway Joe*, Linderman—who conducted our December 1969 *Playboy Interview* with Namath—chronicles this misadventure as well as the quarterback's innermost thoughts about his professional sporting life, curtailed this season by a fractured wrist. Another kind of contest is the subject of Gerald Green's *Street Games*, an affectionate look at sports on asphalt, where a three-sewer man is considered the Babe Ruth of punchball. An even more popular and perennial sport is covered in *Playboy's Girl-Watching Quiz*, which entertainingly tests the theory that a man's personality is related to his preferences in female anatomy.

Evan Hunter's *Terminal Misunderstanding*, which leads off our New Year's fiction, is the poignant story of a man who finds

CLARKE

MORAVIA

COSBY

RIVERS

NELSON

STOKES

HUNTER

WATTS

HALBERSTAM

HARRINGTON

he cannot bridge the generation gap. The main character will appear in Hunter's new novel, *Nobody Knew They Were There*, set for publication next month. There is a tragic background to Alberto Moravia's four vignettes, *Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter* (which will be incorporated in his next book, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the U. S. and Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd. in England). Moravia's friend Domenico Gnoli—a gifted Renaissance-style artist who did the illustrations for a previous set of Moravia's PLAYBOY stories—died of cancer last spring at the age of 37. When we asked Moravia to write something to accompany a second collection of Gnoli's drawings, he gave us this moving quartet. Rounding out this month's fiction is part two of *Dealing*, a novel by Michael and Douglas Crichton writing as "Michael Douglas," which will be published by Knopf early this year.

Michael Crichton makes another appearance in this issue as one of the writers interviewed for *The High Cost of Fame*—in which nine authors who have achieved the kind of success and celebrity status F. Scott Fitzgerald made into an American myth reflect on their good fortune and its effects on their lives. Larry C. Dubois, who interviewed them, is a former *Time* staffer turned free lance; he admits that he didn't expect the assignment to be much of a challenge. "After all, I would just be using other people's words." But as his work progressed, he found that each interview became a microcosm of that writer's personal style and approach to his craft. "When I interviewed Gay Talese, there was a tremendous problem with the tape recorder. He is an excruciatingly careful writer. Every word has to be exactly right and he was very uptight about the idea of talking glibly into a machine. After an hour or so of frustration, he said, 'Turn the fucking thing off and take notes.' But that wasn't much better. Finally, we quit, both thinking it was a failure. But it turns out that the session really captured the kind of care Gay brings to his writing."

A confirmed Kurt Vonnegut fan, Dubois was at first disappointed and bewildered by his interview with the enigmatic novelist. "I just thought it was all a put-on, that he hadn't really said anything. But when it hit paper, it was pure Vonnegut—the same kind of whimsical absurdity you find in his books." James Dickey, an old friend of Dubois', was more open and accessible. "I went down to his place in Columbia, South Carolina, and visited. I talked with him for an hour and a half and when I got back home, I played the tapes for some friends. He is a wonderful, mad genius, and they didn't want the tapes to end: they were in love with that wild man, who can talk about *anything* and make it fascinating." Looking back on the experience, Dubois says: "I found one common denominator that's interesting to a guy like me who would like a little of what these men have. They all have a tremendous amount of drive. They're at the typewriter every day. I wish I could say the same."

As the foregoing feature attests, January is traditionally a time for roundups. Our New Year's issue includes a review of 1970's Playmates and *Playboy's Annual Writing Awards*. There's humor in large, laugh-laden quantities. *Silverstein Around the World* is a wild collection from Shel's travel scrapbook. Another PLAYBOY favorite, comedian Bill Cosby, contributes an ebon-humored fantasy, *This One Will Kill You*, about a stand-up comic who performs in a bleak world of the future. And Dick Martin, the satyric half of *Laugh-In*'s team, says *You Can Take It with You* and tells you where to take her for a romantic weekend. Comedienne Joan Rivers lampoons women's lib; PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Tomi Ungerer conceives a fey fantasy, *The Mirror Man*; and *Car and Driver* columnist and feature writer Brock Yates joins with creative adman Bruce McCall to conjure up *Major Hoodoy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds*, a redoubtable roundup of World War Two's least illustrious airplanes. In the pictorial realm, the offbeat eroticism of Veruschka, *regina* of the high-fashion models, is captured by photographer Franco Rubartelli. Another pictorial exclusive, *The Act of Love*, is strikingly rendered by Maury Hammond, a New York lensman who worked closely with Photography Editor Vincent Tajiri on this project. LeRoy Neiman limns the tropic delights of Jamaica; and for your further holiday enjoyment, we offer the earthy wisdom of a sex goddess whose experience spans the century: a tell-it-all *Playboy Interview* with the imperishable Mae West, who invites our readers to come up and see her sometime. Happy New Year!

YATES

MARTIN

MC CALL

BONESTELL

STEVENS

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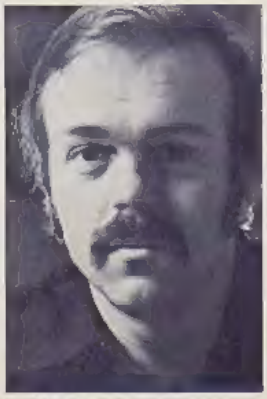
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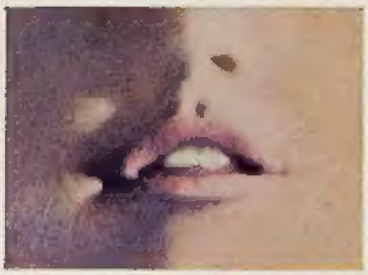

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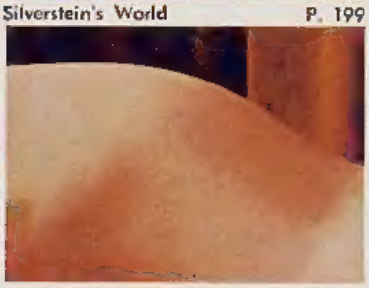

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ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE

I enjoyed and profited from the October *Playboy Interview* with Bill Kunstler. He did a remarkably good job under pressure of time, although there are several matters on which, quite naturally, we differ. The way Nat Hentoff conducted the interview was outstanding. His work should be a model for future interviewers of controversial characters.

Fred Rodell
Professor of Law
Yale University Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

Nat Hentoff's interview with Bill Kunstler is the best you've run since I've been reading your magazine. It was a great job, and the fact that Bill's been a friend of mine doesn't alter my judgment. I feel one hell of a lot safer here in George Wallace country knowing that Bill Kunstler is out there somewhere practicing law the way he sees it.

P. D. East, Editor
The Petal Paper
Fairhope, Alabama

I read with interest and deep concern your lengthy interview with Kunstler. I didn't expect much, but found even less. The callous and illogical rhetoric of this shallow man makes me sick to my stomach; his blatant double standards in regard to violence and political repression must surely turn off any thoughtful reader.

I recently saw Kunstler in person for the first (and hopefully the last) time when he spoke at the University of Maryland, sharing the platform with former assistant attorney general John J. Garrity. It was supposed to be a debate on dissent. An extremely partisan audience cheered wildly as Kunstler vigorously denounced Government suppression of the Bill of Rights (i.e., "I should be permitted to come here and say that the R.O.T.C. building should be burned down, if that would do any good, but I can't, because the First Amendment has been emasculated"). Then this sterling civil libertarian and righteous champion of free speech proceeded to sit calmly by while his bigoted supporters jeered and shouted obscenities at Garrity, effectively denying him his own right to freedom of expression. This incident plus Kunstler's unbelievable credo of defending only those he loves, leads me to conclude that the man is committed to perpetrating those things he professes to deplore: lies and injustice.

Patrick Clifford
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

I went to Chicago during the ill-famed trial and testified on behalf of the five defendants whom I had met at rallies and press conferences. Kunstler impressed me: he is warm and interesting as well as zealous and effective. I sensed the oppression at the trial; although physical surroundings were normal, the precautions taken and the mien of the guards were not. The little judge would not let Kunstler question, nor me answer, to make our points, and my trip was wasted except for the presentation of a legitimate Catholic monsignor to a square Chicago jury.

In Chicago, I spent many hours talking with Dellinger and Kunstler, and since then have read much about the trial and the philosophy of both sides. Kunstler was right in sitting still for the exhaustive interview, even though he dislikes what your magazine does to earn its basic bread (I do, too). In the interview, Kunstler has told it all and, if only one tenth of your readers tackles the interview seriously, the truth will have gained currency in some unlikely minds. There are more sex maniacs than radicals and it may do the stockbrokers good to think about radicals for a while rather than girls, or boys, or whatever they normally fantasize about.

The Rev. Msgr. Charles O. Rice
Holy Rosary Church
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Kunstler asserts that the burning of buildings and other acts of destruction are necessary and proper to achieve certain objectives connected with the liberation of the oppressed. But what would his reaction be if these objectives were reached—only to be followed by protests, destruction of property and other acts of violence by another generation of protestors who oppose these objectives?

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Undoubtedly, the repression that would come from those then in power would put present so-called storm-trooper tactics to shame. And so it goes. To follow the Kunstler philosophy is the surest way to court chaos.

Charles B. Zimmerman, Jr.
Springfield, Ohio

The tragedy of William Kunstler is that he does irreparable harm to the forces he is most sympathetic with, as he identifies himself with the youth movement, the youth movement is conversely identified with him. Valid points made by the young often fall on deaf ears because Kunstler and his kind have stigmatized the movement.

Kunstler also bases his need for revolution on a faulty premise. He either wrongly believes or falsely conveys the impression that the people of this country are oppressed by the Government and would welcome his life style. He betrays his own cause for acceptance of different life styles by attempting to force his life style on those who—and he obviously finds this impossible to believe—simply do not want or need it.

I propose to Kunstler that he choose either of two routes open to him: one, that he work positively and constructively within the system for lawful change; two, should he find this impossible or intolerable that he withdraw to a commune and live what he feels is the utopian life. In other words, Kunstler, baby, do your own thing, but at the same time let us do ours.

S Sgt. David A. Highlands
APO San Francisco, California

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Joyce Carol Oates's chilling *Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!* (PLAYBOY, October) is a terrifyingly accurate portrayal of a completely hypocritical egomaniac. These faculty activists lack many, or all, of the great basic traits that a true teacher should have—solid scholarship, dedication to the task of teaching, compassion for students and respect for their peers who may happen not to agree with them. They seek to destroy and never try to build, because it takes a completely different set of tools to build than it does to destroy and these radical revolutionaries simply lack the proper tools.

Carl Richards
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In the guise of fiction, *Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!* is actually a brilliant description of the current Canadian campus scene. But let me make one correction and some amplification. In reality, at the first sign of Bird's discomfort, the "branch plant" Canadian Association of University Teachers (executive director an American, of course) would have come rushing to the defense. American readers may not understand the expression branch plant. If you think of America as a huge factory (which isn't too hard), then Canada is—unfortunately—a branch plant. Most facets of life in Canada fall under this description. The economy is branch plant. The dominant mentality in the universities is branch plant. For example, the social sciences are currently dominated by the American establishment fad of "value-free behaviorism." Any Canadian academic who objects vociferously enough gets nonrenewed, or denied tenure, or is never hired in the first place.

Raymond S. Rodgers, Ph.D.
Point Roberts, Washington

"Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!" was selected as 1970's Best Short Story in "Playboy's Annual Writing Awards." See page 208.

PORNO TO THE PEOPLE

Having read many scanty but sensational articles on Denmark's legalization of the production and distribution of pornography, I am indebted to your fine magazine for publishing *Pornography and the Unmelancholy Danes* (PLAYBOY, October), informative reportage that really told me what was going on over there. The photography was excellent and John Skow let the reader know what the man on the street thinks about the whole thing.

Ralph Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

John Skow's article on vanishing obscenity restrictions proves the adage that lust conquers all!

Ralph Ginzburg
New York, New York

FROG POWER

I thoroughly enjoyed *The Giant Chicken-Eating Frog*, by Professor Morton Stultifer (PLAYBOY, October). It is, by far, one of the cleverest pieces of humor I have read. His spontaneity and free-style approach made it a laudable and delightful story, the type that catches you unawares and off guard, and that's the best kind.

Nelson Williams
Chicago, Illinois

I read Professor Stultifer's treatise on the Giant Chicken Eating Frog with great interest. Although I have not yet seen Leptodactylus Pentadactylus *in situ*, and strongly envy Professor Stultifer his hours of study in the jungle, there is one point I would like to question.

I must take issue with Professor Stultifer's description of the courtship and mating of T. G. C.-E. F. I can only imagine that he must have come across an unusually raffish couple while cowering in his rain-soaked bushes. Had they watched too many wandering hippies, perhaps, or found a copy of *Human Sexual Inadequacy*? As the picture below proves, among civilized frogs and toads, at least, the male exudes complete abandon to lust, while the female couldn't be less interested. She *Hausfrau*ly lets him have his way with her, and the only thought that sifts through her dozing mind is whether he will get finished in

time for her to go to the big white sale. This reaction, I am sorry to say, is fairly universal among female amphibians and leads, no doubt, to a very short connubial period. As soon as the eggs are laid, off the male scampers to join the boys watching the football game. Thus, I am mystified by the endearments and erotic phrases Professor Stultifer claims he heard the female Leptodactylus Pentadactylus utter. Could it be possible that the professor, mildewing alone in his rain-soaked bushes, or sitting barricaded in a concrete bunker, with only a shotgun on his lap, succumbed to a fit of anthropomorphism or, more likely, salientianorphism, and "heard" these words of endearment from recollections floating around in his memory since his last trip to civilization?

George Porter
New York, New York

We won't jump to any conclusions, but as author of "World of the Frog and the Toad," George Porter should know more about it than Stultifer, who, incidentally, was apprehended shortly after the appearance of this story for transporting an attractive—but unfortunately underage—pollwog across state lines for immoral purposes. We sincerely hope he doesn't croak in jail, though, because there's a surprise waiting for him when he gets out—our annual award for best satire to appear in PLAYBOY *during 1970.*

KILLING TIME

The Many Faces of Murder, by Bruce Porter, in your October issue, does a distinct service for your readers. The senseless multiple murders, from which no year is free in the United States,

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should be brought to the attention of all of us who may unwittingly be living next door to tomorrow's headline. As Porter points out, the killer is more likely to be the quiet, "good" citizen than the bloodthirsty "maniac" pictured in novels or the entertainment media. PLAYBOY is to be thanked for publishing this down-to-earth treatment of one of our endemic social diseases. It strikes at the most unexpected times and is as deadly as cancer. The public should know something of this danger.

Walter Bromberg, M. D.
Sacramento, California

Bruce Porter's article was well researched, reasoned, rational and persuasive. Essentially I am in agreement with the general tenor of his piece.

My own position is heavily weighted in favor of the biological and organismic roots of human behavior. I do not deny that environment has a role to play, but it seems to me that the emphasis must be on the fundamental physiological processes. If I were asked to give a quantitative breakdown of the relative importance of organic and environmental influence, I would assign a ratio of 80 percent to 20 percent in favor of biology, which provides the basic structure of the species and the individual; the environment can only mold within the limits allowed by the biology. All the environmental manipulation in the world will not enable a Percheron to defeat a thoroughbred in the Kentucky Derby, nor enable a rabbit to live the life of a lion.

The principle of biological primacy is mandatory in understanding Homo bellicosus. We are all descended from those hominids who conquered the ice, and these progenitors have left us with a legacy of aggression, drive and the determination to crush any opposition by force. As Albert Camus said, we are all killers.

The drive to destroy is in our genes. In my experience, and I have examined dozens of murderers, the essential point is that killers are not aberrant monsters—they are ordinary human beings. Hannah Arendt has spoken of "the banality of evil" and I certainly find this correct, the single common denominator that all murderers have is that they are no different from other people. Of course, we see schizophrenia, brain damage, addiction, alcoholism and other psychiatric entities in many of them—but these things are not unique to the murderer.

My opinion is that we have looked in the wrong direction in our study of murder. The question is not why some men kill but, rather, why more do not. The problem lies not in the accelerator but in the brake; the aggressive destructive drive is in all men. Consider man's historical record of war and violence—but, fortunately, we have inhibiting mechanisms. It is in the study of these

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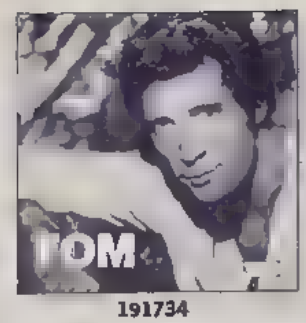

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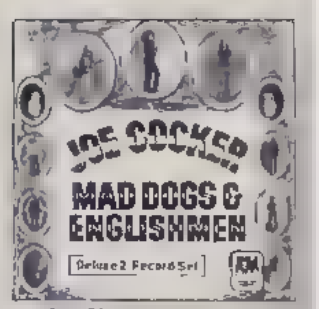

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Any 12 of these hit

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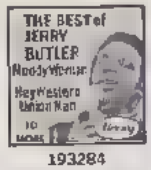

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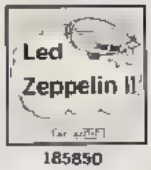

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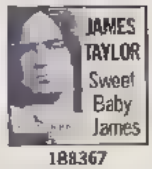

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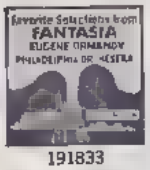

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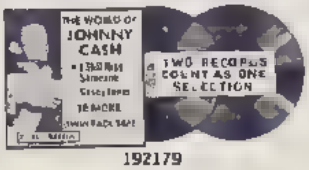

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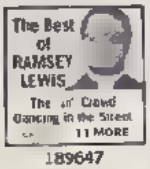

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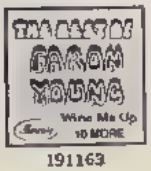

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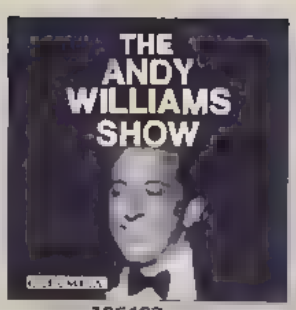

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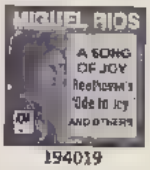

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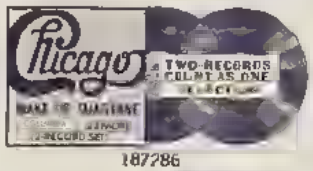

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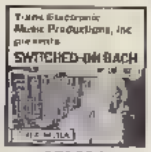
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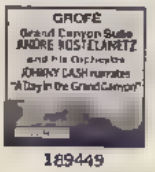

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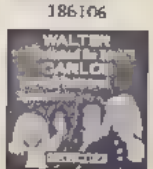

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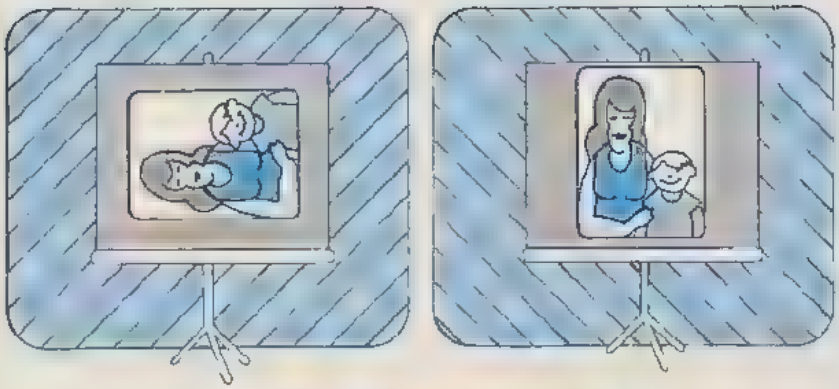
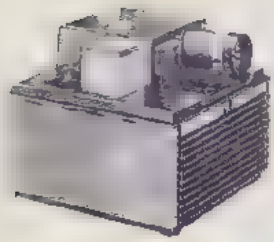


New thinking is...
a projector for people who've had a slide show flop.



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Marvin Ziporyn, M.D.
Chicago, Illinois

Dr. Ziporyn co-authored with Jack Altman "Born to Raise Hell: The Untold Story of Richard Speck."

PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT

Congratulations to Tom Wicker for *Nixon's the One—But What?* (PLAYBOY, October). He presented an accurate, awe-inspiring commentary on a President with questionable talents. I wonder if Nixon believes his actions and policies are in the best interests of his country, or, as seems closer to the truth, if he is doggedly following a "game plan" that, because of the nearsightedness of its creator, allows no room for alterations or sympathetic responsiveness to the changing needs and demands of the people. I consider myself to be neither liberal nor conservative, but a somewhat objective mixture of the two. As such, I would think that I could condone at least *some* of Nixon's actions. Unfortunately for me and (as I see it) my country, I cannot. Wicker, I'm afraid you're right. "He could never make the first string"!

J. H. McClatchy
Baltimore, Maryland

Wicker's article is a clear-cut appraisal and analysis of the Nixon Administration. The piece shows that on the Vietnam war, inflation and domestic problems, the President has practiced double talk and reverse action despite the immediate necessity of solving these problems. He has fallen short of the expectations of the people who elected him, and he expands our altogether too great divisiveness to the extent that we despair of the possibility of his "bringing us together" in the foreseeable future.

Stephen G. Spottswood, Chairman
National Board of Directors
NAACP
Washington, D.C.

In his latest attack on a White House occupant, Tom Wicker goes to considerable lengths to document evidence in support of his favorite cause—journalistic superiority versus Presidential inferiority. However, by substituting distortion for documentation, he has delivered a fatal blow to that thesis.

One has to suppose that Wicker's subordinate intent was to catalog the liberal complaints about the Nixon Administration prior to 1970's Congressional elections. In so doing, he has presented a lucid description of the most interesting facets of present-day thought. The liberal apparently favors policies of Federal coercion except in those cases in which the policies are anti-Communist. Wicker's final analysis of the Nixon "failures" decries an inability to innovate. Innovation

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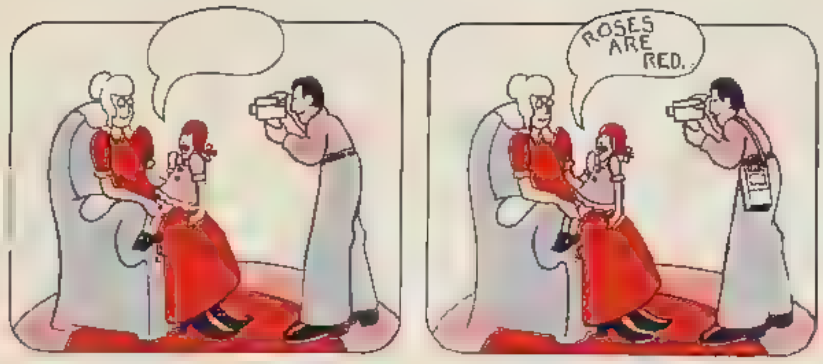
1. I promise not to be so jealous.
2. I promise that someday you won't have to turn your ring around when we check into a hotel.
3. I promise you've made me forget you-know-who.
4. I promise that if you stop pointing out happily married couples, I'll stop pointing out unhappily married couples.
5. I promise to stop grilling you about your past.
6. I promise to respect your moral code, even if it hurts.
7. I promise I'll stop seeing _____, if you'll stop seeing _____.
8. I promise not to kid around on the side.
9. I promise that since I've met you even my wife likes me better.

Arpege Eau de Lanvin from $4, and Promise No. 3.

10. I promise to look into one of those new machine-washable toupees.
11. I promise to love your psyche as well as your physique.
12. I promise you can have lunch with men who are just friends.
13. I promise you're the only one. (ed. note: may be used more than once.)
14. I promise to stop bragging about my former conquests.
15. I promise to be gentle.
16. I promise I'll scoot right over when you're ready. I'd like to be the first.
17. I promise that if it ends, we'll always be friends.

An Arpege Promise

Dear Betsy.
I promise you've made me forget you-know-who.
Love, Ralph



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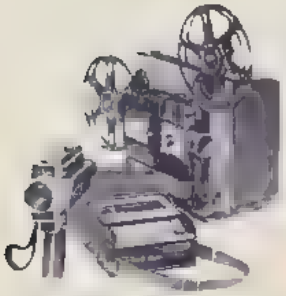
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is viewed as fundamental to the solution of modern problems. It is a simple application of a basic law of liberal politics—when you are no longer capable of the contemplation necessary for meaningful legislation, take the easy route of articulation and innovation.

Robert S. Walker
Washington, D.C.

WHEN MOVIES WERE MOVIES

Leslie Epstein's *Cute Duck* (PLAYBOY, October) is, without doubt, one of the most affecting and evocative pieces about the movies I have read since Parker Tyler's early articles. Like Tyler, Epstein has an enviable ability to recall an image or a scene in marvelously precise yet poetic words. I was especially pleased to have the late Fifties and early Sixties given their due. Too often, writers about films tend to paint the distant past with rosy hues, but find the present or the recent past pure dross. What hurts is to discover pictures that seemed to have been released only yesterday have already acquired a nostalgic glow. As Shakespeare said, "And Time, that gave doth now his gift confound."

Arthur Knight
Los Angeles, California

Our editors concurred with film critic Knight's assessment—and voted Leslie Epstein runner-up Best New Writer (non-fiction) in "Playboy's Annual Writing Awards."

By insisting on treating film as an art form rather than simply another media input, *Cute Duck* testifies in every line to the intimate connection between creative work and the moral imagination. It fairly bursts with floods of insight.

John Clellon Holmes
Old Saybrook, Connecticut

PLAYBOY *contributor John Clellon Holmes authored "Go," one of the earliest Beat Generation novels.*

CRITICAL PLAYMATE

Your September Playmate, Debbie Ellison, indicated it was her ambition to be a ballet critic. In need of a reviewer of the dance, we contacted Debbie and got a sample of her writing. Our new ballet critic: Debbie Ellison.

Kenneth S. Opin
Associate Publisher
Publick Occurrences & Boston After Dark
Boston, Massachusetts

THE GUERRILLA GOURMET

I very much enjoyed Tomi Ungerer's *How to Survive in a French Restaurant* in your October issue. Just one comment: For maximum effect, it's imperative that one meet the waiters in a French restaurant on their own ground. I recommend the following ripostes:

1. *"C'est le meilleur bouillon d'eau que j'ai jamais goûté."* ("This is the

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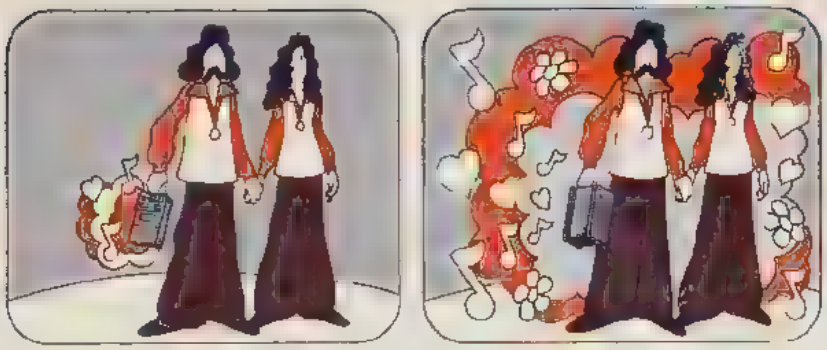

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finest water soup I have ever tasted.")

2. "*J'ai demandé de l'huile d'olive, pas de moteur.*" ("I asked for olive oil, not motor oil.")

3. "*C'est de la viande, ce machin, ou vous ne servez que des végétariens?*" ("Is this thing meat, or do you only serve vegetarians?")

4. "*J'ai demandé une crêpe, pas une crotte.*" ("I asked for a pancake, not a cowcake.")

5. "*Vous appelez ça l'addition? C'est un budget d'état.*" ("That's not the bill—that's the national budget.")

William Robinson
Assistant Professor of French
Corning Community College
Corning, New York

GETTING AROUND

PLAYBOY has done itself proud by publishing David Rorvik's *The Transport Revolution* (PLAYBOY, October). After all the bleak predictions of man self-destructing in the future, it's refreshing to read an article that covers the positive prospects of extended technology. Rorvik brings hard facts to bear in his visions of automated autos, luxury-liner hovercraft and noiseless pneumatic subways in our future. His article was not only well written but also carefully researched.

George Lincoln
Los Angeles, California

David Rorvik makes an impressive case for changes in automobiles, but he fails to consider how to change the drivers to whom the automobile is far more than a vehicle for travel. It's also a vehicle for their inherent hostilities, unconscious suicidal tendencies and many other autoerotic automotivations. Rorvik also quotes an authority as saying he considers most science fiction obsolete, but his article immediately reminded me of the very first science-fiction story I ever read, David H. Keller's *The Revolt of the Pedestrians*, in which constant use of mechanical transport atrophies the legs of most of the population—and a number of others predicting the man of the future spending his lifetime traveling superhighways in supercars. No, Rorvik, science fiction is not dead; it is alive and flourishing in our own tomorrow.

Robert Bloch
New York, New York

Author of "Psycho" and a PLAYBOY *contributor, Robert Bloch is presently president of Mystery Writers of America.*

Rorvik presents a fascinating glimpse of our mobile future, one that I certainly hope might come true. I was pleasantly surprised to note that—without exception—all of the planned wonders have been described in science-fiction stories during the past four decades. Historically, speculation in this field has left a lot to be desired, but mankind now has the means to construct any planned

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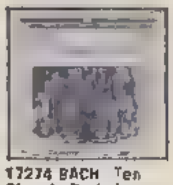

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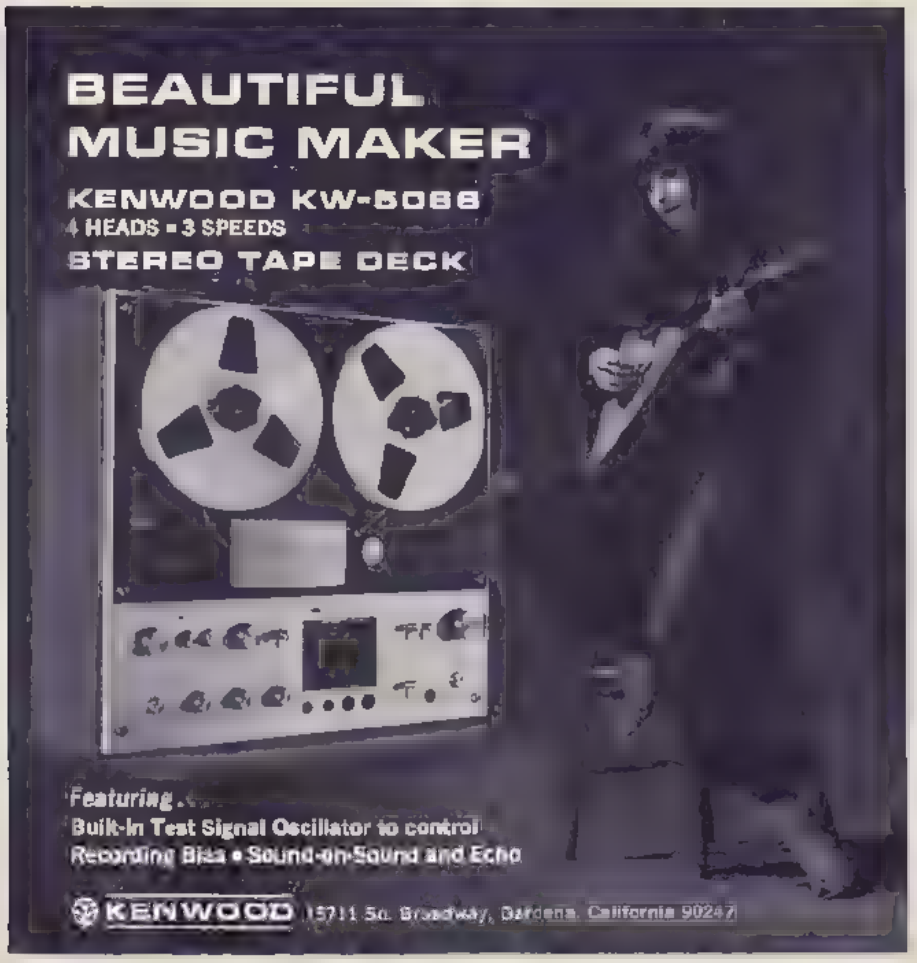

utopia. All that's needed is the will and the goal.

Harry Harrison
Middlefield, Connecticut

Harry Harrison is a prominent editor of science-fiction anthologies and author of "The Technicolor Time Machine."

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Many thanks for the twin treat in October: I can't remember when I've enjoyed seeing double as much.

Charles D. Warner
Hartford, Connecticut

The the brace brace of of October October Playmates Playmates,, Mary and and Madeleine Collinson Collinson,, were were beautiful beautiful.. A a real real dynamic dynamic duo duo.. Thanks thanks..

Gordon R. Barrington
Boston, Massachusetts

You're you're welcome welcome..

GRIDIRON GAMBLER

Diogenes' Search for an Honest Game (PLAYBOY, October) contained much enlightening information about wagering on college football. I was especially interested in the sections pertaining to the practical aspects of betting. Much to my delight, William Barry Furlong detailed quite adequately the general guidelines of Diogenes' winning ways.

Anthony Rogom
New York, New York

I read *Diogenes' Search for an Honest Game* with a great deal of interest. There has apparently been a lot of research done pertaining to the effects of various conditions—especially the weather—on the outcome of football games.

As far as point spread is concerned, I personally never think about it. At Yale, we try to play as many people as we can. During each of the past two years, we have lettered as many as 45 players. It might sound as though we like to run up the score—but believe me, that isn't the case. The fact is that once the momentum starts going for or against you, there is very little that can be done.

Carm Cozza
Head Football Coach
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

TASTEFUL ORGY

After reading Thomas Mario's *The Ecumenical Pleasures of Jewish Cookery* (PLAYBOY, October), I immediately broke my diet and I am now on the critical list at Weight Watchers. To me, a Jewish orgy is: you bring the *halvah* and I'll bring the Dr. Brown's celery tonic.

Henny Youngman
New York, New York

Say good night, Henny.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

America's only bobsled run snakes down the north face of Mt. Van Hoevenberg in the Adirondacks near Lake Placid, New York. Seen from the spectator walkway that's built parallel to the course, the mile-long, ice-packed gutter in which bobsledders race against the clock while attaining speeds upward of 90 miles per hour looks like a roofless tunnel dug out by a huge antediluvian mole. Seen through the eyes of a novice bobsledder just leaving the starting gate on his maiden plunge, however, the track ahead, with its 16 curves, is more apt to resemble a winter entrance to Dante's Inferno; but you're going too fast to see if the warning ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO SLIDE DOWN HERE is chiseled on the first curve's icy wall.

Anyone wishing to discover why bobsledding is called the champagne of thrills can ride a professionally piloted four-man sled down the Mt. Van Hoevenberg run for two dollars—after he's signed a waiver releasing the New York State Conservation Department, owner of the course, from all liability. With this sobering fact in mind, we assigned Associate Editor David Stevens—a veteran outdoorsman prematurely aged, but still undaunted, by his on-the-scene participation in PLAYBOY pictorial features on snowmobiling, dune-buggying and ballooning—the task of finding out just how it feels to ride the Mt. Van Hoevenberg course. Stevens, whose previous bobsledding experience had consisted of sitting glassy-eyed through five consecutive showings of the last James Bond movie, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, in which bobsleds played a small but unforgettable role, reported:

"It's not for nothing that a Conservation Department bobsled strongly resembles a stretcher with runners. At nine A.M. on the day of my ride, with the temperature hovering at an even zero, I stand waiting in the push-off area by the starting gate, nonchalantly stomping my feet and twirling my crash helmet. I'm to be number-two man on the four-man sled that daily makes the pilot run of the morning, presumably to discover whether timber wolves have chewed a hole in the track overnight. Members of local bobsled racing teams playfully jockey one another for a better look at this unsuspecting Sunday sportsman; several even smile at me through steel-capped teeth. Nearby, a number of Italian made Podar racing sleds lie sideways, the morning sun warming their runners. Warm runners, I learn, are fast runners. No one lets his shadow linger on a team's sled.

"The starter adjusts his headphone set, which is linked with a crew of spotters strategically positioned along the course, and announces an all clear. This is a safety precaution that's repeated each time a sled is about to make its run. I buckle on my crash helmet, get aboard and watch patiently while an official demonstrates how the hand straps should be gripped so that one's fingers aren't crushed between the 500-pound sled and an ice wall at 60 mph. My fellow adventurers—the driver, the number-three man and the brakeman, all experienced sledders from the Conservation Department—shove us off and climb on. Our legs automatically straddle the man in front and we hunch up together, getting the feel of the sled. We must look like four little monkeys, I tell myself: hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil and the brakeman.

"The sled bumps slowly along the five-foot-wide ice trough and then begins to pick up speed. Suddenly, we're into the first curve, then the second, gaining momentum. I squint over the driver's shoulder, watching a wall of whiteness come at me. It's the first curve of Cliffside, a series of three fast, banked curves. The wind begins to tear at my crash helmet and my fingers compulsively lock on the hand straps. For one insane moment, I feel terribly exhilarated and want to laugh but, instead, let out a hollow, frozen croak. Shouts coming from the blurred faces of the spectators leaning over the guardrail are drowned out by the increasingly loud roar our sled makes as it thumpity-thumps along the ice.

"My heart is pounding like a jackhammer against my rib cage. My nostrils are frozen shut and I open my mouth to breathe, sending a shaft of frigid air deep into my lungs. Ahead is Shady, an innocently named 22-foot-high, U-shaped monster curve that's also known as the Holy Corner: Them that go in atheists come out believers. I believe before I go in. We whoosh through the small curve above it and then accelerate into a short straightaway. Suddenly, I'm on a falling elevator and the *g* forces are pushing my lolling head down between the shoulder blades of the driver. Somebody on the sled is yodeling. It sure isn't me. Stop this mutha. I want to get ooooooofffff.

"My eyeballs have been torn out by the wind. No, I can see again. But all the strength is gone from the weak muscles in my upper arms. Sheer will is my only salvation. The roar of the sled begins to resonate inside my skull. We snap through Little S, bearing down on Zig-Zag, the second most dangerous curve of the course after the Holy Corner. If you zig when you're supposed to zag, it's all over. The grandstand above it is packed with spectators. We zig high onto the right-hand wall, drop, then zag high onto the opposite wall. My stomach is somewhere back on Zig. I'll retrieve it later. My mind ceases to function. Speed has burned out my brain. I'm a frozen hunk of meat hurtling through space at the speed of light. I feel as though I've been falling for years.

"Suddenly, the sled has stopped and I'm still going 60 mph. I rubber-leg it off, pat the driver on the shoulder—arm? head?—and thank him for sparing my life. I can't stand up straight and a local radio announcer is shoving a microphone in my face, asking me to say a few words for the fans back home. I do and my voice sounds like Donald Duck's. The attendant on the loudspeaker announces our time: One minute and 20 seconds; slow by racing standards, but fast enough for me. One hour and six cognacs later, it sinks in that I'm still alive and I begin to relive the run. For my next outdoor assignment, I'd like to try a croquet tournament."

•

After a dancer in a topless-bottomless bar was acquitted on charges of lewd

conduct and indecent exposure, California's Sacramento County passed a new ordinance specifically prohibiting nude or nearly nude dancing. Noting that the law pertains only to in-the-flesh performances, the establishment's resourceful owner installed a closed-circuit television system that carries the performances "live" from a nearby room and projects the pictures onto a six-by-eight foot screen in the bar.

•

Our Originality-in-Hijacking Award goes to the young man who jumped on the back of an off-duty New York policeman and demanded at knife point, "Take me to Cuba." The cop subdued the would-be traveler and booked him on a felonious-assault charge.

•

It doesn't pay to advertise: A bored housewife in West Germany placed an ad in her local paper beginning "Sex kitten seeks sharp cat," and asked for candid photographs. Replies soon rolled in to the box number, but one of the pictures really shocked her—her husband, Klaus, naked, offering to help her out. Initiating divorce proceedings, the woman admitted that her glimpse of the photo was the first time she had seen Klaus naked. "At home," she said, "he was nothing but a prude who made love only in a darkened room."

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Inspired by the best-selling book *The Peter Principle*, 22 university bookstores across the country conducted a Peter Principle Poll to determine who best exemplifies the theory that "in a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his own level of incompetence." Over 2100 ballots were cast. The number-one vote getter, with 30 percent of the total, was Spiro T. Agnew. President Nixon placed a close second.

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Hold-the-Presses Headline of the Month, from the *Nashville Banner*: "PRESBYTERIANS TO CONSIDER POSSIBILITY OF EVOLUTION." Next, these radicals will be telling us the world is round.

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In Seattle, the women's liberation front charged discrimination when a theater dropped prices for women from $2 to $1.75. The management restored tranquillity by raising the women's tab back to $2—the same price men pay.

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Lloyd's of London has daringly agreed to insure a man against suffering the same fate as the ancient Greek playwright Aeschylus, who died when a passing eagle dropped a tortoise on his head.

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Our congratulations to North Central Airlines, which recently initiated nonstop flights from Omaha to Minneapolis, a route previously monopolized by Braniff. Only one passenger showed up for the maiden flight, and the airline somehow lost his luggage.

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A San Antonio, Texas, café has posted a sign reading, THERE WILL BE NO LONG HAIR DIRTY (HIPPIE TYPE) PERSONS ALLOWED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT! The name of the establishment: The Pig Stand.

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We applaud the Chicago suburb of Hanover Park for taking a courageous position on an earth-shaking controversy: The city fathers have banned the midiskirt. "We've got some fine-looking women's legs here," said Mayor Richard H. Baker, "and we believe in encouraging them to be seen. I haven't seen a midi since we passed the resolution." Author of the resolution is city attorney William T. Davies, whom the mayor describes as "a fine lawyer and a good leg man." Davies said Hanover Park is a young, progressive community that wanted to go on record as the first city to ban the midi. The mayor hopes it will spread to other communities—the ban, that is, not the midi.

•

Naked Went the Apes: The *New York Post* reports that the Kristiansand Zoo in southern Norway found four baboons—one male and three females—too demonstrative sexually and shipped them to Denmark, where the attitude in such matters is more relaxed.

BOOKS

Time again to scan the treats for eye and mind that publishers have packaged for this giving season. If your friends' fancies run to sports cars or Shakespeare, to Paris or pulp magazines, to stars of celluloid or comic strip, you could do worse than check out your nearby bookstore.

Movie historian Richard Griffith, for many years curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Library, has written what may stand as a definitive work on Hollywood's star system. ***The Movie Stars*** (Doubleday) perceptively explores the rise and decline of this phenomenon, with the help of nearly 600 photographs that leave no star interred. A poor cousin of the bygone star system is celebrated in Martin Levin's ***Hollywood and the Great Fan Magazines*** (Arbor House), which has been put together to resemble a supergreat issue of *Screenland*.

The publisher of those memorable art-book resurrections, *The Hours of Catherine of Cleves* and *The Très Riches Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry*, has done it again. This season's new old work is ***The Master of Mary of Burgundy: A Book of Hours for Englebert of Nassau*** (Braziller). Reproduced in four colors plus gold, this charming 15th Century volume, "made to fit a nobleman's hand," measures only 3¾" by 5¼". There are 112 plates—each exquisite. Old Englebert really knew how to pass his hours.

Photographer David Douglas Duncan went on three combat missions in Vietnam in 1967 and 1968, and from them he has assembled 200 black-and-white pictures under the title ***War Without Heroes*** (Harper & Row). Duncan tells us he wanted to show "the agony, the suffering, the terrible confusion, the heroism which is everyday currency among those men who actually pull the triggers of rifles aimed at other men known as 'the enemy.'" One may quibble over whether he altogether succeeds in this large ambition—but he makes a brave try.

Among the varied charms of Georges Simenon's innumerable novels are the descriptions of parts of Paris, off the tourist track, where Parisians do their living and dying. ***Simenon's Paris*** (Dial) brings together many of these passages, embellished with the admirable drawings of Frederick Franck, a man who clearly has a feeling for the humanity of both Simenon and the fabled city. Returning to our own shores, we find ***Lights and Shadows of New York Life; or, The Sights and Sensations of the Great City*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) a facsimile of James D. McCabe, Jr.'s picturesque guided tour, first published in 1872. Illustrated with engravings of the period, it gives us New York as it throbbed and thrived a century ago, from high spots to low dives. Notable Americana.

No Known Survivors (Gambit) is a collection of more than 200 of the sharpest of the inimitable David Levine's political caricatures, which take on everybody you can think of, from Attorney General Mitchell and his missus to Mao, Ho and Fidel. They have been selected by John Kenneth Galbraith, himself a victim of Levine's pointed pen. As Galbraith aptly observes in his introduction, "This is a book of pictures that is meant to be read." Levine's caricatures of literary figures are available in ***Pens and Needles*** (Gambit), selected by John Updike.

The Pulps (Chelsea House), we are assured, is the first anthology of a genre ("a magazine or book using rough-surfaced paper . . . and often dealing with sensational material"—*Webster's*) that had a remarkable run from about 1920 to 1950. Such magazines as *The Shadow*, *Weird Tales* and *Spicy Detective* featured writers such as Ray Bradbury, Philip Wylie and Edgar Rice Burroughs, not to mention the legions of the pseudonymous. Now Tony Goodstone presents a harvest of stories, illustrations and advertisements, as well as 50 of the original covers in full, bleeding color. A tribute to a literary form that was more significant than its purveyors knew.

The two volumes of ***Picasso 347*** (Random House/Maecenas) contain reproductions of 347 engravings completed by

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the master in 1968, when he was 86 years old. It's a highly spirited collection, filled with satyrs, acrobats and amply endowed women, the originals have been exhibited in New York, California and Chicago (where some of the more erotic efforts were not displayed). Their reproduction was supervised by Aldo and Piero Crommelynck, Picasso's personal printers, and the results have been elegantly bound in black linen with Picasso's signature in gold foil on the cover. Their size, 16½" by 12½" is almost that of the originals. Only 10,000 sets have been printed, each weighing in at 22½ pounds and going for $150, boxed.

In the Thirties and Forties, while Dick Tracy was matching sharp wits and sharper chin with the Mole, the Blank, B-B Eyes, 88 Keys and B-O Plenty, Little Orphan Annie was doing her thing with the mysterious help of Daddy Warbucks, Punjab, the Asp and unmysterious old Sandy—*Arf!* Nostalgia runs rampant through ***The Celebrated Cases of Dick Tracy*** (Chelsea House) and, ***"Arf!" The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie, 1935–1945*** (Arlington House), hefty samplings of the most memorable efforts of respectively, Chester Gould and the late Harold Gray. Quite enough to make one regret one's wasted youth.

Women of ancient civilizations are paid tasteful tribute in a new series of art books from McGraw-Hill, the first two volumes of which are now available for your delectation. They are ***The Women in Egyptian Art*** and ***The Woman in Indian Art.*** Printed in—of all places, East Germany, and reasonably priced as gift books go these days ($12.95), each contains a nonsense introduction by a German scholar to the fascinatingly remote, fascinatingly familiar subject at hand, along with a generous supply of attention-arresting illustrations.

A History of Sports Cars (Dutton), by British auto expert G. N. Georgano, warrants a buff's enthusiasm for its pictures alone—hundreds of them, including 61 in color, from the 1911 Vauxhall Prince Henry 3-liter tourer to the 1968 Auburn 866 7-liter Replica Speedster. Georgano, who likes the definition of a sports car as "one in which performance takes precedence over carrying capacity," makes a knowing guide; his vehicle is capacious but its performance leaves nothing to be desired.

Eugenics: or The Laws of Sex Life and Heredity (Doubleday), by Professor T. W. Shannon, A. M., originally published (as *Nature's Secrets Revealed*) around the turn of the century was a mine of edifying misinformation about sex and innumerable related subjects. Now available again as a contribution to camp culture, this manual features a flock of illustrations that are innocent to the point of feeble-mindedness, along with endlessly inspirational views on the order of "The male is more capable of perpetuating his species when the south wind evokes sweet violets and gay daffodils from the dark and cold earth."

At first flush, it must have seemed that artist Leonard Baskin had a great idea, full of contemporary overtones in transcribing and illustrating Jonathan Swift's ***A Modest Proposal*** (Grossman). Swift's sardonic solution to the problem of overpopulation: "I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout." Unfortunately, Baskin's calligraphy makes difficult reading of prose that should flow naturally for greatest impact and his typically scarecrowish drawings, though bitter enough, have nothing of Swift's elegance or wit. A phrase of Swift's is worth a thousand pictures.

Anthony Burgess' novels and essays have long identified him as an Elizabethan in spirit. Now in ***Shakespeare*** (Knopf), a well-designed book full of well-chosen illustrations, he makes the most of his opportunity to re-create the life of the greatest Elizabethan of them all, along with the colorful world that so suits Burgess' own sensibilities. The Bard is further acknowledged this season in Isaac Asimov's ***Guide to Shakespeare*** (Doubleday). The prolific and versatile Asimov covers the Greek, Roman and Italian plays in volume one and the "English plays" (including one about a melancholy Dane) in volume two. Together, they provide a welcome source of education and entertainment, not to mention a ready means of settling bets.

Movement Toward a New America (Knopf) is a 752-page collage of items offset from such publications as *Rat, Liberation* and the *Los Angeles Free Press*, dealing with such subjects as draft-dodging, the politics of rock, grass, Bobby Seale, Martha Mitchell, and the female orgasm. These 1000 items constitute a veritable Sears catalog of the era's fads and philosophies, products and prophets, put downs and put-ons. Mitchell Goodman, a principal in the Spock conspiracy trial, takes the credit for getting it all together.

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Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehrman, who conducted the *Playboy Interview* with William Masters and Virginia Johnson (May 1968) and collaborated with them on *Ten Sex Myths Exploded* (December 1970), now interprets their work in an authorized popularization called ***Masters and Johnson Explained*** (Playboy Press). Lehrman provides a concise summary of *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, their newest book, in language that is simple but not oversimplified. This is supplemented by an edited transcript of a 12-hour press conference held by Masters and Johnson to explain the book. A number of insights and sidelights that have not appeared elsewhere are contained in this chapter. *Human Sexual Response*, Masters and Johnson's first book, is summarized in their *Playboy Interview* and many of its salient points are illustrated and exemplified in *Playboy Advisor* questions and answers. Two psychiatrists have contributed essays that relate Masters and Johnson's therapy for sexual inadequacy with more traditional psychoanalytic approaches to impotence and frigidity. The final section is an explanation by PLAYBOY contributor Morton Hunt of behavior therapy, a form of treatment that is essential to the Masters and Johnson method.

•

Romain Gary is a Russian-born, half-Jewish Frenchman who is the author of several best-selling novels (*The Roots of Heaven, The Ski Bum, The Dance of Genghis Cohn*), a member of the French diplomatic corps (former consul general in Los Angeles), Resistance hero (holder of the *Croix de Guerre*), an interesting culture figure (husband of Jean Seberg), as well as a PLAYBOY contributor. In ***White Dog*** (World), he takes an anecdote, invests it with obvious symbolism and makes it the provocative occasion for both a French-style personal memoir and an American-style social commentary. A stray seven-year-old German shepherd, which has been trained by Southerners to attack blacks, wanders into the author's Beverly Hills life. Gary resolves to have the old dog taught the new trick of racial coexistence. The "white dog" is placed in the charge of a virtuoso animal handler who happens to be a Black Muslim. Well, the dog eventually gets over his antipathy to blacks—but is recycled by his trainer to an equally vicious hatred of whites. Naturally, the high-strung animal goes berserk. In the manner of a Mailer, Gary covers both the volatile black-militant scenes in America and the student rebellions in Paris in 1968 against the background of his own deteriorating marriage. Gary is an Americanophile, but he sees racial conflict leading the country to a dog's life. He depicts a Hollywood radical chic fund-raising scene, for example, in which a barking, bullying Marlon Brando is compared with "a *deluxe* poodle pissing on the carpet." And he blames the turmoils of his own marriage to Miss Seberg on her susceptibility to all manner of factionalist black-militant causes. The rhetoric of revolution doesn't upset Gary; he believes it necessary in order to spur the long submerged black psyche into self-respect. But he deplores the exchange of white racism for black racism. As he finally warns the Muslim trainer who has

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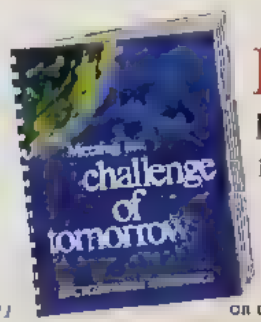

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turned white dog into black: "You're about to blow the only real chance for black people, that of being different."

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Toward the end of his absorbing book prophesying ***The Greening of America*** (Random House), Charles A. Reich envisions "the end of man's subordination to the machine . . . the use of technology to create a still higher level of life, based upon values that transcend the machine." These values, says Reich, include love, creativity, community and life itself. They are goals to which we all give lip service, but which only the young among us seem to have taken to heart. The young represent what Reich calls "a new consciousness [which] has emerged from the machine-made environment of the corporate state, like flowers pushing through a concrete pavement. . . . For those who thought the world was irretrievably encased in metal and plastic and sterile stone, it seems a veritable greening of America." Reich, a 42-year-old law professor at Yale, is plainly a convert to the new scene. His optimism is appealing, but he is less than convincing about both the depth of the new consciousness, as exemplified in the student generation, and the inevitability of its triumph. Yet, he says much that is provocative about the *old* consciousness (which he equates, roughly, with conventional liberalism) and its consequences. We denude our forests, pollute our air, invent enemies to kill, not because we are evil but because we are leaderless, or, more precisely, because our technology has run amuck. The social attitudes that make all this possible, according to Reich, can be seen in people's willingness to work at meaningless tasks in order to consume meaningless products. And so the wheel turns. But now comes the new American: "From a slavish and passive dependence on consumer goods, which his parents never threw off, the child of the prepackaged home may suddenly find he can ignore all consumer goods, and in that moment he is liberated." Young Americans, Reich proclaims, were born in chains, but are everywhere free.

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Convicted of a $70 gas-station robbery when he was 18, George Jackson has spent ten years in various California prisons. Were it not for two instances of sudden violence that attracted national attention, he might have remained just another angry young black doing his time in the white man's prison, and his book ***Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson*** (Coward-McCann)—probably would not exist. That it does exist is as much a testament to the speed with which American business capitalizes on tragedy as it is to the author's passionate eloquence. On January 13, 1969, a fight broke out in the recreation yard of Soledad Prison. A tower guard opened fire and, moments later, three blacks lay dead and a white wounded. Within 72 hours, 30 minutes after a grand jury finding of justifiable homicide, a white guard was found beaten to death. George Jackson and two other blacks were charged with the murder and taken to secret hearings in the Salinas county court. Thus were born the "Soledad Brothers," a new cause for the revolutionary left. On the morning of August 7, 1970, just a few days after Jackson was moved to San Quentin to await trial for murder, his 17-year-old brother Jonathan entered the San Rafael county courthouse, armed, freed three black convicts awaiting hearings, made hostages of the judge, district attorney and several women employees, and demanded that the Soledad Brothers be freed by 12:30 that afternoon. The shootings and deaths that followed shocked the nation. Despite his brother's crimes—and the one of which he was been accused—it isn't difficult to sympathize with George Jackson's plight: ten years in prison on a conviction for which most white men would serve a year, and now facing a mandatory death sentence. Nor is it difficult to share his rage and frustration as he flails at the society he perceives to be the tormentor of his people and the murderer of his brother. "They've created in me one irate, resentful nigger . . . I'm going to make a very poor example, no one will profit from my immolation. When that day comes, they'll have to bury 10,000 of their own with full military honors. They'll have earned it." The difficulty comes as Jackson seeks to reveal himself to those he loves. However much you struggle to apprehend the nature of the man who wrote these evocative letters to understand his bitter confusion, to share his torment, in the end you can't help but be defeated by the contradictions, the half-digested Marxist dialectic, the revolutionary rhetoric that hangs like a curtain between reader and author, allowing but a tantalizing glimpse of the real man.

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A covey of graduate students from Yale, Reed, Radcliffe, Columbia and other universities has produced ***The Pentagon Watchers. Students Report on the National Security State***, edited by Leonard S. Rodberg and Derek Shearer (Doubleday). Privy to no classified information, the students, under the sponsorship of Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, turned out this lively study of the military-industrial complex by culling such sources as military and defense-industry journals, reports of defense research organizations and transcripts of Congressional hearings. They also interviewed officials in the Pentagon, the State Department and the Washington offices of major defense contractors. Based on the premise that "America is becoming a National Security State, whose dominant ideology and institutions are focused upon the military establishment and its military solutions to national problems," the students explore how "the checks and balances set out in the Constitution have been swept aside by the growth of a vast national-security establishment and the increasing power of its associated large corporations." Among the individual studies are "How New Weapons Come to Be" and "The Coming Arms Race Under the Sea." There is also an appendix that should prove valuable to students (or anyone else) who want to change the system by exposing how it works. Included are groups throughout the country that are researching the national security establishment, a research guide to the military-industrial complex and an outline of readings that provides an entry point for undertaking academic explorations. This book is a warning of a dangerous future unless the national-security state is forestalled by an aroused and informed electorate and its Congress. For further insights into the devious means used by the military establishment to soft-soap the citizenry, see Sen. J. W. Fulbright's ***The Pentagon Propaganda Machine*** (Liveright).

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The Case for Extinction (Dial)—including a trenchant article on South America's dreaded chicken-eating frog, which appeared first in our October 1970 issue—is a reply to the conservationist crowd by Professor Morton Stultifer, Hon. Ph.D. The professor's close friend, disciple and alter ego, Richard Curtis, makes this provocative call for the nonsurvival of several species.

MOVIES

There was a top-notch movie begging to be made from Howard Sackler's ***The Great White Hope,*** but the film actually turned out by director Martin Ritt from Sackler's own reverent adaptation is just another pre-sold hit stamped with Broadway's seal of approval. Sackler took no chances with the proven success of the original and Ritt was obviously content to reproduce the poster art play, which was staged in a style that naïve observers are wont to call Brechtian. That the film version falls far short of expectations doesn't mean that anyone should miss it, however, for *Great White Hope*, by some miracle, comes from Broadway with two priceless assets intact: James Earl Jones as Jack Jefferson—the fictional counterpart of black heavyweight champ Jack Johnson, who threw U. S. sporting circles into fits of racism more than a half century ago—and movie newcomer Jane Alexander as Eleanor, the white middle-class girl who loves her black outcast

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enough to face scandal, exile, poverty and, finally suicide on his account. Jones's hero is sketched with extraordinary power and keen intelligence; watch, for example, the way his eyes edit the messages he delivers to the world through a plantation nigger's smile. His scenes opposite his unassuming co-star—a plumish Jane with a molten inner core—give *Great White Hope* a one-two punch that draws real blood from beneath the grease paint.

•

Reports of clashes between Marlon Brando and director Gillo Pontecorvo kept filtering back from South America while ***Burn!*** was on location in Colombia. As it turns out, the movie reflects many unhappy and unsatisfactory compromises. One can sense the anger in Brando's rudderless performance. Though Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers* has become a modern classic, *Burn!* is choppy and diffuse. But, at its best, the film has the stark quasi-documentary style of *Algiers* in the tumultuous movement of its crowds—soldiers, rebels and peasants on a fictional but somehow familiar Caribbean island identified as Queimada (the Portuguese word for burn). With a little help from their friends in England, the enslaved people of Queimada win freedom from Portugal and become a republic in the first half of the 19th Century—only to suffer a decade of ruthless economic exploitation by Britain's Royal Sugar Co., Ltd., before revolution erupts anew. A major figure in the bloody history of the emergent black nation is Sir William Walker—Brando, sporting an English accent that fits like a hand-me-down suit, fomenting rebellion when it serves his country's cause, crushing the rebels when they begin to drive toward total independence. The belated awakening of Sir William's sense of justice serves only to emphasize the theatrical cliché Brando has claimed for his very own in too many previous roles. He need only lift his eyes to the horizon and Truth appears as gloriously as the coming dawn. The most exciting figure in *Burn!* is Walker's rebel protegé and future martyr—played with effortless black power by Evaristo Marquez, a Colombian native without previous acting experience. A primitive nonactor fits much more comfortably than a Brando into Pontecorvo's simple revolutionary primer, in which charisma can be a handicap. It's distressing to see two potentially great talents working at cross purposes on a picture that might have achieved contemporary relevance.

•

Johnny Cash sings his theme song and spreads musical moonshine all over the sound track of ***I Walk the Line,*** but does not appear in director John Frankenheimer's melodrama about a backwoods sheriff who risks his job, his life, his family and his good name for love of a no-count bootlegger's teenage daughter. As a story, *Walk the Line* generates the sort of cheap fascination associated with confession magazines and Frankenheimer's down-and-dirty realism is appropriate for the material at hand. The movie is exceptionally well acted and easy to watch. Even though members of the Gregory Peck Fan Club may cavil at their hero's new image as a horny old lawman with a penchant for young stuff, Peck hasn't had so appealing and warm-blooded a role in years. Estelle Parsons plays the embittered wife in her customary shrill manner. Tuesday Weld, as the succulent teenager, is wickedly sexy, with talent way out of proportion to her Hollywood starlet façade. Location filming, one of Frankenheimer's favorite things, lends an air of tacky authenticity to the proceedings as law and order gradually decline. No matter what they call the place, it's a reckless springtime in Appalachia and the sap is running strong.

•

Like a malevolent eye, the camera cunningly adopts the killer's point of view during crucial moments of ***The Bird with the Crystal Plumage,*** a thriller in which almost every moment is crucial. Made in Italy by writer-director Dario Argento and smoothly dubbed into English, *Bird* begins with a hair-raising murder, followed by a Roman police inspector's grave announcement that "there is a dangerous maniac at large in this city." Several subsequent developments border on implausibility, yet a moviegoer pressed into service as a trembling eyewitness may well overlook certain shortcomings of plot after Tony Musante, as a hung-up American writer doing amateur detective work in Rome, saves a beautiful stabbing victim (Eva Renzi) and becomes so involved in the anatomy of the crime that his own woo mate (comely Suzy Kendall) nearly joins the list of unsolved homicides. Without giving away the clue in the movie's title, we can warn that its best scenes may inflict permanent damage on the nerve ends. Even when the scenario falters, director Argento keeps his cool, deftly picking out faces from a gallery of underworld pimps and assassins, or sketching several droll asides about the use of computers programmed to detect crime. A fiendishly clever score by Ennio Morricone—the sound of music combined with heavy breathing—does everything else that must be done to keep the balance of terror intact.

•

Ilf and Petrov were pen names for a team of celebrated Soviet humorists who rate little more than a nod in very small print during the opening credits of ***The Twelve Chairs.*** These authors of the original comic novel deserve better, but audiences probably won't mind—since *Chairs* more than makes up for the oversight. Funnyman Mel Brooks, who hogs the credits as writer and director, has made a thoroughly Americanized showbiz version of a modern Russian fable, played with all the subtlety of a bronx cheer. Filmed in Yugoslavia and set in post-revolutionary Russia, circa 1927, *Chairs* obeys no rules except those governing the lost art of pure comedy. That it is also low comedy seems irrelevant after brief exposure to the antics of Brooks—who does a hilarious turn as a stolid Russian peasant who licks the hand that beats him—and a cast of superlative clowns led by Ron Moody (the memorable Fagin of *Oliver!*) and TV's dumpy second banana Dom DeLuise. Moody plays an impoverished aristocrat who travels the length and breadth of Mother Russia trying to find a dozen dining-room chairs, in one of which his dear dead momma concealed a fortune in jewels. DeLuise complements Moody's mad concentration with unmitigated slapstick as a greedy, defrocked priest. Dogged by a handsome young adventurer (Frank Langella), they sally forth to look for the fortune in a Moscow furniture museum, on tour with a seedy theatrical troupe in icy Siberia and under the big top, where a Finnish uglurope walker has appropriated one of the elusive chairs for his act. Ripping up upholstery takes so much energy that the movie hasn't a moment to waste on love interest, or on Ilf-Petrov's nostalgia for aristocratic decadence. But never mind the details. Anybody with happy memories of Brooks's *The Producers* should find *Chairs* the occasion for a massive sit-in.

•

Sumptuous trappings and the stately pace of a coronation are lavished upon ***Cromwell,*** which would make a fine field trip for students keen on revolution but otherwise reluctant to learn the lessons of 17th Century English history. Here lies ultimate proof that a large film company with money to spend can reconstruct castles galore and fill almost any landscape with hordes of armored troops. Between battles, the movie is so dignified that it often seems about to lapse into a coma—but the situation is remedied by the likes of Alec Guinness as the monarch Charles I: the scene of his beheading has more life in it than any of the civil wars or parliamentary debates raging around him. Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan dictator who dethroned Charles, was virtually the only civilian head of state in England's long, bloody history, and Richard Harris plays the part with dour competence—presumably following the conception of author-director Ken Hughes (last and least remembered for *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*). Though the scenario scarcely touches upon King Charles's renown as one of the great art patrons, at whose court the names of Rubens and Vandyke were

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household words. Hughes pays homage to the fact with decor and cinematography right off the walls of the Prado or the Louvre. *Cromwell*'s intelligent pageantry has value but ranks somewhere below *Becket* as another of moviedom's familiar, traditional clashes between two titans of yore struggling to get a foothold in posterity.

•

Seeing the Playboy Club in New Orleans portrayed as a hangout for local right-wing extremists might be taken for a gratuitous slur, except that our Bunny emblems and back issues have been used by moviemakers of every persuasion in more ways than anyone can count. There are much better reasons for taking exception to **WUSA**, adapted by Robert Stone from his novel, *A Hall of Mirrors*, about an uncommitted drifter (Paul Newman) who goes to work for an ultraconservative radio station—spilling the poisonous New Patriotism ("The clean American sound of WUSA") over the balmy airwaves of Dixie—mostly because he doesn't give a damn. He is a born survivor, looking out for number one, and *WUSA* stresses the error of his ways with so much heavy-laden dialog and high purpose that moviegoers are apt to wonder why director Stuart (*Cool Hand Luke*) Rosenberg and associates didn't just go right ahead and have their message carved in granite. Coproduced by Newman, whose wife Joanne Woodward (as the goodhearted whore) and Anthony Perkins (as a gentle do-gooder and potential assassin) head the list of society's innocent victims, *WUSA* is overwrought from beginning to end with all manner of camera gimmickry used to induce a state of cultural shock. The co-stars—with the possible exception of Perkins, who does very well, indeed, until swamped by the contradictions of his role—act as though they're slumming in support of a worthy cause. Visible among the bad guys, black and white, are Moses Gunn and Laurence Harvey; the right-wing ringleader is played by Pat Hingle, Hollywood's favorite red-neck. If fascism in America is really a threat, let's hope for something better than *WUSA*'s platitudes to light the way back to reason.

•

The Traveling Executioner, if justice prevails, will become known as the picture that made a movie star of Broadway's Stacy Keach, who played his first major film role in *End of the Road*. Keach sizzles with brash, bullying charm as a former jailbird, con man and proud owner of a working electric chair mounted in the back of a dilapidated truck. As official executioner for several Southern states circa 1918, Keach travels from prison to prison collecting a hundred bucks every time he fries a graduate of death row. *Traveling Executioner*'s plot concerns the hero's involvement with his first female victim, a condemned German girl (Mariana Hill) who wins an unofficial stay of execution in exchange for the usual favors and ultimately persuades her would-be killer to engineer her escape. At this point in his career, Stacy Keach shows more dramatic flair than deep feelings, but it may just be that *Executioner* is that kind of picture. Taken from a strikingly original first screenplay by Garrie Bateson, a recent graduate of the USC film school, the movie was produced and directed by Jack Smight with routine Hollywood competence. Something more was needed to fully project Bateson's scenario as a bold, black—and timely—comedy about professional merchants of death who, at last, can only justify their lives through greater and grislier destruction.

•

It's midnight. A deserted school stadium. Lights flash on and the roar of revved-up motorbikes sets pulses and road hogs racing. The question is: Will Joe Namath beat out his archrival, win back the $2000 and save Ann-Margret from a gang bang? Well, you can bet your last bit of bread he will, because **C. C. and Company** is an action drama contrived for no loftier purpose than to couple Mighty Joe the vagabond with undulant Ann Margret the high-fashion copy writer. The movie could be worse only if its concocters had tried a tiny bit harder to glamorize violence, prostitution, petty theft and other folkways of a rampaging motorcycle gang. On a giant screen, Namath seldom looks weak in the knees or fumbles a pass, but he doesn't quite make it as a sex symbol, even when one of the resident "old ladies" finds him tinkering with his bike and murmurs a line like "You know where all the parts go?" *C. C.*'s simple-minded attempt at exploitation makes amateurs of everyone save the crew of motorcycle stunt men who raise hell on wheels. For a different look at Namath, see *High Noon for Broadway Joe* on page 128.

•

The oft-vexing question of what makes a winner and what makes a loser is considered in yet another study of the motorcycle mythos, this one about two fanatics on the racing circuit, **Little Fauss and Big Halsy**, co-starring Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard. "It's not how you do, it's where you been," says Redford as Halsy, the loud, self-inflated stud and sponger who does his real swinging in beds and bars. "It's how you do, Hals," replies his grubby side-kick, whose ultimate win in a big-time meet at Sears Point, California, not only marks the underdog's triumph over bullshit but also sets up the film's walloping finale. Line by line, scenarist Charles Eastman's script for *Little Fauss* sounds a little better than it looks in the hyped-up treatment favored by director Sidney J. Furie. The film's seedy, sun-drenched atmosphere rings true, though, and the bike sequences have whipcracking vitality. Pollard's mush-mouthed portrayal of a born nobody takes a little getting used to, since he underplays with a stubborn zeal that very nearly becomes pretentious. Redford, a fine actor getting even better, is all jockstrap in a part akin to the beautiful heel he played in *Downhill Racer*; his performance alone makes this movie a must.

•

Clearly influenced by the theater of cruelty and avant-garde absurdity, a bunch of the boys from smoke-filled rooms in Hollywood have whooped up a thoroughly unpleasant comedy called **Where's Poppa?** Scenarist Robert Klane took the idea—basically a cruel Jewish mother joke, written in bile—from his own novel, and Carl Reiner directs as if he had just been licensed to use up a lifetime supply of obscenities. Thus George Segal, as the dutiful son of a senile old Momma who will not believe that Poppa has passed on, can warn the lady, "I'll punch your fuckin' heart out." Later, when her boy is trying in vain to entertain a young lady (winsome Trish Van Devere), incorrigible Momma (veteran Ruth Gordon, who was somehow snagged for the part) pulls his pants down and starts smothering his bare ass with kisses. The film originally ended with boy losing girl and falling into bed in Poppa's place, until hasty re-editing eliminated incest and dispatched Momma to a nursing home. Broadway's Ron Leibman, as the hero's married brother who can't get away from home without threatening bodily harm to his children, has some very funny moments that appear to be part of a nervous breakdown. In general, the actors look less embarrassed than they ought to be while sweating over the movie's strained jokes on stained subjects.

•

Producer-director Billy Wilder and his longtime collaborator, author I. A. L. Diamond, seem to have been foiled by **The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes**. On the one hand, they have a modernized version of a Sherlock Holmes adventure, played pretty straight by Britain's Robert Stephens as the Olympian sleuth, Colin Blakely as the good Dr. Watson and Genevieve Page as the charming heroine—or is she? But when the mood strikes him, Wilder shifts gears and spoofs the Holmesian saga, sniggering over the possibility that Sherlock has homosexual tendencies—making the master and his side-kick the first Baker Street irregulars. While the stylish actors assembled by Wilder look equally capable of playing either outright parody or a quaint period thriller, they can hardly do both things at the same time. The result is a muddle-of-the-road movie that is dullest when it is tongue in cheek, far better when it settles down with pipe and

MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
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slippers to spin an old-fashioned yarn having to do with six missing midgets ("Not only midgets—but anarchists," snaps Holmes), an air-pump engineer, some dead canaries, the Loch Ness monster and plans for an ultimate weapon most distasteful to Queen Victoria. Elementary, Mr. Wilder?

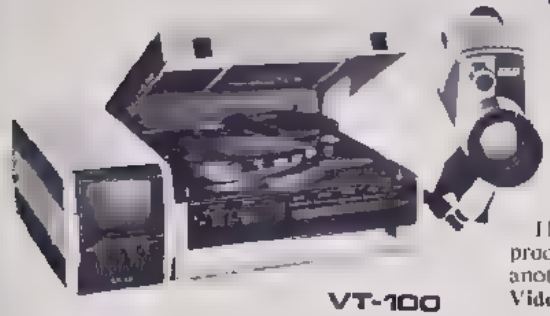
•

Compared with the acknowledged giants of Italian cinema, writer-director Ermanno (*The Sound of Trumpets*) Olmi is a creator of miniatures. In Olmi's modest but masterful ***The Scavengers***, a work first conceived for television, the Italian neo-realist tradition remains alive and well, albeit pleasantly splashed with Eastmancolor. Italy during the era of reconstruction after World War Two is the backdrop for Olmi's low-key portrait of a returned soldier (Andreino Carli) who joins forces with an eccentric social outcast named Old Du to scavenge scrap metal and live ammunition from forgotten battlefields high up in the hills. A poignant human comedy grows from the testy relationship between the partners—one an incurably practical youth, the other a rambunctious philosopher who has found a kind of freedom by collecting debris in the wake of mankind's perennial violence. What happens when the junior member of the team tries to introduce such technological innovations as a mine detector is damnably funny, but played for something more than laughs. Though a mite precious at times, *The Scavengers* is a welcome antidote to the spate of tired anti-war films, and offers a marvelous, almost mystical peace symbol in the character of Old Du as portrayed by Antonio Lunardi—one of those inspired inventions that lift a movie beyond the particulars of story and period into a classic realm.

•

Italian director Elio Petri, whose last film was the crafty thriller *A Quiet Place in the Country*, attempts something much more ambitious in ***Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspition***. Already well-known abroad, Petri is an unabashed leftist with a highly developed cinematic style that only partly conceals his shallowness as a political thinker. *Investigation* arrives here heavily laden with European film awards, perhaps evidence of the movie's serious aims in dramatizing the case of a fascist chief of homicide (Gian Maria Volonte) slated for promotion to a post in political intelligence and obsessed with the uses of power. To test the competence of authority, as he puts it, the chief murders a brazen slut (Florinda Bolkan) whose bed he has shared, and plants a number of self-incriminating clues at the scene of the crime. And a neatly cold-blooded scene it is, the way Petri films it. Because the hero belongs heart and soul to the establishment, his colleagues refuse to

above world standards



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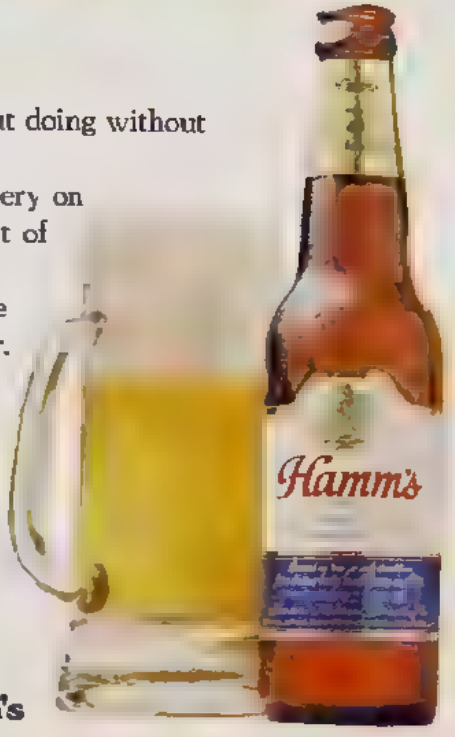

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condemn him despite the evidence, lest they condemn themselves. That thematic quirk actually makes little sense in relation to the known reality of repressive political systems—in which friends, enemies and yesterday's heroes are periodically subjected to purging. Moreover, Petri's intentions are so clear at the outset that his movie lacks even a hint of suspense. Ideas are stated and worked out along predictable lines, studying the closed inner circles of power at sharp camera angles—a cue for critics to dust off descriptives such as "Kafkaesque." Anything *but* Kafkaesque, Petri's images are precise, delicate, frequently beautiful and more or less irrelevant most of the time.

RECORDINGS

A superabundance of handsome and earworthy packages for giving and getting makes this a delightfully long-playing Christmas. Beethoven's bicentennial celebration in 1970 gave the record companies cause to offer all manner of albums of the composer's works. Foremost by a country mile, is Deutsche Grammophon's 75-LP, 12-album ***Beethoven Edition*** of just about everything the composer put on paper, performed by such luminaries as Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, Richter (Karl), Anda, Menuhin, Oistrakh (David), Fischer-Dieskau, etc. It is being offered at the bargain price of just a hemidemisemiquaver under $300 and is accompanied by an absolutely smashing book on Beethoven that is a joy in itself. London has done its bit for Ludwig with ***The Piano Sonatas,*** played by Wilhelm Backhaus on ten LPs and given performances that are no less than majestic. Also on London are ***The Nine Symphonies,*** plus the *Leonore Overture,* set down in beautiful fashion on seven LPs by the Vienna Philharmonic under the baton of Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. ***Complete Sonatas for Piano and Violin*** (Philips) finds the too-little-celebrated violinist Arthur Grumiaux and pianist Clara Haskil—a marvelous pairing—filling four recordings with the constantly rewarding sounds of the ten works. Columbia's five-record bicentennial set of ***The Complete Piano Trios,*** done definitively by the renowned and probably unsurpassable Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, has to be considered a must for any serious collector. A superb album to give or, lucky you, receive is one that focuses in on a contemporary musical giant. Columbia's ***Pablo Casals*** contains, within its beautiful slipcase, recordings made in the Twenties and Thirties by the legendary cellist and never before available on LP; there are also Casals Festival performances (at Prades and Marlborough) and a recording of Casals talking about his life and music.

This yule's aural bounty also includes estimable operatic fare. Heading this

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year's list is Berlioz' epic *Les Troyens* (Philips), at last available in a complete five-LP recording that superbly conveys the heroic panoply and intimate poetry of this long-neglected work; conductor Colin Davis presides over a mainly British cast. Patient Wagnerites who have been collecting Von Karajan's annual installments of the "Ring" cycle will welcome the concluding six-record set, *Götterdämmerung* (Deutsche Grammophon), which introduces Swedish tenor Helge Brilioth in the demanding role of Siegfried. And operaphiles with a taste for Slavic singing will find much to savor in an all-Russian performance of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* (Melodiya/Angel) by members of the Bolshoi Opera. Among the season's other notable lyric loot: Verdi's *Il Trovatore* (RCA), with Leontyne Price as the leading lady; Gluck's *Orfeo* (London), featuring the dazzling pyrotechnics of mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne; and Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* (Seraphim), in a classic mono version by Toti Dal Monte and Beniamino Gigli.

The spoken word comes in for its share of holiday fare and, as is usually the case, Caedmon is the source of most of the goodies. This go-round, that label is offering such delights as Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!*, directed by Theodore Mann, with a cast that includes Geraldine Fitzgerald and the wonderful character actor Larry Gates. Dated? Of course—but fascinating. Then there's William Congreve's *The Way of the World*, performed by a cast from The National Theater of Great Britain, under the direction of Michael Langham. As an example of Restoration comedy it is without peer. The wit is timeless. Which brings us to *The Wit and Wisdom of Will Rogers*, first recorded in 1945. Rogers, in his own homespun, aw shucks way, was as biting a puncturer of pomposity in high places as we have ever had on the American scene. For those not fortunate enough to have sampled Rogers before, this album will be a revelation. The greatness of Dylan Thomas' work was almost matched by the beauty of his voice—its Welsh inflected sonorities have a nearly hypnotic effect upon the listener. You'll hear what we mean on *Dylan Thomas Reads a Personal Anthology*. Included are readings from Yeats, Wilfred Owen, D. H. Lawrence and Milton.

For the jazz-and-pop fancier, there is a host of twin-LP packages that should strike the proper responsive chord. A large number of them are collections of tracks from past recordings, best-ofs, etc., and make for happy, high-density auditing. Columbia has begun the ambitious project of reissuing all of great blues pioneer Bessie Smith's recordings. Two albums, *Bessie Smith / The World's Greatest Blues Singer* and *Any Woman's Blues*, are available now—offering 64 examples of why Miss Smith, one of the first of the female blues singers, is considered by many to have been the best. The only

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singer to contest Bessie's title was Billie Holiday. Decca's ***The Billie Holiday Story,*** taken from songs recorded in a six-year period from 1944 to 1950, contains some of the best efforts of the tragedy-stalked Lady Day—*Lover Man, A Pigfoot and a Bottle Beer* (usually considered Bessie Smith's private property), *Porgy* and *Solitude*. Belafonte buffs, whose numbers obviously are legion, will revel in ***This Is Harry Belafonte*** (RCA)—a twin-packet reprise of Harry's most memorable efforts for that label. ***The Best of John Coltrane / His Greatest Years*** (Impulse) should be required listening for anyone unaware of just how much of an influence the late tenor man had on those contemporaries of his who were trying to breathe new life into jazz. That he succeeded can be attested to by ***Don Ellis at Fillmore*** (Columbia), two LPs filled with some of the wildest big-band sounds around. Ellis and his merry men just about destroy the Fillmore as they offer a basic course in what inventive, adventuresome jazz is all about. Jazz lives!

•

Since the Beatles went their separate ways, Ringo Starr has been pursuing his interest in country-and-western music. ***Beaucoups of Blues*** (Apple) is his latest effort—singing, not drumming—in that vein and, accepting the premise that most listeners probably wouldn't expect more than mediocrity from Ringo, he has surpassed expectations. Taken in their musical context, the 12 tunes on the album are rather nice. They were recorded in Nashville with that town's top session men and produced by Pete Drake, with the writing credits for the songs shared by the sidemen. The material is straight country and western, with titles such as *Fastest Growing Heartache in the West, Women of the Night* and *Loser's Lounge*. Ringo once sang "*They're gonna make a big star outa me, and all I gotta do is act naturally,*" and that's what he does on this album.

•

A brilliant new light on the guitar scene, John McLaughlin, gives an overpowering demonstration on ***Devotion*** (Douglas) of what can be done with an instrument that has fallen on evil cliches. Backed by a rhythm section featuring Buddy Miles on drums and percussion and Larry Young on organ and electric piano, McLaughlin constructs sheets of intricately woven sounds as he stretches out over a half dozen of his own compositions. It will take more than one listening before you can really start digging the album's subtleties, but it rates repeat performances.

•

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The Who and Mountain, old-time rock 'n' roll is practically dead. Except for that phoenix named Mick Jagger and the nasty old Rolling Stones, who—the Altamont disaster behind them—have handed all their hip detractors the best hard-rock album of the year. It's called ***Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!*** (London), and you better: all their best stuff—*Sympathy for the Devil, Carol, Honky Tonk Women* and a really mean rendering of *Midnight Rambler*—done live and tough at Madison Square Garden. It's like when rock 'n' roll was really rock 'n' roll.

•

Blues Jam in Chicago—Volume Two (Blue Horizon) is a coming together of British blues group Fleetwood Mac and some original blues greats—Willie Dixon, J. T. Brown, Honeyboy Edwards, S. P. Leary and the late Otis Spann—at the Chess Ter-Mar Studios in Chicago. The recording is a semidocumentary—studio conversation is included—but no new frontiers are broken. It's just some English lads getting together with their idols and that's interesting enough. The material takes in the standards *Someday Soon Baby, Black Jack Blues* and eight other tunes.

•

King Curtis gets some able assistance from Delaney Bramlett—of Bonnie and Delaney—and Eric Clapton on ***Get Ready*** (Atco). The duo plays on the driving *Teasin'*, which Bramlett produced. The fare moves easily and smoothly from the get-down *Soulin'* to the pulsating title tune.

•

Tell the Truth (Atco) is a collection of cuts recorded by the late Otis Redding before his tragic death three years ago. The selections seem to be made up of material that was either recording-session leftovers or was still being polished at the time of his death. Otis is not at his best on longtime favorites *Out of Sight* and *Slippin' and Slidin'*; but that he was searching for something beyond hard rhythm and blues is evidenced by the pop horn lines heard on *Wholesale Love* and *I Got the Will*.

•

Simon Stokes and the Nighthawks (MGM) put together some workmanlike blues-rock on their first album. The quintet is led by Stokes's vocals on a set that includes a funky version of old favorite *Jambalaya*, a wailer, *You've Been In*, and ten other tunes. The group is right at home in a derivative form.

•

Trip in the Country (Polydor), the second album by Area Code 615—a group of top Nashville session men who decided to wax their own sound—is an imaginative blend of rock and country. The artists, doing the engineering and producing themselves, achieve a pure, personal communication. We particularly dug Weldon Myrick's mellow steel guitar on *Always the Same* and David Briggs's grabby piano work on his original tune, *Judy*.

•

A while back, Columbia signed a skinny albino guitar player—who had been starving down in Texas—to a $600,000 contract and his life was changed. He recorded two good albums, but there was always the reminder that artists don't get $600,000 for just being good. Now the money is not mentioned quite as much and Johnny Winter has a new group—rather, he's part of a new band, a bit different from being the whole show made up of members of the old McCoys, who had faded from the scene since hitting *Hang On Sloopy*. Johnny and his playing companions have a decidedly complementary effect on one another, as shown on ***Johnny Winter And***. Both the lead playing and the writing are shared by Johnny and Rick Derringer and each gets his riffs in, but there aren't any confrontations. The group, which performs the haunting *Let the Music Play* and Stevie Winwood's *No Time to Live*, also comes through with some fine originals, including Winter's *Prodigal Son*, his best yet.

THEATER

The Rothschilds is a heart warming musical about the pursuit of money, which may be exactly what Broadway is waiting for. If you're really interested in the legendary banking family—and it's a fascinating ghetto-to-glory success story—read Frederic Morton's book, which was the basis for this new Jerry Bock–Sheldon Harnick musical. In inflating the Rothschilds into musical-comedy material, Bock and Harnick, together with librettist Sherman Yellen, have had to simplify their business dealings and sentimentalize their home life. The rise to fame, fortune and title now takes two acts of *chutzpah* (plus intermission). *The Rothschilds* isn't a bad musical, just nothing to get excited about. Directed with taste by Michael Kidd, it's a pleasant show with a good story (more than one can say for some star vehicles) and it has a first-rate cast, particularly Hal Linden and Paul Hecht as Daddy Rothschild and son with the biggest billing, and Keene Curtis as a variety of antagonists. At its most realistic, *The Rothschilds* reminds one of *1776*. At its most familial and ethnic, it reminds one of Bock and Harnick's biggest hit, *Fiddler on the Roof*. In both cases, it reminds one that those shows were better. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

•

Conduct Unbecoming is so resolutely old fashioned that it's not to be believed, but it's so well done that it's entirely believable. This melodrama about strange doings in an army camp in India in the late 19th Century is all surface, but almost always entertaining. What's best about it besides its professional polish is that it doesn't pretend to be serious. Craftily concocted by Barry England and directed with dash by Val May, *Conduct* is action and atmosphere, lovingly detailed with crisply starched uniforms, dialog and accents. The play is reminiscent of those great British raj movies of the Thirties—and the *Late, Late Show*. The swift plot focuses on two new lieutenants in camp, each expertly played by a rock star. Jeremy Clyde, who looks and acts like a young Alec Guinness, is a general's son, a flip, dissolute ne'er-do-well who wants to get out of the service at any price. When he is accused of assaulting a local lady of dubious virtue (Elizabeth Shepherd), he is tried in a kangaroo court. His reluctant but highly diligent defender is played by Paul Jones. The courtroom throbs with false clues, pregnant pauses, sudden entrances. This is the sort of play in which, à la Kipling, men are men and the corps comes ahead of everything except, in the last scene, honor. Acts end on teasing curtain lines. The villain (not the one you think he is) even calls from offstage for the lamps to be turned down before he reveals his identity. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

•

For almost two years, director André Gregory and six New York University drama graduates have been burrowing into ***Alice in Wonderland***. Now, out of the rabbit hole, they have plucked that rarest of achievements: a literary classic transformed into a stage classic. Gregory is remarkably faithful to Lewis Carroll; the words are his. But somehow Wonderland seems more topsy-turvy than ever. The Mad Hatter has really blown his mind. The Caterpillar is hooked on his hookah and wreathed in a cool opiatic smile. The Dormouse is a grinning ninny. Alice herself is inquisitive beyond belief, which is what gets her into so much trouble. And everyone appears to confuse (if not seduce) her. All the parts are played by the six brilliant actors, who in rude simple costumes, without change, turn themselves into a mad garden of unearthly and delightful creatures. One can take this *Alice* on many levels—as a descent into the psyche of Alice and of Carroll, as a comment on the world's confusion and lack of communication, as a Grotowski-like demonstration of ensemble discipline and artistic agility, or simply as an evening of great malevolent fun. One descends into *Alice* like Alice herself, down down down into an astonishing experience. At the Extension Theater, 277 Park Avenue South.

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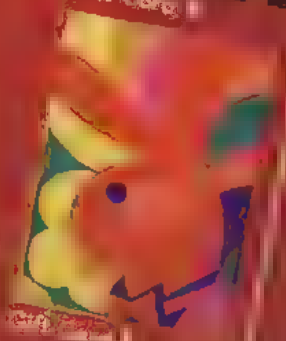

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I must be a born loser. I've been trying to date some of the better-looking girls around and getting nowhere. I drive a new Porsche and have the latest clothes to match it and the money to go places with it. Naturally, it bothers me when I see some joker wearing blue jeans and driving a rat. klunk with a sharp chick sitting next to him. Any suggestions you can offer that would help put that girl next to me in the driver's seat would be appreciated.—L. F., Phoenix, Arizona.

All you've told us about yourself pertains to your car, your duds and your gold. Are you interested in a girl who wants to go dating or shopping? A catalog that might interest young women would say something about your personality. Its qualities—the ones necessary for a rewarding relationship—don't rust, go out of fashion or cause the fingers to turn green.

My girl and I are very fond of lobsters, but she loses her appetite when she sees them boi ed live. I've tried to tell her that lobsters can't feel pain, but I've yet to convince her. W rat are the facts?—D. G., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Canadian biologists claim lobsters have no feelings because they don't have the necessary nervous system. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, however, suggests soaking lobsters first in a mixture of two quarts of cold fresh water and one pound of salt up to five minutes prior to boiling; supposedly this anesthetizes them. If you detect a difference in view between the biologists and the M. S. P. C. A., you're right; unfortunately, nobody's interviewed lobsters for their opinion. Why don't you tell your girl not to watch?

Although my girl is also a casual user of pot, she feels that I smoke it too much. I feel grass does not interfere in any way with my work or general routine and I can't see that I'm overdoing it. On the other hand, my girl fears that I am developing a psychological dependency on it—as she puts it, she smokes when she has a reason to, I smoke when there's no reason not to. She tries to be cool about it, but every time I roll a joint, s ie gets uptight. We love each other and I would like to cut down for her sake, but I don't feel motivated to do so; for her part, she would like to accept my frequent smoking, but seems unable to. Have you any advice for two lovers caught in a triangle with Maryjane?—P. D., Lincoln, Nebraska.

It's not the pot, it's the hang up that worries your girl; your conviction that it doesn't affect your daily routine is apparently one that she doesn't share. Why not try giving it up temporarily? At least you'll prove that your use of pot is not contributing to whatever inadequacies she feels you might have. Once she's convinced you're not hooked, perhaps she'll quit carping and both you and she can start to work on any real problems between you.

Friends often mention that this or that diamond was a "paste" imitation of the original. I can't imagine it to be a paste like library paste, but why is it so called?—B. G., San Diego, California.

Most imitation gems are made from a glass composed of silica, lead oxide, potassium carbonate, borax and arsenic oxide, along with various pigments; these ingredients are mixed when wet; hence, the name paste. The gems, which are softer than ordinary glass (they can be scratched), have great brilliance and fire and can be cut and polished.

I am a senior in college and have been enjoying sex regularly with a girl whom I love very much. Recently, she said that alt ough she enjoys it, too, her guilt about it has been mounting because she isn't absolutely certain that she loves me and sex without love is unacceptable to her. She has asked me to give up sexual intercourse while she thinks about the love question, but she would like to keep the rest of our relationsl ip alive. I agreed, though I think love without sex is an adolescent notion. I don't think she is trying to kiss me off, but is genuinely confused about love and love relatio ships. Can you help me with any advice that might restore a great affair?—R. L., Vancouver, British Columbia.

It's possible you may have stressed the sex part of your relationship to the point where she thinks that's the only way in which you value her. Shift your emphasis so that she feels you treasure her uniqueness as a person. If your life together is reasonably full, without sexual intercourse, for a reassuring period of time, she'll most likely regain confidence in herself as a person and realize that sexual pleasure is an important part of a mature, loving relationship.

As a graduating high school senior, I wonder if you could tell me what are the most lucrative careers to aim for in college and what the salary differential might be, say, between a bachelor's degree and a Ph.D.?—M. G., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Holders of a doctorate or a professional degree can expect earnings that average 42 percent higher than those of a man who possesses a bachelor's. When choosing your school, bear in mind that

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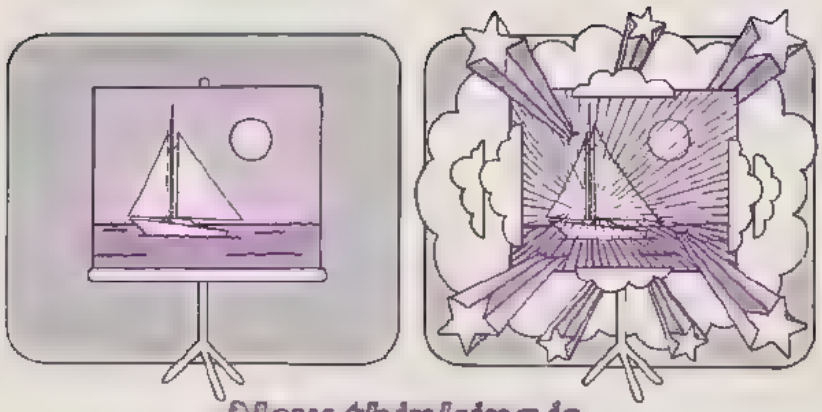

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those who graduate from a high-ranked college earn almost 50 percent more than holders of equivalent degrees from low-ranked schools. In 1969, salary offers for bachelor's-degree candidates in the sciences averaged $9184; for those in business, $8717; and for those in the liberal arts, $7778. (By comparison, the minimum salary for policemen, who generally have no degrees, in cities of a million or more averaged $8591—undoubtedly, the increasingly high risks of this job are bringing along correspondingly high salaries.) For the professions, average income in 1968 for self-employed physicians and surgeons was $25,000—a healthy income, but bear in mind the years they spent in college and medical school. Median salary for those in the computer sciences was $14,100; for those in the economic sciences, $15,000; and for those in sociology and psychology, $12,000 and $13,200, respectively.

What is the difference between naked and nude? J. P., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Though often used interchangeably, naked implies unprotected, as in Shakespeare's phrase, "naked to mine enemies." Nude means merely undraped, or without clothing, as a nude statue or in a nude painting. Perhaps the difference in feeling between the two words is best summed up in Robert Graves's "The Naked and the Nude":

For me, the naked and the nude
(By lexicographers construed
As synonyms that should express
The same deficiency of dress
Or shelter) stand as wide apart
As love from lies, or truth from art.

My wife and I were divorced last year. When we broke up, she made me promise that we would never date or see each other again. That was all fine and good then, but now that I'm free, I am miserable. I want my wife back but I'm afraid that if I ask her, she'll just laugh in my face, as I was the cause of the divorce. I now realize my mistakes and am willing to correct them. How can I convince her that I want her back? G. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Ask her out to a casual lunch and while we don't suggest you eat crow, try to acknowledge your faults and indicate a willingness to correct them. Her specific request that you never see each other again indicates that she at least felt some emotion toward you at the time of the divorce—even if it was only anger. Indifference would be far more difficult to overcome.

I'm in the Marine Corps, and the beer served on post here states "FOR MILITARY USE ONLY" on the top or the bottom of each can. Friends have told me that this

means it's 3.2 beer, while other friends say that if it's only 3.2, it has to say so on the can. I would like to know what the marking means, because at other duty stations the beer cans haven't carried any such statement.—A. N., Cherry Point, North Carolina

Beer intended for military use is 3.2, it is not taxed and carries the legend "For Military Use Only" to prohibit the selling of such beer to the general public. If the canned beer sold at your other duty stations didn't carry the statement, maybe it was specially imported—from off the base.

Most of the girls with whom I score take the pill. But, occasionally, I find one who doesn't. In preparation for that eventuality, I carry a couple of condoms in my wallet. Right now, they've been there for over three months and I wonder if they will rot before I use them—or worse yet, while I'm using them. What's the shelf life of these handy-dandy little devices?—N. L., Little Rock, Arkansas.

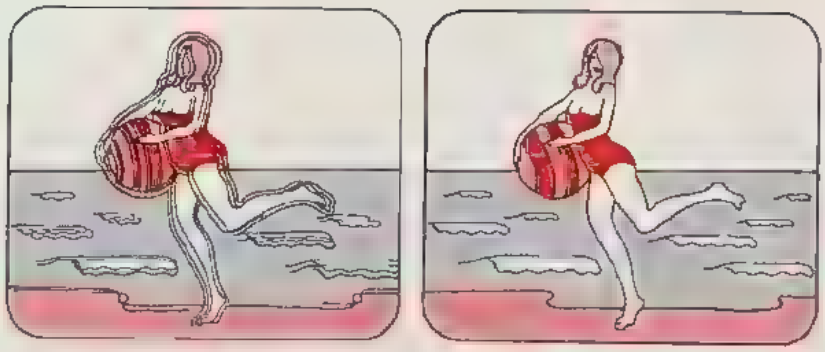
Five years if they're sealed—which is probably somewhat longer than the life of your wallet. But don't keep them around too long. You don't know how long they've been stacked up in warehouses and on your dealer's shelf.

Is it true that there may soon be on the market a mass-produced, pollution-free car that operates on a refrigerant?—S. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Datsun reportedly has plans for introducing a steam-driven station wagon in the near future. The engine will be powered by Freon, a common refrigerant, rather than water. Objections to H_2O—it freezes in cold weather, it requires high pressure and superheated steam poses a hazard in case of an accident—are eliminated by the refrigerant, which doesn't freeze, vaporizes at 117 degrees Fahrenheit and has a high density, so it can be handled in small pipes and valves. In case of an accident, escaping Freon would cool to its outside boiling point—hardly a dangerous temperature—almost immediately. The engine, invented by Wallace L. Minto, of Sarasota, Florida, emits practically no oxides of nitrogen, almost no carbon monoxide and can be warmed up to a working level, from a cold start, in about ten seconds.

I've had an argument with a friend about the value of beauty in a prospective wife. He maintains that it's way down the list of important attributes and I insist it's at the top—that to think otherwise is hypocritical. What do you think?—M. U., Sacramento, California.

We suspect that men who place beauty high on the list of marital virtues are primarily concerned with the social status



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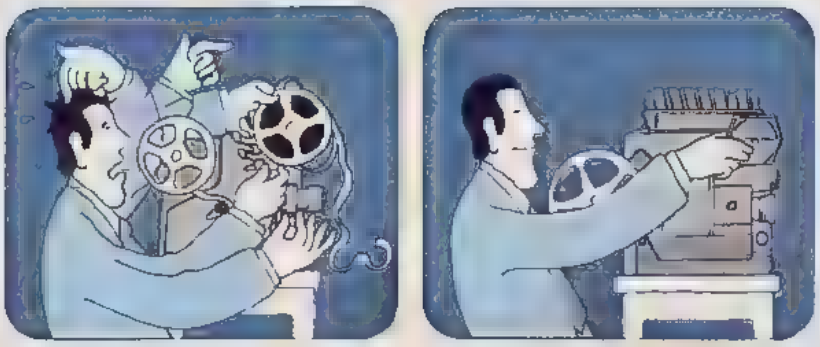

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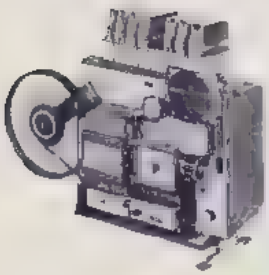

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that comes with being able to sport a stunning mate. A man who marries for this reason will generally find that his wife is seeking something equivalent from him—comparable good looks, wealth, fame or exceptional talent. If he doesn't have an equalizer to offer, he's going to feel unequal, so he's better off lowering his beauty quotient. Most men realize this and look for other virtues, because the qualities that wear well in the long run—intelligence, warmth, etc. —relate to the personality, not to the face. One of these important qualities—sexual interest—is often lacking in beautiful women, because they tend to be self-centered and unduly smitten by their own appearance. They also attract hordes of other beauty collectors, which can provide an interesting challenge to some men, but it's a hell of a handicap to a man who's even slightly insecure. There may be some wisdom in the old calypso ditty, "Never make a pretty woman your wife."

When dining at a buffet or smorgasbord in a public restaurant, where the only service that is actually performed by the waitress is the serving of beverages and possibly the dessert, what is the proper tip?—F. R., Cleveland, Ohio

Depending on the service, tip at least ten percent at lunch, 15 percent at dinner. If she takes away the plates, keeps your coffee cup filled, serves you dessert and generally sees that you're well taken care of, up the figure another five percent.

For the greater part of my life, I have considered myself normal in every respect. Recently, however, I married and my wife has asked me several times if all penises curve when in the erect state as mine does. Is this normal or am I handicapped? It doesn't bother me as far as intercourse goes, but I really wonder just how abnormal it is.—G. J., New Orleans, Louisiana

It isn't abnormal at all—the bent or curved penis is quite common. The curving occurs because the hollow bodies of the penis are not equal in size; during tumescence, therefore, when they fill with blood, the erect organ frequently tends to curve one way or the other. It seldom interferes with sexual functioning, as you have observed, and the worst thing you can do is worry about it.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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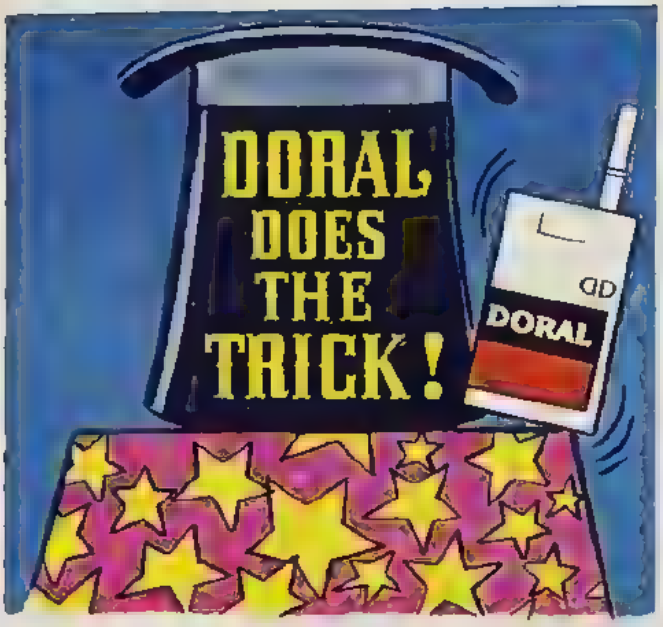

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

BLIND JUSTICE

I recently read in the *Los Angeles Times* about six Idaho teenagers who were given penitentiary sentences for drug offenses. According to the story, four of the six were either 16 or 17 years old and entitled to be tried in juvenile court, from which most offenders are sent to the Youth Training Center or simply put on probation. At the request of the prosecutor, however, all six were tried and sentenced as adults. They were in possession of a variety of drugs including LSD, Dexamyl, Dexedrine, Nembutal, opium, morphine, heroin and cocaine, and were declared guilty of "possession with intent to sell." Each of them received a sentence of four or five years in prison. The judge is quoted as saying, "It is a little unusual to send kids to the pen. . . . These kids didn't figure I would throw them in the penitentiary."

The *Times* story then quotes the mother of one of the six as follows:

> "All six came from kind of poor families; none of us could have hired high priced lawyers. The rich people around here get their kids off drug charges without even their kids' names getting in the paper. That's what sticks in my craw about this whole thing, that they take it out on those who aren't well off."

A probation officer is also quoted as saying that in two years on the job, she has never seen juveniles from rich families come before the court on drug charges.

Larry Toomey
Manhattan Beach, California

ECONOMICS OF POT

In addition to the legal and medical reasons for abolishing our anti-marijuana laws, there are several economic and political arguments that I haven't seen in PLAYBOY. First, the Government could set an absurdly high tax on pot without much complaint from the users, who are accustomed to paying inflated prices in today's black market (and who would be so grateful about not having to fear the police that they wouldn't want to protest the tax even if they noticed it). Second, those parts of the country that have the best soil for growing marijuana are now economically backward (e.g., Mississippi and Louisiana); legalization would give these states a much needed economic boost. Third, part of the dollar drain to Mexico and the Middle East would cease; this would help our balance of payments. Fourth, a great deal of the youth rebellion would be defused: We would probably witness a decrease in the violent political disturbances that have grown quite costly in recent years. (This prediction is based on the assumption that even one sign of sanity in Washington would cool a great deal of the rage of those who feel they have never seen anything but bigotry and brutality from the Government.) Finally, the police—free of the duty of hunting grassheads and less harassed by demonstrations and riots—would have more time and manpower to protect us against thieves and murderers.

John Floyd
Park Ridge, Illinois

ENDING POT PROHIBITION

As a marijuana-smoking, taxpaying disabled veteran, I would like to offer a simple solution to the weed conflict.

If all of the users in this country would band together and hold a smoke-in on the front steps of every state capitol, the Government might finally realize that people are going to smoke anyway. What could the Government do? They're certainly not going to sentence 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 people to prison.

(Name and address withheld by request)

BULLETS IN THE HEADS

Here's some advice for Jim Kimbrell (*The Playboy Forum*, October): Don't shoot every pot smoker you meet in Nam. Pretty soon, you might be the only American left there.

Cpl. Charles Tarr
FPO San Francisco, California

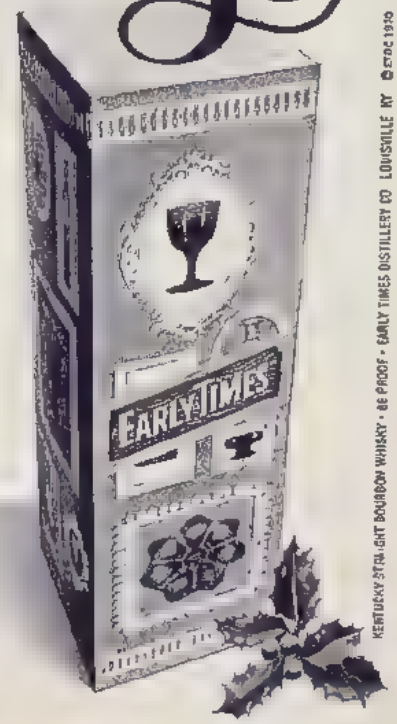
We, a group of pot-smoking GIs in Vietnam, are dismayed that Jim Kimbrell, the "head-hunter" from Pensacola, Florida, wishes to assist the Viet Cong by trying to kill his fellow Americans.

(Names withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

PREPARING FOR COMBAT

As an operations officer in a combat-training battalion, I take issue with the anonymous letter titled "Deserter's Friend" in the October *Playboy Forum*. There are no films or lectures in basic training that glorify war. The

'tis the rea-son to be jol-ly



The True Old Style Kentucky Bourbon

indoctrination given to trainees merely attempts to explain the Army's mission and to orient the new soldier to his role within the Army. There are so many distorted views circulating these days, both on the right and on the left, that I think it is important not to allow this error to go uncorrected.

Incidentally, Jim Kimbrell's letter in the same issue also deserves rebuttal. Pot-smoking soldiers do not necessarily endanger the lives of their comrades, and Kimbrell's threat to kill them if he catches them certainly was not prudent. It is hardly the best life-insurance policy to put other soldiers on notice that you are planning to shoot them if they violate your personal standards.

Raymond E. Garrison, Jr
Chief Warrant Officer
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

CRITICIZING THE ARMY

I was most amused by the letter from Staff Sergeant Donald T. Brown (doubtless a pseudonym for *Catch-22*'s author, Joseph Heller) in the September *Playboy Forum*. His thesis that people outside of the military cannot criticize it because they are not part of it, and that those within cannot criticize it because they are part of it, poses a Yossarian kind of dilemma. Fortunately—and this is probably why Brown is not an officer—he left a loophole big enough for Milo Minderbinder to fly a bomber through. He allows the President the right to criticize the Services. Since the President happens to be a civilian, Brown cannot revoke our constitutional right to criticize him. Thus, we can criticize the Army by criticizing the President, when he does not criticize what we want criticized.

Richard K. Gershon, M. D.
New Haven, Connecticut

CATCH-15

After reading Melvin M. Belli's defense of military justice in the October *Playboy Forum*, I was filled with a deep sense of frustration at his obtuseness. The military system of justice is, indeed, something to be proud of—diabolically proud—especially the benefit of receiving nonjudicial punishment under the provisions of Article 15, Uniform Code of Military Justice, instead of a court martial.

There are no rules of evidence for an Article 15 proceeding. It's all a matter of the commanding officer's judgment. I have seen two good soldiers, one a Vietnam veteran, reduced in rank simply because the senior N. C. O. who preferred charges against them, and several other N. C. O.s, made a number of unprovable derogatory statements about them.

One hears a great deal about the right you have in the Army to legal counsel. My buddy sought legal advice about Article 15 and was told to climb a tree. He asked me to check it for him and I was

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SMUT MUST GO THROUGH

NEW YORK—*The Post Office's most cherished burden—hunting smut in the U.S. mail—has been partly lifted by a landmark court decision that permits the exchange of pornographic materials by first-class mail between consenting adults for their personal and private use. In reversing a conviction for mailing obscene matter, the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York held that "the most fundamental premise of our constitutional scheme may be that every adult bears the freedom to nurture or neglect his own moral and intellectual growth," and that the First Amendment protects "the 'confidential communication' between a solitary viewer and a dirty movie" as well as the "right to be let alone with that movie." The ruling stopped short of overturning the 97-year-old Comstock Act, which still prohibits the mailing of anything "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile" for commercial purposes.*

ALL THE WAY

A small but growing number of theaters and bars in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York have been featuring couples performing sexual intercourse onstage.

In 1970, the California supreme court ruled that simulated stage performances of anything—murder or sex—are legally protected by First Amendment guarantees of freedom of expression. No high court has yet ruled, however, on whether or not real sex acts may be publicly exhibited. However, San Francisco and Los Angeles police have been assuming that the ruling protects any performance in a theater; they have left theaters alone, but have decided that bars with makeshift stages are nontheaters and have been busting managers and performers by the hundreds.

In New York, live-sex performances are clearly illegal, but since "exhibition halls" are not subject to city licensing, police have no authority to close them down. However, they regularly raid the shows and arrest performers and operators, who usually pay disorderly conduct fines and resume operations.

CLERGY AS COUNSELORS

LOS ANGELES—*Religious training may be a major cause of adult sexual maladjustments, according to psychotherapist Dr. Alexander P. Runciman. Blaming fundamentalist Protestantism, strict Roman Catholicism and orthodox Judaism for frequently creating guilt feelings resulting in sexual difficulties, Dr. Runciman described many clergymen as ill-equipped to counsel people with sex problems. Some members of the clergy, the doctor declared, are close to being impotent themselves, and such persons cannot understand sexual normalcy, much less guide anyone else toward it; other ministers, he said, are unaware of their own ignorance and give superficial advice to people who should properly receive prolonged therapy. The effects of clergymen's blunders, the psychotherapist added, go far beyond the sexual sphere itself, for people who cannot function sexually often are unable to perform satisfactorily in many other areas of human relations.*

HOMOSEXUAL HYPOTHALAMOTOMY

COPENHAGEN—*A West German surgeon proposes burning out an area in the hypothalamus of the brain as an effective means of treating criminal homosexuals. Dr. Fritz D. Roeder, at the International Conference on Psychosurgery, stated that seven out of 11 men on whom he has performed this operation—most of them convicted of sexual acts with adolescents or children—became heterosexual after the surgery. Dr. Roeder claimed that this might extinguish homosexual behavior in 60 to 70 percent of all criminal cases and is less harmful than castration, which is now imposed on certain types of sex criminals in Denmark and Germany. Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University told* Medical World News *that, if the operation is as successful as claimed, it is probably preferable to placing the homosexual offender in the "really horrendous miseries of our 12th Century prison system." Homosexual spokesman Dr. Franklin E. Kameny of the Mattachine Society was dubious, saying, "I would compare hypothalamotomy to prefrontal lobotomy"—another brain operation that once promised great cures for a variety of criminals but was abandoned when it left "a lot of vegetables in its wake."*

FUNNY COINCIDENCE

LOS ANGELES—*As an experiment, UCLA sociologist F. K. Heussenstamm recruited five black, five white and five Mexican-American drivers with no traffic violations within a year and asked them to sign pledges that they would obey all the rules of the road as carefully as possible. Each then affixed a Black Panther Party sticker to his car bumper. Strangely, within 17 days all 15 experimental subjects had bad driving records—amounting to 33 summonses handed out by police, with fines totaling $500. In a follow-up study, Professor Heussenstamm plans to send out a similar team with Panther stickers and*

a comparison team with stickers reading, AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.

SPLITTING HAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The long-hair controversy that bedevils the military has now produced an almost Solomonic decision. The Pentagon split the difference, allowing soldiers to wear military-style wigs that hide hippie-style hair while on duty; the long locks can then hang loose on their own time. (Many enlisted men have complained that the Army haircut turns off girls and interferes with their off-duty love lives.)*

A more radical solution was offered by retired Colonel Robert B. Rigg, who says the Army should be divided into short-haired and long-haired platoons. "Then," says Colonel Rigg, "let them compete as identified units on maneuvers, even combat. . . ." After all, he added, long hair is not new in the Army, as anyone can see by looking at a picture of General George A. Custer.

KILLERS OF THE DREAM

> *It is not possible to spend any prolonged period visiting public school classrooms without being appalled by the mutilation visible everywhere—mutilation of spontaneity, of joy in learning, of pleasure in creating, of sense of self. The public schools—those "killers of the dream," to appropriate a phrase of Lillian Smith's—are the kind of institutions one cannot really dislike until one gets to know them well.*

NEW YORK—*The above passage is typical of the tone of "Crisis in the Classroom," an outspoken report on a three-and-a-half-year investigation of American education by a 12-man commission financed by the Carnegie Corporation. The report charges, among other things, that American schools are "oppressive," "repressive," "grim," "joyless" and "intellectually sterile." Charles E. Silberman, who directed the study and wrote the summary of the commission's findings, added, "When we began, I thought the severest critics of the schools were overstating things. But now I think they were understating them." Blaming petty rules for an atmosphere in which pupils, teachers and principals mutually fear and distrust one another until curiosity is entirely smothered by caution, the report concludes that real education cannot exist until the whole system is revamped in a humane and libertarian direction.*

ABORTION COMPLICATIONS

NEW YORK—*Much of the benefit of New York's state law permitting abortion on request is being lost through New York City regulations that forbid the operation in doctors' offices and clinics lacking certain medical equipment. After a survey,* The New York Times *found that "the road to a hospital abortion often included seeming endless delays, clerical errors, complicated procedures, high costs and gratuitous psychological trauma. Faced with such difficulties, many women—especially the poor, poorly educated, timid, embarrassed, frightened and unaggressive—are finding hospital abortions impossible to obtain." Consequently, the new law apparently has not reduced the number of unprofessional abortions, since city hospitals report admitting as many women as ever for botched operations, and profiteering has entered the picture. One private hospital cited by the* Times *charges $575 for an early abortion done on an outpatient basis; at another, an overnight stay costs $450; in both cases, doctors' fees run $300 to $400. Most doctors believe that the situation will be eased only when specialized clinics are permitted to handle simple, early abortions, with hospitals reserved for late-in-pregnancy procedures and women who need special treatment.*

INSIDE DOPE

Institutions both public and private continue to take conflicting positions on the use of drugs.

- *After New Jersey governor William Cahill signed a bill drastically reducing penalties for possessing small amounts of marijuana, the state supreme court went even further by issuing guidelines that virtually eliminate jail sentences for first-time offenders. The governor, whose 19-year-old son has been arrested twice for marijuana possession, had strongly favored the new law and applauded the court's "enlightened attitude."*
- *A new Ohio law reduces simple pot possession from a felony to a misdemeanor, thereby lowering the maximum penalty to one year in prison and $1000 fine.*
- *In Dallas, Texas, a man found guilty of selling 11 marijuana cigarettes was sentenced to life imprisonment.*
- *The Navy and the Marine Corps announced that they expect to have discharged more than 7000 men in 1970 for drug offenses—mostly involving marijuana.*
- *Fire insurance companies are already making it harder for marijuana smokers to get insurance, and others are expected to follow this lead. Those that already include questions about pot in their applications include John Hancock Mutual, Prudential, Metropolitan, Occidental Life of California and Sun Insurance Company. A spokesman for Occidental Life said, however, that use of marijuana in the past would not automatically disqualify an applicant and that "each case must be individually investigated."*

told the same thing. After much work, he obtained a copy of the relevant Army regulation and discovered he could request that witnesses be heard in his behalf. But it was too late, because he had already been tried by the commanding officer, a man who had never seen him before. It is true that one may appeal the punishment to the next highest command. It is also true that I have never heard of an appeal succeeding.

Even so, I say "Right on" to people like Belli. Without them, we wouldn't have books like *Catch 22*.

Sp. 5 Eddie C. Morton
Fort Huachuca, Arizona

CONCERNED OFFICERS

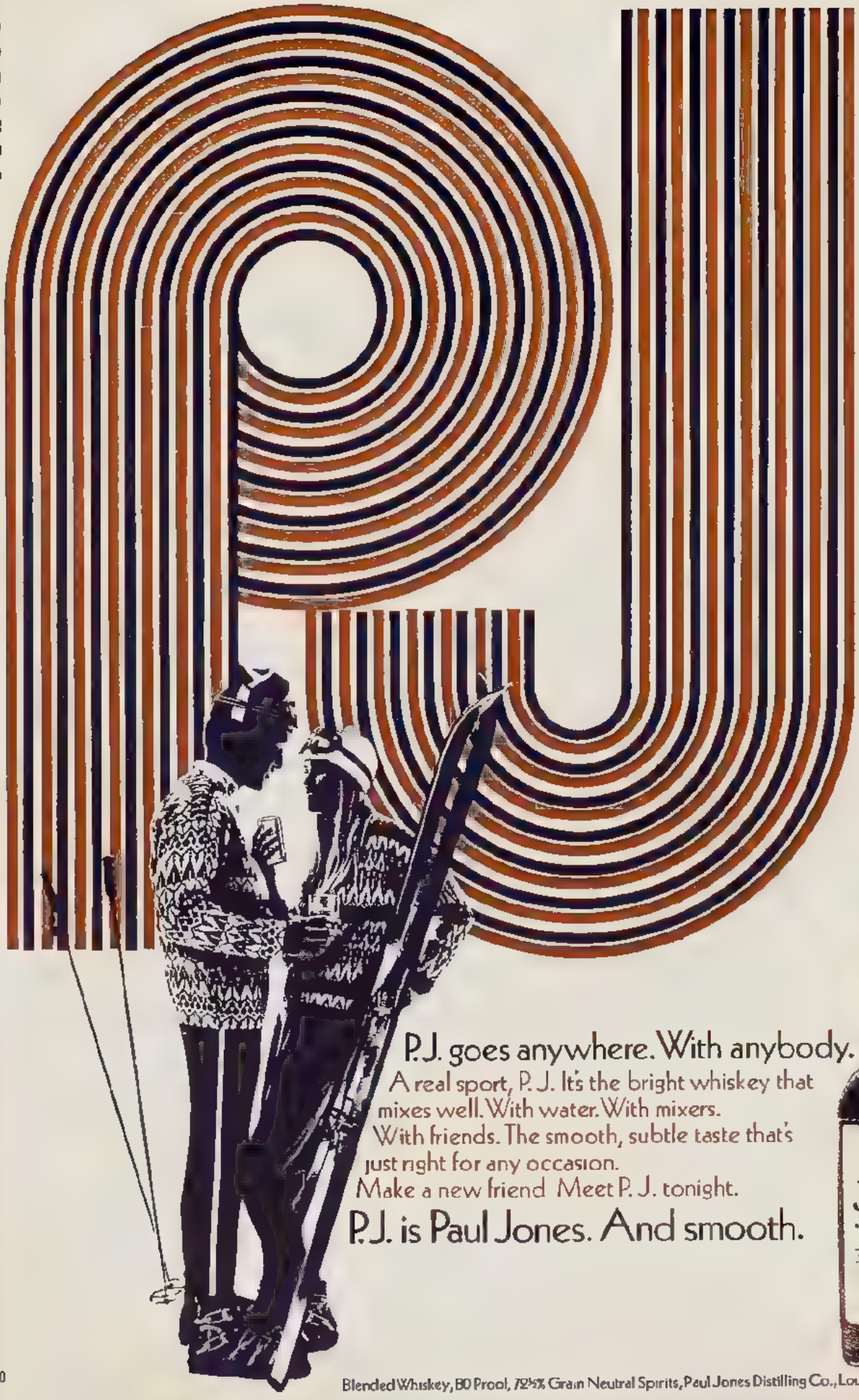
The letter below was sent to the Secretary of Defense by the San Diego chapter of the Concerned Officers Movement, a nationwide organization. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of all members of the Concerned Officers Movement and are certainly not those of the military establishment:

> In any organization of people, the most essential element is communication. Without this precious ingredient, even the most powerful groups decay. . . . This letter is being submitted in the interest of honest, sincere communication.
>
> As commissioned officers, we feel it is our duty to express our concern over our country's present policies in Indochina. We all feel that a grave error has been made. This war's devastating effects on our society, and on the people of Indochina, cannot be justified. We feel that our present slow withdrawal is only creating needless loss of life. We know that an orderly and safe recall is militarily possible at a much faster rate. . . . We strongly feel that our country should admit its mistake and withdraw immediately. . . .
>
> We are not revolutionaries or anarchists. Many of us have served honorably in Vietnam. We are concerned officers; officers who believe that in a democratic society it is unjust if millions of citizens are denied their rights under the Constitution. We feel that military personnel must have the freedom to dissent in a responsible manner, without fear of reprisal or harassment.

(Signed by 29 officers)
San Diego, California

MILITARY DEMOCRACY

As a black American serving in the military, I have read avidly your articles and your readers' letters about the Armed Forces. Two injustices are not commented upon nearly enough: the segregation that still exists in the military and the poverty of the lower ranks



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Racial segregation is, of course, officially forbidden, but the segregation of plush officers' quarters from the grim barracks of the enlisted men is as undemocratic and medieval as any overtly racial discrimination could be. An enlisted man is expected to give his life for his country, but the country asks him to live in substandard housing while the officers dwell in comparative affluence. As for the salaries of the lower ranks: Any enlisted man with a family to support is necessarily living below the poverty level.

I thought we were in the military to fight for democracy, but it looks more like we're supporting some kind of aristocracy that, in civilian life, died out at the end of the Middle Ages.

A/1C Nicholas Toodle
Robins AFB, Georgia

THE MILITARY MIND

One of the worst things about the U. S. Armed Forces is the way the officers and noncoms conduct themselves like tin gods, as if the feudal system were still in force and democracy were not yet invented. A small but telling example of this obsolescent thinking is an item from an information bulletin disseminated aboard the U. S. S. Bon Homme Richard. Officers and high-ranking noncoms are told that not only do they have the privilege of going to the head of any line on the ship but that they should always exercise this privilege—thus inconveniencing the lower ranks—whether or not they are in a hurry. The reasoning is a priceless specimen of stupid hauteur: "This privilege is traditionally granted assuming the more senior personnel have more important things to do than waste their time standing in lines."

(Name withheld by request)
U. S. S. Bon Homme Richard
FPO San Francisco, California

LICENSED NUDITY

It was discouraging to read in the *Los Angeles Times* that Los Angeles County is planning an ordinance requiring nudist colonies and other institutes whose activities involve nudity to obtain licenses. Obviously, the aim of the measure is to eliminate nudist colonies simply by refusing to grant them licenses.

It won't be long before these benighted souls will try to devise a way to prevent babies from being born in the nude.

S. Sgt. Stanley W. Fitzpatrick
Tustin, California

THE OBSCENITY GAP

A recent experience has provided me with an interesting insight into the obscenity gap between generations. Our publishing house is primarily engaged in producing industrial periodicals, but we have launched a humor-satire magazine, *Blast*. Since our approach was adult and free-swinging, I allowed the expression "fucked up" to appear in an article. There was an immediate upheaval. Some senior staff members demanded that their names be removed from the masthead. Others stopped speaking to me. One typist quit. There were constant arguments that we should print the expression as "f-cked up." I prevailed only because the publisher had the courage to support me.

One night, I went home and read the passage to my 14-year-old daughter, a bright but not precocious girl. It was the first time I had used the word in her presence and I asked what her reaction was.

In the calm, matter-of-fact voice that teenagers use when instructing parents, she said that nobody her age would be offended.

There's hope for the future.

Albert J. Forman
Stamford, Connecticut

THE MIDI-EVIL

Doubtless you'll enjoy this ad that was placed in *The Ann Arbor News* by a local store called Grahn's:

> We respectfully announce funeral services for the mididress . . . non denominational. . . . Burial will be next to the Edsel.
>
> It led an exciting short life . . . conceived by designers who failed to feel the depth of today's liberated woman.

Bob Lyons
Ypsilanti, Michigan

STREET SCENE

I agree with Judi Rosenstein, who spoke up against the adolescent badinage that many American males direct at women on the street (*The Playboy Forum*, October). Unlike Judi, I am a member of women's liberation and wear a bra (because, for me, it is more comfortable), but I, too, have reached the boiling point. Catcalling, near obscenities and outright undisguised obscenities are neither seductive nor cute. When coming from strangers, and especially when coming from strangers in groups—such as plastic-hatted construction workers—these antics are, at best, annoying and, at worst, frightening.

The police are negligent and even patronizing when a woman complains about such incidents. My breaking point came when a fat, 40-year-old man, who looked like a gorilla, approached me on the street and said, "You got it, baby—give it to me." When I told my husband about this, he was angry enough to call the police. We were told that the police could do nothing unless the man uttered an actual obscene word. In passing, the officer mentioned that several other women had complained about similar incidents at that construction site, so I am not the only victim. I have changed my route to work, now going four blocks out of my way, but other women and young girls are still being annoyed and sometimes badly frightened every day, I'm sure. The U. S. male greatly needs to mature.

Bonita J. Resue
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MEN'S LIBERATION

The divorce-reform movement is spawning a new, more radical anti-marriage movement, led by older males who have learned the hard way that contracting a legal marriage is giving a woman virtual power of attorney over your life from then until death releases you. It is well-known that an enormous number of marriages in America today fail; but what is the price, to the male, of a failed marriage? He loses a large share of his savings; his income is lowered by alimony payments; the car, home and other property will probably go to the wife; and he hasn't a chance of getting custody of the children. If he falls behind in alimony payments, he—alone among debtors in America—is still subject to debtors' prison. And all this can happen to him, even if his wife has been frigid, bitchy, Lesbian, lazy and totally no good in every other way throughout the history of the marriage. Why would any man in his right mind sign his name to a contract such as that? There is plenty of free sex available these days. For those who don't like the bother of pursuit, there is the prostitute's pay-as-you-go plan, which has no threats against your future earnings. The male who retains bachelorhood also retains his wealth, estate, property, stocks, bonds, cash, life insurance, assets, car, etc., and avoids ridiculous legal fees. Even if hauled into court on a paternity suit, the single man fares better than the married man being divorced: Both may have to pay child support, but only the married male has to pay alimony, divorce fees and property settlements. So, why marry?

The women's liberation movement will have performed a notable service if its propaganda gets young men to thinking about who is really exploited and who is really enslaved by an American marriage contract. There is only one answer to that, and men who think about it seriously will never marry.

George F. Doppler
Regional Director
U. S. Divorce Reform
Broomall, Pennsylvania

SEX OR FREEDOM

Malcolm L. Mitchell (*The Playboy Forum*, October) quotes with disapproval the slogan, "If it's sex or freedom, we'll take freedom!," and he states that "placing self-imposed curbs on natural, healthy drives is totally self-defeating." He fails to realize that as long as the double

standard exists, women will be censured by society for doing the same things a man does freely. Under the circumstances, it is better to forgo sex completely than to accept it with strings attached. Priests and others who remain celibate may be thought deprived, but they are not considered or treated as less than equal to other men.

Sex is not the most important aspect of life; self-respect and a feeling of being as good as anyone else rank higher. When Mitchell tells women that they can't be equal to men unless they indulge in sex, he is arguing on the same low level as the man who yells at feminists, "All you need is a good screw!" We don't need *anything* from that sort of man.

Candi L. McGonagle
North Quincy, Massachusetts

It's true that the double standard condemns in women the same sexual activity it accepts in men. That's why you and other women, as well as men, should fight to complete the work of the sexual revolution, which has tended to break down destructive and artificial sexual barriers between male and female. Sexually, women have greater freedom of choice today than ever before in history. This includes the freedom to control pregnancy with advanced birth-control technology, an increasing freedom to have an abortion and, most important, the freedom to enjoy or reject nonmarital sex, without fear of censure by society. Surely, the battle is far from over, but it seems to us that feminists who claim heterosexuality turns women into objects and who advocate celibacy and an increased hostility toward men are just harking back to a puritanism that will repress, not liberate, women.

No one should say you must "indulge in sex" to be equal; but no one should suggest, as you do, that a flight from sex is the road to freedom.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

I would like to add my views to your continuing discussion of the women's liberation movement. I'm a feminine, happily married mother of one adorable child. I enjoy being a woman, cooking for my husband, sewing, and so forth; and I have never wanted to dominate a man nor suffered from the delusion that replacing the present 99-percent male Government with a 99-percent female Government would solve all America's problems. In short, I'm normal.

Nonetheless, I want to combine marriage with a career, now that my child is old enough to be left with a sitter during the day. My experience with the business community has been so appalling—the discrimination against women so blatant—that I am as angry as the most enraged extremist in the feminist movement. It is virtually impossible to climb out of the clerical staff into the kind of administrative position for which my education and abilities qualify me. As a result, I have left the world of business to male domination—I'll let other women, younger and more optimistic, fight that battle—and I have settled into the usual perch of the talented woman: teaching.

Men who think that the female revolution isn't going to be as bitterly fought as the black revolution are living in a fool's paradise. You can discriminate against a group for only so long, then the inevitable rebellion comes. Those who try to maintain the status quo at that point might as well tell the tide not to rise, as King Canute did: "There is no force on earth stronger than an idea whose time has come." And let Morton Hunt shake his head as skeptically (*Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!*, PLAYBOY, May 1970) as he will, the equality of the sexes is, today, such an idea.

I don't want my principal to fire me for radicalism, so I must remain anonymous; this is fitting, since, to most men, women and women's anger are still invisible

(Name withheld by request)
East Orange, New Jersey

ABORTION GOES TO COURT

Since PLAYBOY advocates repeal of restrictive abortion laws, you may be interested in a summary of the cases that reached the U.S. Supreme Court in the fall of 1970.

• *U.S. vs. Vuitch* is a Government appeal from a judge's decision last year that the District of Columbia abortion law is unconstitutionally vague. The District law prohibits any abortion that is not necessary to preserve the life or health of the woman. "Health" being such a vague term, the judge declared the law unconstitutional. Only one state, Alabama, has a law like this.

• *McCann vs. Babbitz* was an appeal by state officials in Wisconsin from the decision of three Federal judges that Wisconsin's abortion law violated a woman's right of privacy. The law in question prohibited any abortion that was not necessary to save the woman's life. In October, the Supreme Court dismissed the appeal.

• *Hodgson vs. Randall* is an appeal by Dr. Jane Hodgson from the decision of a Federal court in Minneapolis–St. Paul. This case involved a therapeutic abortion performed in a hospital after the patient had been exposed to German measles (rubella) in early pregnancy. Before the abortion, Dr. Hodgson, the patient and three other doctors asked for a Federal-court injunction against the Minnesota law. When the court refused to act in time, the abortion was performed and the doctor indicted. Even after indictment, the Federal court again refused to act. This is the first known prosecution of a physician in the U.S. for performing a therapeutic abortion in a rubella situation.

• In the case of *Roe vs. Wade*, a Federal court declared the Texas abortion law unconstitutional but refused to issue an injunction forbidding further enforcement of the law. The plaintiffs are appealing from denial of the injunction. Texas is appealing from the decision that the abortion law violates a woman's private right to decide whether or not to bear children.

• *Doe vs. Bolton* is an appeal from the decision of a Federal court in Georgia declaring that state's abortion law partially unconstitutional. While the Wisconsin, Minnesota and Texas abortion laws are essentially the same Georgia permits abortions for a wider range of circumstances, such as rape, rubella and risk to the woman's health. However, all abortions in Georgia must be done in accredited hospitals, although 44.4 percent of the licensed hospitals in Georgia are not accredited. Moreover, only residents of Georgia are eligible, and a hospital for any reason, may refuse to permit abortions within its facilities. The Georgia Federal court upheld the residency requirement, the hospital exemption for any-reason clause and the requirement that abortions be done solely in accredited hospitals. The rest of the restrictions were declared unconstitutional.

• Finally, *Rosen vs. Louisiana Board of Medical Examiners* is an appeal from the decision of a Federal court in New Orleans that divided two to one along sectarian lines to uphold the constitutionality of Louisiana's abortion law. The law prohibits any abortion unless continuation of pregnancy is reasonably likely to result in the woman's death.

It is difficult to predict the order in which the Supreme Court will hear these cases, much less the probable outcomes. One can only conclude that, at long last, the Supreme Court will be required to resolve the question of whether or not a state has the power to imprison a physician and his patient for following their consciences and refusing to bring children into the world against their will. Most courts have said the states have no such power.

New York, Hawaii and Alaska have said they will no longer keep restrictive abortion laws on their statute books. The American Medical Association and the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists have stated as a matter of policy that abortion should be treated as a medical matter between physician and patient. Also, last August, the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws proposed a second tentative draft of a uniform abortion act for the states. This act would impose no restriction on the privacy of the physician-patient relationship provided the abortion is performed in an appropriate medical facility.

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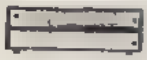

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taken by a few states, the Supreme Court will have the final word. Today, safe medical abortions are available for the price of a plane ticket to New York or London, plus a few hundred dollars. It is up to the Supreme Court whether or not the same medical treatment will be made available to the poor in local hospital facilities that can be reached by bus or car.

Roy Lucas, President
The James Madison
Constitutional Law Institute
New York, New York

ABORTION COUNSELING

Recently, *The Playboy Forum* has published letters explaining how to get an abortion in New York State, one of the three states that have made abortion on demand possible. A most informative article in the September 28, 1970, issue of *New York* magazine went into a great deal of detail on the subject. Titled "Legal Abortions: A Progress Report," the article, by Linda Nessel, reports that "women have been encountering tremendous obstacles in getting abortions. They find long waiting lists and prices they can't afford. Hospital personnel may be disapproving and even punitive—at one hospital, for example, women were asked to watch the fetus being destroyed."

The main problem, however, is sorting out the various possibilities, which requires getting in touch with referral services. The article lists what it calls "a small network of decent services," including Family Planning Information Service, 300 Park Avenue South, (212) 777-1504; the Women's Abortion Project, 36 West 22nd Street, (212) 691-2063; Clergy and Lay Advocates for Hospital Abortion Performance, (212) 254-6314; and the Women's Medical Group, 47 East 67th Street, (212) 472-9161.

New York has the distinction of being the first state to encounter many new social problems and, in this case, it has seen a jungle growth of profiteering and confusion that arose when the lid was taken off abortion. It's to be hoped that pro-abortion groups in other states will profit by the New York experience.

D. Chandler
New York, New York

FOR PSYCHIATRIC JUSTICE

I should like to call the attention of PLAYBOY's readers to the establishment of a new organization, the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization, Inc. The nature and aims of the association are set forth in its platform statement, which I herewith quote in full.

1. Throughout the entire history of psychiatry, involuntary psychiatric interventions, and especially involuntary mental hospitalization, have been regarded as morally and

professionally legitimate procedures. No group of physicians, lawyers or social scientists has ever rejected such interventions as contrary to elementary principles of dignity and liberty and, hence, as morally and professionally illegitimate. The A.A.A.I.M.H. does.

2. It is not in the province of the A.A.A.I.M.H. to promote or oppose any particular method of mental or psychiatric intervention, provided that it is undertaken with the informed consent of the client and is freely terminable by him. We take this position not because we do not hold some opinions about what are desirable or undesirable psychiatric practices but because we wish to focus sharply on what we consider the most pressing practical issue facing the mental health professions today: the separation of voluntary from involuntary interventions.

3. It is the aim of the A.A.A.I.M.H. to distinguish between voluntary and involuntary psychiatric interventions; to identify psychiatrists (and others active in the mental-health field) who limit their work to voluntary interventions as opposed to those who limit theirs to involuntary interventions (or who combine both types of practices); and to work toward the abolition of involuntary psychiatry.

4. Membership in the association thus offers a means to identify publicly those persons (in the mental health field and outside of it) who oppose currently accepted psychiatric and psychological practices resting on the use of state-supported force and fraud.

Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.
Syracuse, New York

Dr. Szasz is the author of several books dealing with psychiatry and human rights, including "The Myth of Mental Illness," "Psychiatric Justice" and "The Manufacture of Madness," as well as many articles and reviews. A psychoanalyst by profession, he is a professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York at Syracuse.

PRISONER'S CORRESPONDENCE

Recalling the letter from William L. McDonough published in *The Playboy Forum* nearly two years ago (February 1969), I was interested to come across a court decision on McDonough's right to correspond with PLAYBOY. Patuxent Institution for Defective Delinquents, where McDonough was held, absolutely prohibited his writing to PLAYBOY or its representatives or to Dr. Thomas S. Szasz. McDonough sued to have this ban lifted, and the U.S. District Court of Maryland dismissed his suit after the Patuxent authorities partially relaxed

their ban on correspondence with Dr. Szasz. McDonough then appealed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. This court ruled that he does have a right to correspond with PLAYBOY, as long as the purpose of his letters is "to obtain psychiatric, financial and legal assistance for his redetermination hearing." The court ordered that the lower tribunal's decision be reversed and that there be further proceedings "at which evidence is received and questions of credibility resolved."

So McDonough has won the right to seek PLAYBOY's help, it seems; however, the appellate court's decision also asserts that the institution has the right to suppress letters whose purpose is the "publication of a critique of the defective-delinquency law and its implementation at Patuxent." It appears that McDonough's window to the outside world is a rather narrow one.

Edward Johnson
Washington, D.C.

In commenting on McDonough's 1969 letter, PLAYBOY *remarked that the restrictions placed on his correspondence by Patuxent Institution "severely curtailed McDonough's freedom of expression, allowing him less liberty than is accorded many prisoners serving criminal sentences." Even in this partial victory, McDonough's First Amendment rights are excessively limited. Recently, the U.S. District Court of Rhode Island heard a suit by six inmates whose incoming and outgoing mail was being opened by Rhode Island Prison officials. Granting that there had to be some control over incoming mail to prevent the entry of materials endangering the security of the prison, the court stated flatly:*

> *The reading of any outgoing mail from inmates is unnecessary and in violation of the First Amendment rights of the parties involved unless pursuant to a duly obtained search warrant, and in the absence of the same, no outgoing prisoner mail may be opened, read or inspected.*

Supposedly, McDonough (who has since been released) was incarcerated at an institution for defective delinquents for humanitarian reasons. How humane is it when his right of free speech—granted in other instances to convicted criminals—can be suppressed?

COPING WITH COPS

When the subject of policemen's abuse of their power comes up, someone is sure to say that a citizen who thinks he's the victim of an injustice can complain to the offending officer's superior. Is that always so? Let me relate an experience of mine.

Having been born and raised in Georgia, I often visit my parents, who still live there. Last summer, while returning to my parents' home, I was arrested on a charge of drunken driving. At the police station, I was given the balloon test, the result of which was negative. I expected to be released, since the arresting officer's suspicion proved false, but then the officer decided to change the charge from drunken driving to speeding. After being kept in custody from 1:40 A.M. to 10:30 A.M. without benefit of one telephone call, I was fined $125 and released.

I'd have been overjoyed to find a superior officer to whom I could have made a complaint. Even some semblance of a hearing on the dubious charges might have helped. For me, it seems, there was no sympathetic superior to lend an ear. I am black, and that makes me fair game.

William Warren
Chester, Pennsylvania

SPIRO'S HEROES

I read Jerry Mickelson's letter from Ohio State University entitled "Battlefield Communiqué" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) with great interest, since I completed two weeks of active-Reserve military training last summer with a group of Ohio National Guardsmen.

Few of the Guardsmen had actually participated in controlling riots, but they all talked eagerly of the opportunity of doing so. Their favorite joke was that the score at the end of the first half was Ohio Guardsmen: 4, Kent State: 0, and that the second half would start soon. When trouble does occur again, these men will be given live ammunition and sent to the scene.

I would rather miss a college education than take the risk of being marked down in the National Guard's scorebook as one more point for its side.

Chuck Husston
Fairmont, West Virginia

TO END WARS

Sergeant Daniel F. Serrano, in the September *Playboy Forum*, after declaring that he would like to murder those who mess around with his flag, tells us, "In order to get rid of violence, it's necessary to use violence." He is in good company with this belief, as this quotation demonstrates:

> War, this monster of mutual slaughter among men, will be finally eliminated by the progress of human society, and in the not too distant future, too. But there is only one way to eliminate it and that is to oppose war with war.

Those words were written by that well known patriot Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Philip W. Roth
Rotterdam, Netherlands

MESSAGE FOR YOUTH

A little more than a year ago, PLAYBOY published my letter on how American mothers serve their country (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1969). Now I have a message for the youth of America.

Objections have been raised by your generation to everything from being born to having olives in cream cheese. You have marched, caused riots, destroyed property and even left home. I would like to give you, the American youth, something to hash over among yourselves: If you were a Communist, how would you take over the United States?

Communism, as I know it, is a creeping, crawling cancer. It has taken over most of Europe and Asia by moving into a country with tanks and armored cars, until it has swallowed up the people. But you cannot take over a God-fearing country like America with tanks and armored cars. However, I do have a plan that I would use if I wanted to take over this great country.

First, I would take the Word of God out of the schools. Why? Because this country was built on the Word of God. Then, I would flood the country with pills to be given to the school children; for if I could warp their minds early enough, it would be a simple thing to mold them any way I wanted when they were older. Then, I would sit back and wait. The generation of warped minds and corrupt morals that would emerge from all the goodies I had given them would fall easy prey to my Communist way of life.

Think it over, young people. We, the older generation, the ones you have no time for, have kept this democracy together for close to 200 years. What chance will your generation have of holding it for 200 more?

Mrs. Thomas Hickey
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CONNED CONSERVATIVES

American conservatives have recently had both legs pulled. Two hoaxes have appeared in the past couple of years purporting to support the conservative cause: a claim that the peace symbol is really a Satanist sign and a document called the "Communist Rules for Revolution." Both are fabrications. I have no sympathy for violence-prone activists and I fear Communist totalitarianism, but I must say it does sincere, thoughtful conservatives no credit to seize onto such sensational material without checking its authenticity.

The modern peace symbol was designed in the Fifties by the British Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, and there is no evidence whatever linking this group's use of the symbol to any previous uses. At present, the peace symbol stands for all anti-war, pro-peace sentiment. It is worn by too many different kinds of people to identify it with any one group or doctrine.

As for the "Communist Rules for

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Revolution," it is so pat, so timely, so agreeable to conservative sentiment that I can well imagine the glee of many who read it. I can almost hear them shouting joyfully, "See, I told you so! The Communists are to blame for everything I don't like—sex, strikes, riots, disagreements, athletics and gun control. And if you like the things I don't like, then you're helping the Commies!" What an easy trap to fall into! And it is a trap. Serious investigators, including the FBI, have denounced the "Rules" as a fake.

Let's not be so ready to accept as fact anything that happens to back up our personal preferences. Using unproved allegations alienates intelligent people just when all of us should be working together.

The Rev. Dr. M. S Medley
Texarkana, Texas

L'ETAT C'EST MOI

President Nixon's method of "bringing us together" is now becoming obvious. First of all, the silent majority by itself is not sufficient; he must also have a silent minority. We, therefore, have the first step in Nixonian mathematics.

Unity = Silent Majority + Silent Minority

Furthermore, Congress, the Supreme Court and the other "checks and balances" on the power of the Executive must become mere rubber stamps, so that President Nixon can "bear his full responsibility" as Commander in Chief. Thus, the elusive national unity being sought can be found only when Mr. Nixon acts entirely on his own with no interference from other branches of the Government. This yields the second equation:

Unity = Richard M. Nixon

Mindful of the simple axiom that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, we may now substitute a single equation for the two above:

Richard M. Nixon = Silent Majority + Silent Minority

We thus arrive at the classic position of Louis XIV: "The State is Me" (*L'état c'est moi*)—or W. S. Gilbert's more jocular, "I am the crew and the captain, too!" Beautiful; that's pure unity on both the material and the metaphysical levels. Any resemblance to the American constitutional form of government or the democratic process, however, is purely unintentional and strictly coincidental.

Harold A. Cannold
Brooklyn, New York

THE OPPRESSIVE MAJORITY

One reads and hears the term silent majority so often as to be driven into screaming fits. This phrase, whereby President Nixon claims that most people support his policies, is just the latest example of the American tendency to claim that one is right simply because one is in the majority. A couple of years ago, advocates of long hair, rock music, liberal drug taking, sexual freedom and radical politics were claiming that in a few years, the majority of the population would be under 25 years of age. Census Bureau statisticians, incidentally, declare that this never was so, and will not be so in the foreseeable future; but what concerns me is the naïve assumption that when young people became a majority of the population, sex, drugs and rebellion would automatically be legitimated.

Men such as Thomas Jefferson who based the American system of government on majority rule were not so naïve, I think, as to imagine that the majority is automatically good or right or just. They were simply working on the assumption that the most stable system of government is the one that satisfies the greatest number of people. But the beliefs, attitudes and policies of majorities can often be stupid, unfair and tyrannical. New discoveries of truth are made by individuals and small groups of men. It is often a long time before the majority finds out about them.

It is for that reason, because the majority is often wrong, that claims by people that they have a majority on their side should be considered in perspective, and our system of government should make the maximizing of individual liberty—rather than the strengthening of majority rule—its cardinal guideline.

David Brown
St. Louis, Missouri

PLANNED CHAOS

In a fall issue of *Newsweek*, Attorney General John Mitchell is quoted as saying that a national commission on marijuana will turn up "sufficient negative evidence" about marijuana to overcome the present efforts toward legalization. When asked what he would do if the commission found that no such negative evidence exists, Mitchell replied he would oppose changing the law anyway. In other words, the Government will seek facts to justify its policies, but if such facts cannot be found, the policies will still continue. The theory behind the marijuana law is that the Government locks people in jail to protect them from harming themselves with this weed; but if the weed is harmless, the Government will still throw the users in jail, even though it no longer has a reason for doing so.

Such mental processes bring to mind a statement made by Ludwig von Mises in his book *Planned Chaos*: "Liberty can be realized only within an established state ready to prevent a gangster from killing and robbing his weaker fellows. But it is the rule of law alone that hinders the rulers from turning themselves into the worst gangsters." Mitchell, while enforcing the letter of the law, has abandoned the rule of law, philosophically. "How long soever it hath continued, if it be against reason, it is of no force in law" (*Commentary upon Littleton*, by Edward Coke). By stating that he will ignore reason if reason contradicts his personal prejudices, Mitchell turns the law-enforcement agencies of the Government into the "worst gangsters," as Von Mises described the worst because there is no rational natural law to which we can appeal when codified law itself is capricious.

George Morrone
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE PROPHET

When I awoke this morning, the newspaper told me about the Nixon Administration's negative reaction to the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. This reminded me of the ability to ignore facts that contradict one's beliefs, as described in George Orwell's book *1984*. A few pages farther in the newspaper, to my surprise, I found a writer in the letters column who used Orwell's word "double-think" to describe pro-ABM arguments. When I opened the September issue of your magazine, there was yet another reference—in Robert Wicker's *Playboy Forum* letter—this time comparing women's liberation extremists to Orwell's anti-sex league.

Obviously, the world is coming to resemble Orwell's fantasy more and more. Recent wire-tapping legislation and the posthumous character assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., could have come right out of *1984*. The seemingly interminable Indochina war and especially the ill-defined enemy have exact parallels in Orwell. So has the emergency warning system that enables the President to take control of the radio, TV and telephone systems. The rapidly deteriorating quality of consumer goods brings to mind Orwell's Victory Cigarettes and Victory Gin. Spiro Agnew's repeated attacks on the press, the savage repression of campus demonstrations, the Army's computer files on political activists, the canvassing of libraries to collect names of people who read the wrong books . . . the list goes on and on.

George Orwell may go down in history as the greatest political prophet of the 20th Century, if any copies of his books survive the age of Big Brother.

Robert S. Boston
Ames, Iowa

TAXATION AND ROBBERY

Do you recall Winston Smith in George Orwell's *1984*—the fellow you believe in, the one you thought was going to get it together and get it on? And remember how you felt when you

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found out that Big Brother was just allowing him to walk around on the end of a string because he knew that, alas, every man has his limit and Winston's limit was his fear of rats? Remember? And remember how lousy you felt when you found out that Winston just couldn't stand up to those rats and was going to cave in and say just what Big Brother wanted?

I remember. And I remember how brave PLAYBOY usually sounds.

When Jerry Emanuelson's letter appeared in the September *Playboy Forum*, I was sure you'd take the opportunity to join him in declaring an absolutely libertarian position against coercion and robbery (government and taxation). But then I read your frightened little answer and I knew that, just as Winston Smith feared rats, PLAYBOY fears the Internal Revenue Service.

Well, much happiness to you as you run around on the end of your platinum string declaiming against racism and war and poverty and all those other major injustices. Now, publish this and give me an answer in those groovy, self-righteous italics. It would be a gas to see your Pledge of Allegiance to the IRS a second time.

James Patterson
Los Angeles, California

In your reply to Jerry Emanuelson's letter you argue that "taxation is a form of dues" and that it is not, strictly speaking, based on force, since "taxes are only collected from those who voluntarily 'join the club.'" You add that "anyone who finds the rewards of citizenship not worth the 'dues' (taxes) remains free to emigrate. . . ." By the same reasoning, would it not be consistent to say that anyone who finds the anti-sex or anti-abortion laws to be too high a price to pay for citizenship is free to emigrate? How, then, does your argument differ from that of the bumper sticker that says AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT? Do we not have a third choice—namely, to stay here and try to correct such injustices as the invasion of our sexual liberty and the robbery of our bank accounts through taxation? Like the anti-sex and anti-abortion laws, taxation is a violation of a right—in this case, the right to one's property. Emigration is beside the point; a violation of rights must be fought until abolished.

Robert Poole, Jr
Santa Barbara, California

In 1870, Lysander Spooner wrote an essay entitled *No Treason: The Constitution of No Authority*, in which he demonstrated that the Government does not rest on consent. Spooner explained that those calling themselves the Government say to the tax collector, in effect:

Go to A —— B—— and say to him that "the Government" has need of money to meet the expenses of protecting him and his property. If he presumes to say that he has never contracted with us to protect him, and that he wants none of our protection, say to him that that is our business and not his; that we *choose* to protect him, whether he desires us to do so or not; and that we demand pay, too, for protecting him. If he dares to inquire who the individuals are, who have thus taken upon themselves the title of "the Government," and who assume to protect him, and demand payment of him, without his having ever made any contract with them, say to him that that, too, is our business, and not his, that we do not *choose* to make ourselves *individually* known to him; that we have secretly (by secret ballot) appointed you our agent to give him notice of our demands and, if he complies with them, to give him, in our name, a receipt that will protect him against any similar demand *for the present year*. If he refuses to comply, seize and sell enough of his property to pay not only our demands, but all your own expenses and trouble besides. If he resists the seizure of his property, call upon the bystanders to help you (doubtless some of them will prove to be members of our band). If, in defending his property, he should kill any of our band who are assisting you, capture him at all hazards; charge him (in one of our courts) with murder; convict him, and hang him. If he should call upon his neighbors or any others who, like him, may be disposed to resist our demands, and they should come in large numbers to his assistance, cry out that they are all rebels and traitors; that "our country" is in danger; call upon the commander of our hired murderers; tell him to quell the rebellion and "save the country," cost what it may. Tell him to kill all who resist, though they should be hundreds of thousands; and thus strike terror into all others similarly disposed. See that the work of murder is thoroughly done, that we may have no further trouble of this kind hereafter. When these traitors shall have thus been taught our strength and our determination, they will be good loyal citizens for many years, and pay their taxes without a why or a wherefore.

If government were a voluntary organization, it would be possible for a man to give notice that he no longer cares to avail himself of government services or pay government fees and then to have no fears of being forcibly evicted from his own property. Government does not rest on consent. Anyone who says that taxation is morally right while, at the same time, contending that "no person has the right to initiate the use of force against the body or property of another" contradicts himself.

Jerry Emanuelson
Colorado Springs, Colorado

We did not suggest that anyone leave the country if he doesn't like taxation—although we pointed out that in fact, the option to leave is available. Comparing taxation to anti-abortion laws is comparing oranges to apples. A government can exist without sumptuary laws concerning the sexual behavior or the choice of intoxicant of its citizens (and there is no justification, other than religious dogma, for such meddling legislation). But a government, like a church or private detective agency, cannot exist without revenue, tithe or some form of tax rendered by the clients who use its services. The libertarian science-fiction writer Robert A. Heinlein created a slogan: TANSTAAFL, which means There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch. Somebody pays for a free-lunch program even if the people who eat it do not, and somebody pays for the roads on which we all drive and the parks in which we relax. Few people object to being taxed for such necessities, though an income levy seems especially disagreeable when a large proportion of it is used, as now, to support an unpopular war. Nonetheless, until borders are closed and citizens cannot abandon citizenship, they are not being robbed when asked to pay their share of the Government's expenditures. Of course, they are free to organize, write letters and agitate in various ways to stop those Government expenses that they consider immoral, wasteful or unjust. They may also make propaganda for alternative forms of taxation, such as voluntary contribution in return for Government services or the hidden tax of the national lottery, as urged by some disciples of Ayn Rand. The latter appears more just on the surface, because it is not based on force. But, unfortunately, this type of tithe falls on the most gullible and ignorant—who are also usually the poor—and is thus ultimately fraudulent. Not until goods and commodities come out of the air like the gifts of the genie in "Thief of Baghdad" will the Government be able to operate without collecting revenue.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MAE WEST

a candid conversation with the indestructible queen of vamp and camp

Twenty-eight years ago, Mae West completed her tenth and then-final film—eight of them for Paramount Pictures, which she had saved from mendicancy during the Depression years, when she was the greatest phenomenon in show business, as Mae would be the first to tell you. Along with Garbo and Shirley Temple, she was the hottest box-office draw in the land and probably the best-known, most photographed person on earth. "I was better known than Einstein, Shaw or Picasso," she modestly admits. She was also the world's highest-paid and most quoted entertainer, historical monument and prepotent image of ribald sex—which she had shown the world was inherently hilarious.

Princeton scientists designed a magnet in the shape of her torso. The Department of the Interior tried to name twin lakes after her but was hooted down by the bluenoses. A twin-diesel engine was named for her on the Super Chief. Author Hugh Walpole applauded her mockery of "the fraying morals and manners of a dreary world." Critic George Jean Nathan called her "the Statue of Libido." The Dakota Indians made her a tribe member as Princess She-Who-Mountains-in-Front. Salvador Dali designed a sofa of red silk from an enlarged photograph of Mae's lips. And during World War Two, R.A.F. fliers named an appropriately pneumatic life jacket after her, thus immortalizing Mae in "Webster's."

By 1943, however, she had dimmed to a faint ember of the old flame—or so it seemed. Her final movie, "The Heat's On," was a dreary failure; even Mae didn't like it, and Mae likes almost everything that features Mae. When critics wrote that "the heat is definitely off," she turned her impressive (10") bosom away from Hollywood and flounced back to the stage that had spawned her brazen swagger, adenoidal drawl and outrageous double-entendres.

Gamely and irrepressibly, she opened on Broadway in a lubricous mediocrity called "Catherine Was Great," which she had written for herself years before. The critics lambasted the play; John Chapman wrote: "I'm afraid it's going to be a bust, which will give Miss West one more than she needs." But a new generation of audiences had come along since Mae's stage triumphs of the Twenties and they wanted to see her. They went in droves, less aroused, perhaps, than curious. "Like Chinatown and Grant's Tomb," wrote one critic, "Mae West should be seen at least once." And after each performance, she captivated them with a tart little curtain speech: "Catherine was a great empress. She also had 300 lovers. I did the best I could in a couple of hours"—she had successfully knocked off 14 suitors in a mere three acts.

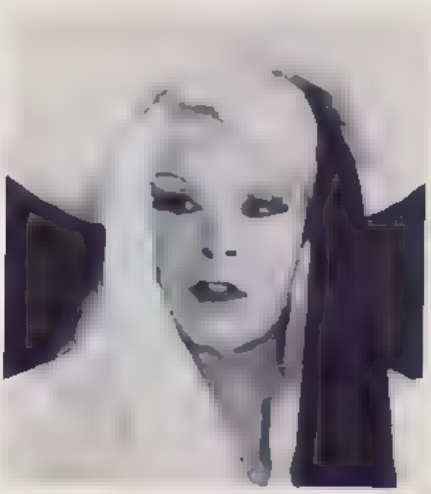
It was art imitating life. In the course of her long, much-publicized and continuing love life, Mae had democratically—and inexhaustibly—befriended businessmen, lawyers, politicians, tenors, judges, Mexican wrestlers, French importers, Italian leading men and chorus boys. Mae was still going strong—on stage and off—at 56, when she resurrected "Diamond Lil" (first produced in 1928) as the starring vehicle for still another comeback. "After all," said Mae, "I'm her and she's me and we're each other. Lil and I, in my various characterizations, climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong." In London, she was feted by royalty ("Hell, I'm royalty, too") and eternalized in wax at Madame Tussaud's.

By the mid Fifties, however, Mae began to seem something of a wax figurine herself—to everyone but Mae. Looking around for new conquests, she surrounded herself with an entourage of lion-clothed muscle men and for three years proceeded to break night-club records all over the country. Asked if she realized how much she was doing to belittle the male, Mae seemed baffled for a second and then answered in her fashion: "It's my personality and it's unique. I'm the regal, dignified type. That's not a posture you learn in school, dear. It's the way you look at the world." From the day she first appeared on stage at an Elks Club show in her native Brooklyn at the age of seven and literally screamed for the spotlight, Mae had looked at the world as if it had been created just for her; and at 60, she saw no reason to change her mind.

There were a few TV appearances in the early Sixties—most notably, her show-stealing Oscar turn with Rock Hudson—several rock-'n'-roll albums, a couple of movie offers that she spurned because "they were wrong for my personality," a surprisingly circumspect autobiography (which now retails for $15.95 in arcane

"I don't remember how many lovers I've had, there were so many. I was never interested in the score, though—only the game. Like my line, 'It's not the men in my life that counts but the life in my men.'"

"I'm never dirty, dear. I'm interestin' without bein' vulgar. I have—taste. I kid sex. I was born with sophistication and sex appeal, but I'm never vulgar, and I don't like obscenity. I just—suggest."



"I've liked the boys for as long as I can remember. When I was 12, I'd have about six of 'em around me and we'd kiss and I'd play with their—umm, you know. But I didn't know I had this sex personality."

bookshops); but Mae's raffish hussy image gradually drifted into a kind of silly soft focus and nobody cared much anymore. Mae herself was too rich and too self-possessed to care, either, especially since muscular young men still came up to see her sometimes—and to sample her seldom favors in the boudoir.

Rumors of her professional demise, however, were still premature. Taste makers of the Sixties saw Mae as a delicious example of pop art and began to call her the queen of camp—an old word that found new meaning when the dead or superannuated darlings of the Twenties and Thirties became the property of pop posters and late-night television. Mae West film festivals swept the land. When "I'm No Angel" and "She Done Him Wrong" (the film version of "Lil") were double-billed in Los Angeles, they outpulled all other pictures then in release from Universal, which now owns her old celluloid. And in two recent personal appearances—one at the Academy Award Theater in Hollywood, the other at USC's highly regarded cinema fraternity—Mae got tumultuous standing ovations.

Nowadays, the grandchildren of her first fans join her burgeoning international fan club, titter at her old jokes, write her gushy love letters, send her roses by the truckload, collect such West-iana as life-size cutouts—and even give her diamonds, Mae's longtime trademark. Whole football teams visit her home with a frequency that distresses their coaches. And Mae West jokes are in again (e.g., Mae on phone to Chinese laundry: "Where the hell is my laundry? Get it over here right away." Chinaman on arrival: "I come lickety-split, Miss West." Mae: "Never mind that. Just gimme the laundry").

To cap it all, as everyone knows by now, Mae has returned to the screen in living offcolor—as a man-eating actors' agent in Gore Vidal's fetid garden of sexual reverses, "Myra Breckinridge." Attending the Manhattan premiere, she was mobbed by 2000 ungloved fans. At 78, she gets top billing and roughly $500,000, still thinks of herself as sex queen regnant ("Glamorwise, I'm the greatest thing since Valentino") and scorns the sharper curves of her co-star, Raquel Welch, to whom she refers simply as "the other woman."

Paradoxically—since she mostly burlesques sex rather than makes it desirable—Mae is real and Raquel is not, to many who know them both. "Mae is as strong as steel, loves sex, knows it's good and makes no bones about it," says "Myra" director Michael Sarne. "She is disciplined both physically and mentally. She does what's good for Mae. She always has, which is ultimately what every woman wants to do and few ever do. She is purely selfish and is perfectly honest about it. Raquel has the same selfish, ruthless drive as Mae, but she's not real at all. She's afraid of sex, but she is the myth. The legend, Mae West, is the real woman, the real sex symbol."

Today, most of Mae's time is taken up, as it always has been, with the care and feeding of Mae West. With a personal fortune estimated somewhere between $5,000,000 and $15,000,000 (mostly in real estate), she lives in a satiny cocoon with a fawning retinue that includes a maid, three secretaries, a Filipino butler-chauffeur whom she cast in "Myra" (along with several fans) and an ex-wrestler-bodyguard-companion with wall-to-wall shoulders. She assiduously avoids abrasive situations ("tears down the nerves") and still keeps her private life very private, but admits to being sexually active, rarely goes to parties or screenings, seldom reads anything but her fan mail, consults psychics before making important decisions, pampers herself immensely (everything from exercise to two colonics a day), scribbles dialog on little note pads and appears to care little for the world outside her hermetically sealed pink shell.

Each of her three homes—a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, a 22-room beach house featuring murals of naked men with golden phalluses and disembodied testicles floating like pink clouds across blue Oriental skies, and the white and gold Louis XII apartment she has had since she first went to Hollywood in 1932—is the very essence of Mae West: a cheerfully extravagant vulgarity. "God, do you know she keeps hand towels—hand towels—pinned to her white-satin couch!" a famous writer exclaimed recently.

It's true. Interviewer C. Robert Jennings sat on several of her couches during five conversations with Mae. When he arrived for his first visit, she made a grand sashaying entrance in a long, multicolored pastel hostess gown that effectively hid her high platform shoes (she's only five foot, three). "Oh, hello, dear," she said, blue eyes twinkling merrily. "How are ya? Siddown and take it easy. I do some of my best work on this couch." The only competition was Tom Jones on the hi-fi. "Mae was a bundle of contradictions," reports Jennings, "at once illiterate and smart, demure and demonic, sweet old lady and shrewd little cookie cutter. But mostly she was warm, funny, gracious and surprisingly unsparing about herself. Once she got to know me, she didn't undulate with hand on hip; nor did she talk in epigrams and aphorisms. But she hasn't lost her randy sense of comedy—as I discovered when I asked my first question."

PLAYBOY: Since you clearly don't need the money, why did you choose to make a comeback in *Myra Breckinridge*, at the age of 77?

WEST: Seventy-six, dear. But I could pass for 26. And it's not a comeback. I've never been away, never stopped. Since my last picture, I've broken in three plays, toured for years with my muscleman act, made four record albums, written my book, appeared several times on TV and finished screenplays from two of my plays, plus all my own dialog for *Myra*. I felt it was somethin' my public would want me to do. I always like to give 'em what they want. And they were *demandin'* I come back. My fans are crazy to see me again. They're the young and they adore me. Mae West is a whole new thing to them, 'cause it's a whole new generation. I get 'em in their teens now. They even gimme diamonds. The public is so starved for me I took this part just to give 'em a break, ya know what I mean? I mean, it's not *my* movie, but they're referrin' to it in New York as "the Mae West movie." People are rushin' to see it because of *me*.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the criticism that's been leveled at *Myra*?

WEST: This is *controversy*! This is *marvelous*! This is *box office*! Thanks to what they're sayin', people are just runnin' to see the picture. All my biggest hits were controversial. As Hearst said in an editorial in the Thirties, "Isn't it time Congress *did* something about Mae West?" When Fox was protestin' the X ratin' for *Myra*, I said, "Are they crazy? I'd be *insulted* if a picture I was in didn't get a X rating." Don't forget, dear, I *invented* censorship.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your role in the film?

WEST: Well, when they first mentioned the book, I thought they wanted me for the title role, 'cause I star in *everything*, ya know, so I told 'em, "Never." It didn't grab me. I like my sexes stable. Myra can change her sex, but they're not gonna change *mine*. But then they said they wanted me to play Letitia Van Allen, who's sort of Agent 8-F-X, not 007. I change my hat for every man and I change my men like I change my clothes. I run this agency for fun and I handle leadin' men *only*, and I end up ownin' everything, so I feel kinda at home in the part. It's not at all like the character in the book—I read parts of it, my fans would have a *fit* if it were. I know what my audience expects of me and I give 'em what they want.

In the book, Letitia meets a passionate young student who puts her in the hospital. In my version, I put *him* in the hospital. See what I mean? That's my personality. When I enter, there are 19 or 20 men waitin' outside my boudoir-office, all handsome and healthy; I picked most of 'em myself. "I'll be right with ya, boys," I say. "Get out your *resumés*." That was an innocent line when I thought of it, but when I said it, it broke everybody up. Like somebody says, "It warms the cockles of my heart," and I say, "Warms the *whats*? Oh, yeah." Every time I say anything there has to be a laugh. Why, I can't even say my

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

prayers: "Now I lay me"—that's as far as I can get and they break up. But I never even meant "Come up and see me sometime" to be sexy

PLAYBOY: Since so much of *Myra* was cut in editing, would you give us a random sampling of some of your other lines?

WEST: Yeah, sure. Once inside my office, I say to my male secretary, "You gotta mob here today and I'm a little tired. One of those guys'll have to go." Then a dumb stud comes in and says all he wants is my respect. I say, "Watch it, you're gonna kill the deal." Honey, I'm doin' and sayin' things that woulda given Adolph Zukor apoplexy when I was at Paramount. I got a lot of blame for bringin' on censorship in the Thirties, and I may just do it again this time around. If *Myra* doesn't stir 'em up, I don't know what will.

PLAYBOY: By today's standards, that dialog sounds rather tame. Do you say anything that might be more censorable?

WEST: Sin *what*, dear?

PLAYBOY: What else do you say that's suggestive?

WEST: *Everything.* At one point, I say, "They're gonna give me an award," and Myra asks, "What, an Oscar?" And I say, "No, a golden phallus." Then I add, "Someday we'll have our own stable of studs—a boy bank where credit is always good. Sort of a lay-a-day plan." And Myra says, "God bless America." Everybody screamed on the set. In another scene, I tell Myra, "The guy's a terrific lay. I wouldn't say he's exactly a sex maniac, but he'll do until one comes along." In the orgy scene, I come in on all these people doin' it, ya know, and I say, "Umm, guess this is what they mean by lettin' it all hang out." And in a hospital scene, one veteran from Vietnam complains that his arm screws off and another that his leg screws off and I say, "Well, come up and see me sometime and I'll show ya how to screw your *heads* off."

PLAYBOY: Did you know that many people have called *Myra* "the dirty *Cleopatra*"?

WEST: Oh, I'm never dirty, dear. I'm interestin' without bein' vulgar. I have—*taste*. I *kid* sex. I was born with sophistication and sex appeal, but I'm never vulgar. Maybe it's breedin'—I come from a good family, descended from Alfred the Great. In the script, I have a line, "I've got the judge by the . . . ," but I never say the word, just make the motions [cupping her hand]. I wouldn't use any four-letter words, dear. I don't like obscenity and I don't have to do it at any time. They thought I might be willing for *Myra*, because it's in vogue now, but I won't. I just—suggest.

PLAYBOY: Nudity's in vogue now, too. How do you feel about it?

WEST: Nudity should come under the headin' of art, not sex. But nowadays, they just throw in a naked body to help the plot, 'cause all the great plots have been done, and it's monotonous. I guess they think the younger generation wants to see somethin' different. Maybe they do, but not naked bodies, 'cause they've got all the sex they can handle—at least, so I'm told. Anybody can go to the beach, where they got people with real good bodies—but that don't make it, either. I saw *Hair*—and it went to sleep on me. My advice for those gals who think they have to take their clothes off to be a star is, baby, once you're boned, what's left to create the illusion? Let 'em *wonder*. I never believed in givin' 'em too much of me. I let the other woman in *Myra* do that.

PLAYBOY: There's been a lot of talk about how you and the other woman, as you call Raquel, clashed behind the scenes. What really happened?

WEST: I never gossip, dear. And I hate arguments. I don't like to down things. I like to think positive. I avoid anything that upsets me. That's my philosophy.

PLAYBOY: But you could hardly have avoided Miss Welch. Can't you tell us what happened, in your disagreement over costumes, for example?

WEST: Well, the director suggested I wear black and white throughout the picture. The other woman was gonna wear blues and reds. I only have two scenes with her. She thought I was gonna wear black velvet with white-mink trim, so she went out and got herself a black dress with a white collar. They told her not to wear it. She did anyway, but we fooled her, 'cause I came in with this *white* dress and *black* trim. Now she couldn't change to a white one. In the next scene [since cut], I was wearin' an all-white negligee with ostrich feathers and she got into a long, full red thing with a hood. Honest to Christ, she looked like Little Red Ridinghood. Reggie Allen, the set designer, is an old friend of mine and he filled the place with red so her dress didn't mean a thing. She couldn't stand it and she complained to her agent, who screamed to Dick Zanuck. I don't know why she was so vicious. She should be glad I'm in the picture; a lot more people will see her.

PLAYBOY: We understand there was a bit of friction concerning you and another star at the studio—Barbra Streisand. Why was that?

WEST: I never met her, dear. But when I came on the picture, they told me I had her dressin' room from *Hello, Dolly!* I said, don't tell *me* "somebody else's room." It's Mae West's room. I'm in a class by myself. I star in everything and I break records all over the world. My *ego's* breakin' records. If I can't break a record at whatever I do, it don't mean anything to me. So they redecorated the dressin' room just for me.

PLAYBOY: Many film critics compared Miss Streisand's characterization in *Dolly* to Mae West. One magazine even called it *The Mae West Story*. How do you feel about it?

WEST: Streisand has the unmitigated *gall* to imitate me. It'll hurt my *Diamond Lil*, which I'm bringin' to the screen again, in color and with new music. Streisand conflicts with her. If it wasn't for *Dolly* bein' at Fox, too, I think I'd have gone in there and had 'em take some of it out. She needs a little sex quality in there and she knows imitatin' me is the best way she can get it. But she'd better forget it.

PLAYBOY: Barbra said in an interview that she'd love to meet you but she didn't want to bother you.

WEST: She didn't wanna bother to ask if she could *imitate* me—take it and ask after. Well, it might interest her to know that David Merrick wanted *me* to do *Dolly*. But I didn't wanna be a Dolly. I'm me. I'm unique. But even Edie Adams on those cigar commercials is sayin', "Pick one up and smoke it sometime." I gotta *watch* these things?

PLAYBOY: But people have imitated you all your life.

WEST: The gay boys, sure. I *like* some of the gay boys doin' imitations of me. At a drag ball here recently, there were 16 Mae Wests and not one of that other woman. I always win the prizes, too.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your homophile following?

WEST: Homo what, dear?

PLAYBOY: Homosexual.

WEST: I've always had it, dear. They're crazy about me 'cause I give 'em a chance to play. My characterization is sexy and with humor and they like to imitate me, the things I say, the way I say 'em, the way I move. It's easy for 'em to imitate me, 'cause the gestures are exaggerated, flamboyant, *sexy*, and that's what they wanna look like, be like, feel like. And I've stood up for 'em. They're good kids. I don't like the police abusin' 'em, and in New York I told 'em, "When you're hittin' one of those guys, you're hittin' a woman," 'cause a *born* homosexual is a female in a male body. There's another kind of homosexual—it depends on his environment and opportunities—but that's just another form of masturbation. I saw *The Sergeant* and felt awful depressed; it wouldn't have hurt that kid to give in a little to Rod Steiger. I've liked 'em ever since vaudeville, when I used to take some of the chorus boys home. My mother, whom I was crazy about, loved 'em 'cause they'd fix her hair and her hats. They were all humorous, sweet, talented and, some, geniuses.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a homosexual problem yourself?

WEST: I hope not. I said in my book I never had any interest in a woman as a love object. I've liked the boys for as long as I can remember. When I was 12, I'd have about six of 'em around me and we'd sing and talk and hug and kiss and

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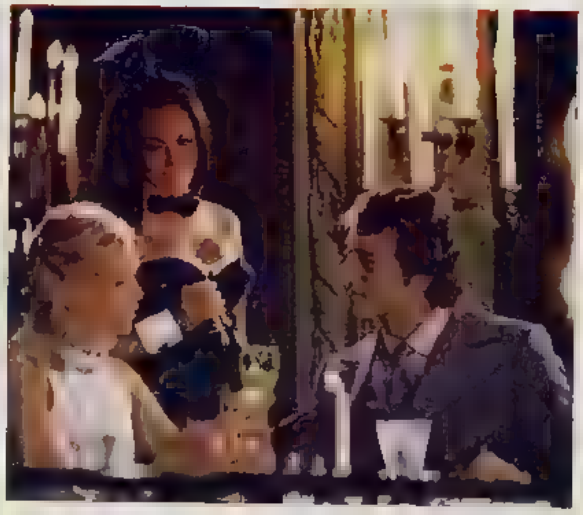

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I'd play with their—umm, *you* know [makes groping motions with both hands] They called me Peaches. But I didn't know then I had this *sex* personality.

PLAYBOY: You've just completed a screenplay based on your homosexual play, *The Drag*, which you wrote in the Twenties but never took to Broadway. Why are you reviving it?

WEST: Censorship has changed, dear Back in the Twenties, the city fathers asked us to keep it out of New York—and I had already served time in jail for corruptin the morals of youth with my first play, *Sex*. So we opened in Paterson, New Jersey and we were gettin' up to $50 a seat; they came from all over the country to see it. Caused a scandal. I was always ahead of my time, dear. It had a cast of 60 and it *glorified* homosexuals. The big scene is a dance, with about 40 of 'em in drag—I even had taxicab and truck driver types in drag. I directed it but didn't appear in it. They never used the word sex, but I had screamin' gay great-lookin' guys flauntin' it out all over the place. There were at least a dozen curtain calls after each of the three acts and it took an hour to empty the theater—everyone wanted to visit the actors, even though a great percentage of the audiences were women. The time's right to do it on the screen, but *The Boys in the Band* is doin' the same thing I did and I hear *A Patriot for Me* copied my drag ball scene from *Sex*—the oddest party ever produced for the stage. I'm waitin' for the right producer to put the movie together I've got a part in it that would make a *star* out of Rex Reed

PLAYBOY Was *The Drag* the first homosexual play in America?

WEST: The first realistic one about men, I think. I used comedy to make mine interestin', but I wanted to show the tragic *waste* that was spreadin' into our society when people were shocked by it in any form but didn't do anything about it. It starts seriously in a doctor's office and the doctor says 5,000,000—now about 20,000,000, I'm told—people in this country alone are gay and civilization has done nothin' to cure them

PLAYBOY: In a recent Mae West film festival in Los Angeles, you were billed as the queen of camp. What does the word camp mean to you?

WEST: Camp is the kinda comedy where they imitate me In the Twenties and Thirties, the gay crowd was usin' it. It's finally gotten out to the public. In *The Drag*, I used phrases like, "Oh, let your hair down Mary" and "drag queen" and "She dished and dished and dished" and "All night she camped all over the place" Camp is bein' funny and dishy and outrageous and sayin' clever things. I'm always sayin' somethin' sexy and campy and they like to sound that way, too. That's one way they feel they *can*, since they feel they're not, you know, naturally sexy.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel *you're* naturally sexy, or are you just a parody of sex?

WEST: Even at the beginnin', it was natural with me. I feel sexy all the time. I can't remember not feelin' sexy. And I didn't parody sex consciously. 'Cause at first, I played more straight dramatic parts, though they wouldn't let me even murder a woman, except in self-defense, like in *Lil*. So I began to pad it up with funny lines, exaggerate my delivery and body movements more and more. Especially in movies, when I had school kids in the audience, so I put in that element to *please* 'em. But the censors wouldn't even let me sit on a guy's lap, and I'd been on more laps than a napkin. They called it suggestive, not sexy, in those days. Vampy parts I did most. I was good at makin' humorous remarks—five or six right after another—but it was always on the sex angle that the comedy came through. I'd even write decoy lines for the censors to cut so I could keep the rest, like, "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?"

PLAYBOY. What about funny but sexless lines like "Beulah, peel me a grape"?

WEST: That came from Boogie, my monkey. You know I keep monkeys. They're my babies. Boogie loved grapes and he never ate one before peelin' it. Very fastidious. Anyway, after that picture [*I'm No Angel*], I was the most famous and popular motion picture star in the world

PLAYBOY: Garbo was popular then, too—did you know her?

WEST: No, not then, 'cause Hollywood people never met, they never mixed here, unless they were on the same picture or at the same studio. They had their own parties and I didn't go to parties. I kept Hollywood at a distance. But not long ago, my dear friend George Cukor called and said Garbo was in town and wanted to meet me She loved my pictures and I liked hers and she always conducted herself right. I didn't know what I'd talk about, so I decided to talk about myself When she came in, I said, "Hello, dear," and I kissed her on the cheek. She seemed startled at first, but I just wanted her to feel at ease. She's still a very beautiful woman, but she didn't say much. Certain people you don't have to talk much with, though; you say a few words and they understand. Garbo does more thinkin' than talkin'. I don't do much talkin', either, unless I'm asked

PLAYBOY. You said you didn't go to parties in the old days. Why not?

WEST: Between pictures, I was too busy writin' to mingle in the old days. I was always scribblin', anywhere—in cars, in bed, on anything, scraps, paper bags. Also, I never drank, and you don't enjoy a party very much out here if you don't drink. I may have tasted crème de menthe or sweet wine a few times, but I realized quite a long time ago it wasn't good for ya; it kills the vitamins in your food. So I steered away from parties, especially the wild ones.

PLAYBOY: In addition to Garbo, were there any of the other old stars you admired?

WEST: Well, I always said Chaplin was the only other person who could write his own pictures and star in 'em, too. Theda Bara had a nice mean quality and Clara Bow had cute sex But mine was more sultry and sophisticated and really did the job. It was *how* I said my lines and what I *did* when I said 'em. L. B. Mayer tried to get me to write stories for the blonde one [Harlow]. "Give her a sophisticated story," he says. And I says, 'If I got good ideas, L. B., I gotta keep 'em for myself." Lana did very well, too, but there's nobody like me. Nobody in my class.

PLAYBOY: We read somewhere that you OK'd Marilyn Monroe to play your life story

WEST: Never. She didn't have the *speakin'* voice to play me, though she was nearest in looks to myself. I found Marilyn very attractive and the type the masses like; they thought they had another Mae West with her. But she couldn't talk. And she had to be surrounded by two or three names, 'cause she couldn't build a story for herself like I could

PLAYBOY: You sort of made yourself the leading man, so to speak, didn't you?

WEST: Well, I do dominate my pictures. Everything is written around me, and that includes men A forceful dominatin' sex personality that requires multiple men, like I always had in real life. If they build the man up equally, it's no good for me. I carry the sex interest, the love interest the drama and the humor—and sometimes the tragedy. I'm also the heavy. There are very few personalities in history that could do that, if any. I'm my own original creation

PLAYBOY: Yet W. C. Fields held his own in *My Little Chickadee* and shared screenwriting credit with you, too, didn't he?

WEST: For your information, dear, I wrote *all* of *My Little Chickadee* and Bill asked me if he could put in a few lines and then he wrote about three minutes for himself -where he talks to a fly on the bar. He finally got his name up there, 'cause he gave 'em a lot of trouble about it. He was just tryin' to get back at me, 'cause I had him thrown off the set.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WEST: I had a clause in my contract that if he drank, he'd have to leave the set. "Not even a small beer?" he pleaded. "No," I says. "And those cigars are more than I can take." Three weeks later, he comes on the set tight and says, "Who stole the cork outa my lunch?" And I says, "Pour him outa here."

PLAYBOY: You mentioned multiple men in your life. Who were some of them?

WEST: I'm not a kiss-and-tell. I never flaunted my affairs in public, never

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talked about my men by name, except for Joe Schenck of the vaudeville team, but that wasn't a *sex* love affair; and my husband Frank Wallace, who I married secretly when I was 17. It was a mistake —he was a problem and I sent him off on a solo tour. But I had warned him I didn't love him. I told him, "There's just this physical thing between us. You don't appeal to my finer instincts." But I never was the cottage-apron type. For years, my manager was wild about me and he was very possessive and jealous of my other romances. He taught me that you've gotta conserve your sex energy in order to *do* things. This is the way you store up power for your creative work, he says. I didn't know that. I thought you just *do* it. Sex. It was through this knowledge that I started to really write, and when I started a picture, I'd stop all my sex activities and put that energy into my work. I'd get absorbed in the play and the sexiness of *that*. It was a goal. Up until then, I just *did* it all the time. But it was too much, 'cause my mind was divided.

PLAYBOY: How many lovers have you had?

WEST: Oh, God, I don't remember, there were so many. I was never interested in the score, though—only the game. Like my famous line, "It's not the men in my life that counts but the life in my men."

PLAYBOY: What kind of man makes the worst lover?

WEST: Men that drink. I've never had a drunken sweetheart. But there's potential in most all of 'em. You just have to know how to bring it out. One of my first affairs was with a virgin, though he was well into his 20s. Very shy. I initiated him and found it fascinatin', teachin' him things, but I understand he's lived a life of celibacy ever since.

PLAYBOY: What type makes the best lover?

WEST: Male. When people ask me what kind of man I prefer, I always say I like two types: foreign and domestic. Find a man of 40—when he's ripened. Look for personality, not handsomeness. And like the line in a song of mine, I prefer "a guy what takes his time."

PLAYBOY: What was your most memorable affair?

WEST: Two I remember best. One was this charmin' Frenchman who would pick me up in his car after *Diamond Lil* and take me over to this other theater where I was rehearsin' *Pleasure Man*. It was love on the run, 'cause I was havin' an affair with him and my manager at the same time, see. I liked to muss the Frenchman's wavy black hair. We met anyplace we could—dressin' rooms, elevators, the back seat of his car or my limousine. A kind of hit-and-run affair, you might say —until his wife showed up. I didn't know he was married. I've never knowingly had an affair with a married man. Anyway, I saw a guy in the show I liked, but I was afraid to start a *third* affair, so I says, I'll have *him* when I get to Chicago. He was a 26-year-old boxer. My manager fired him from the show, but out on the road, he met me at my hotel.

PLAYBOY: And?

WEST: It was somethin'. We were at it from Saturday night till four the next afternoon. I had a dozen of those rubber things, ya know, and he went through 'em and did it ten *more* times by mornin'. That's 22 times from eleven to seven. I said, "I'm kinda tired and I think we ought to get some sleep." Three or four hours later, he went another four times and then had lunch. Oysters, if I remember correctly. He'd been married and divorced and said he'd only done it one or two times a night until then. Three at the most. But he'd had his eye on me and it'd been buildin' up in him for a long time. You see, men don't know their own *capacity*. You can never tell about the capacity of a person.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fact that you were born in the Victorian age, how did you manage to escape the puritan sense of sin and guilt that afflicted most of your contemporaries and even later generations?

WEST: My mother thought I was the greatest thing on earth and she asked me to play with the boys. Then there was the thing I put in my book: that if Kinsey is right, I only did what comes naturally, what the average person does secretly, drenchin' himself in guilts and phobias 'cause of his sense of sinnin'. I never felt myself a sinner. I've always believed in sex. Sex is natural and what's natural isn't nasty.

PLAYBOY: You seem partial to boxers and muscle men, but there's a theory that bodybuilders tend to pass up sex in their preoccupation with physical fitness.

WEST: Just because they build up their bodies doesn't mean they don't have the *capacity*. The point is, they're all good healthy specimens—don't drink or smoke —and that's what I like. It's true that muscle men use up their energy and strength buildin' their bodies up and some of 'em are like one a night, some like a couple times a night. Fighters have to watch themselves. Wrestlers are sexier, 'cause they don't have to train a lot, so they have sex on their minds more and it's in the mind that it starts. I like 'em all, but there's a few I like a little *more*.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that at a USC banquet a year ago, one of the football coaches said, "We'll have a pretty good year if we can find a way to keep the boys away from Mae West's apartment"?

WEST: Sure, they come up and see me. They're great-lookin' boys. I like 'em 'cause they take care of their bodies. I always said I adore football players; their passes are so forward.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in love with any of your conquests?

WEST: Some of my affairs reached great heights. They were very deep, hittin' on all the emotions. You can't get too hot over anybody unless there's somethin' that goes along with the sex act, can you? But I concentrate on myself most of the time; that's the only way a person can become a star in the true sense. I never wanted a love that meant the surrender of my self-possession. I saw what it did to other people when they loved another person the way I loved myself, and I didn't want that problem. I had to stay in command of my career.

PLAYBOY: Then your career was everything?

WEST: It was first and it still is. I do nothin' but look after myself and my work. Good reviews is my favorite reading matter.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss never having had children?

WEST: I never wanted children. I was afraid it might change me mentally, physically and psychologically. Motherhood's a career in itself. I like other people's children, but I wouldn't want any of my own. You see, dear, a woman who's married and has children can't be a sex symbol. Men feel you belong to someone else. You're the sex symbol to your husband only and you *should* be, especially if you have children. You may be attractive, but you can't be a sex symbol for the masses, for the industry, for the world. Like myself. Years ago a star wouldn't even tell if she was married. If she had children, she had to hide 'em. Even the enthusiasm for Elvis isn't there since he married—but that's human nature. When you're single, everybody feels you're *theirs*. This helped the Mae West character, but it also got me in a lotta trouble.

PLAYBOY: How?

WEST: Even back in vaudeville, my manager would come and say, "Mae, you'll have the Church after us sure," and I'd have to take out a song or change it. My first play, *Sex*, started an epidemic of sex plays, and this was at a time when the *word* had never even been mentioned before, except clinically. But most of these plays closed down 'cause they didn't have a good story—or Mae West. So I came into pictures and I brought my own audience. The theaters were empty. Paramount was losin' 1700 theaters and havin' 'em turned into office buildin's. My first picture, *Night After Night*, wasn't really a Mae West movie, but I wrote my own dialog and George Raft said I stole everything but the cameras. I came in next with *She Done Him Wrong* and broke all records and saved the studio and the theaters. *I'm No Angel* did the same thing, attracted so much attention that all the other studios tried to get their own Mae West. I wrote *I'm No Angel*, too—it's all about this girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Then the Church got after me. A couple of priests came to see me and one of 'em, a handsome guy, said "A woman told me in the confessional, 'Father, I

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have sinned. I've committed adultery. It was that Mae West movie that drove me to it.'"

PLAYBOY: You had some trouble with the networks, too. Didn't NBC ban you for a dozen years or so?

WEST: Yeah, but you know, it's hard to be funny when you have to be clean. It happened 'cause of somethin' I said on the Charlie McCarthy show. All I did was ask Don Ameche, who was playin' Adam to my Eve, "Would you like to try this apple sometime, honey?" Then I invited Charlie to come up and play in my woodpile sometime.

PLAYBOY: There was also a *Person to Person* interview with you that was never aired. Why?

WEST: Oh, that was when I took Charles Collingwood back to my famous bedroom and he asked me why I had so many mirrors on the ceilin' and everywhere. I said, "They're for personal observation. I always like to know how I'm doin'." He had to change the subject fast, ya know, so he asked me about current events and I says: "I've always had a weakness for foreign affairs." That was about all. Oh, yeah, they asked me if I had any advice for the young and I said, "Sure. Grow up." So they refused to put the show on. But I believe in censorship. After all, I made a fortune out of it.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever gotten tired of being Mae West—sustaining that larger-than-life erotic image?

WEST: You can't get enough of a good thing, in my opinion. My career is built on doin' things the right way, *my* way—and my way is the easy way.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you ever felt the need for something beyond self-gratification?

WEST: In November 1941, I had an experience that changed my life. I was at the peak of my career. I was rich, successful and bored stiff. I was tired of workin'. I had everythin' and nothin'. I decided to devote six months to explorin' the unknown, religion and how the soul works. I was always interested, but I could never find the real thing. Then I met this spiritualist, Reverend Kelly, and he was really great. Anything metaphysical was called spiritualism then, and I was one of the original people that got 'em off that. I had gone through Tarot cards, fortunetellin', the whole bit—but I wanted *proof*. I used to go to Sunday school and get headaches. It was always hard for me to believe anything, 'cause nothin' could be *proven*.

Then I met a woman who taught me to meditate, to go "into the silence." You've gotta leave your conscious mind a blank and do it in the dark, 'cause if you see things, your mind is workin'. It took me over a week to do it for two minutes. 'Cause the forces come in and work on the part of the mind that we dream with—that's the psychic eye, ya know what I mean? Within two and a half weeks, I was able to do it for 25 minutes, leave the mind a blank—but nothin' came in. Then one morning, this angelic voice said, "Good mornin', dear." Sounded like a child's voice; it was like inside my ear. I found out that it's a little spirit called Juliet who generally comes to beginners through the inner ear. Later, a man's voice came from my solar plexus. "Am I imaginin' things?" I asked Reverend Kelly. He said the mind—the intelligence that lives within our bodies—is so powerful that it can survive death and come through walls or anyplace, like electricity. One time, Reverend Kelly brought Mario Lanza back. But I had to quit foolin' around with the forces myself.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WEST: They started to bother me so much I couldn't sleep. I saw one face after another, mostly men, dressed in period clothes with monocles, like from another century, sayin' "thee" and "thou." Finally, I had to tell 'em to leave. They formed a whole circle of heads over my bed, just under the ceilin'. I said, "I gotta get up and go to work. I believe, I believe. Please go away." And they did.

PLAYBOY: Have they made any surprise visits since then?

WEST: No, but if I wanted 'em now, they'd come. I know how to go into the unknown. I see Dr. Ireland from time to time. Reverend Kelly introduced me to him before he passed on. He's got great psychic powers. I wasn't sure about doin' *Myra*, didn't know the director, until Dr. Ireland told me I should go ahead, that the director's got determination and is a wonderful person. If Ireland likes him, he must be all right. But he told me to beware of a certain man in the movie; I asked Same if it was him, but it turned out to be Rex Reed. I hear he's been talkin' about me on TV. Well, if he has, it's *jealousy*.

PLAYBOY: Has your interest in the occult affected your thoughts on death?

WEST: I never think of death, dear.

PLAYBOY: Not even when friends and colleagues die?

WEST: Nobody I ever knew outside of my mother's and father's death affected me. I nearly went out of my mind when my mother died, but there's a lot of things I hadn't learned then. I didn't believe in the hereafter then. If I had the same understandin' I have now—that her soul's still around—it wouldn't have affected me that way.

PLAYBOY: We have a hunch you'll live to be 150. How do you keep in such good shape?

WEST: My mother was a health nut and my father was an athlete. Like I said, I don't drink and I don't smoke, and it's still in my contract that I don't have any smokin' around the set when I'm workin', 'cause I can't take it. Even in a restaurant, it spoils your whole dinner, especially cigars, and when I go to my favorite restaurant, Perino's, they don't let 'em smoke around me. I missed all the childhood sicknesses, too. I get a cold about every ten years. In 1959, I had my chest X-rayed and they told me I have double thyroid glands, which gives you extra sex energy; that's a lotta thyroid, dear. So that's in my favor, too. Also, if you have proper food and keep your insides clean, you'll live a long life; I smell just as sweet at either end. The body renews itself all the time. With proper food and proper cleanin' of the system, age won't set in. People age from *within*, but it shows from without. The doctors told me, "Your lungs are as clear as a bell"—even with the smog. I only breathe in clean air from the air conditioners in all my houses and my car, and I drink nothin' but bottled spring water. I even bathe in it.

Also, I don't take pills, I never had a face lift and I don't even take vitamins. My skin was always very good—here, feel it; it's the skin of a little girl. [It is.] I massage it with cocoa butter and lanolin, heated and mixed. I still have all my own teeth; my mother wouldn't permit me to eat candy as a child. And I'm solid, strong [flexes muscles]. I'm always exercisin'—stretchin' exercises—and I use dumbbells. I walk on the beach and my ranch. I have a walkin' machine here. I also massage my breasts; you should do it yourself, 'cause the muscle under the arm doin' the massagin' holds the bust up and keeps the breasts firm. [She demonstrates.] Breast exercises stimulate the whole body an' glands an' everything, ya know?

PLAYBOY: Looking back on a long and full life, how do you see yourself and what do you think of what you see?

WEST: I see myself as a classic. I never loved another person the way I loved myself. I've had an easy life and no guilts about it. I'm in a class by myself. I have no regrets. Who else can do what I'm doin' now and look the way I look? That's why I never wanted to be anybody else. Look at Betsy Ross—all she ever made was a flag. If I wanted to be somebody in history—Florence Nightingale or Madame de Pompadour or Catherine the Great, who was a reincarnation of myself—I'd just write a play for myself about 'em. The only other thing I ever wanted to be was a lion tamer. Lions are the most beautiful of all the animals, so *massive*; I just wanted to hug 'em when my father took me to the zoo. But I became a *man* tamer instead. A reporter asked me recently what I wanted to be remembered for and I told him, "*Everything*." That about sums it up.

PLAYBOY: Thank you very much, Miss West. You've been most generous with your time.

WEST: It was *fun* for me, dear. I always enjoy talkin' about myself. Good night, love. And come up any time.

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fiction By EVAN HUNTER

she was young enough to be his daughter and, if he made the right moves, he could have himself a ball

TERMINAL MISUNDERSTANDING

THE MAN on the other end of the wire was somewhat intoxicated. I kept telling him I was calling from Chicago and that I wanted to speak to my wife, Abby Eisler. I spelled her name three times for him.

"You should see the crowd here," he said. "This's a real nice crowd here."

"Yes, I can hear it," I said. "Would you please——"

"This's a real nice party," he said. "Who's this calling?"

"Sam Eisler," I said. "I want to talk to my wife, Abby."

"Sam, why'n't you come on up here?" he said. "This's a real nice party."

"I'm *supposed* to come up there," I said, "that's just it. I'm in Chicago. My plane put down——" I hesitated, looking at the telephone receiver as if *it* had somehow beguiled me into detailing my predicament to a drunk. "Look," I said, "would you please yell out my wife's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

name and tell her she's wanted on the telephone?"

"Sure," he said. "What's your wife's name?"

"Abby Eisler."

"Who's this calling?"

"Sam Eisler. Her husband."

"Sure, Sam, wait just one minute."

I waited. I heard the small plastic rattle of the receiver as he put it down, and then I heard him bellowing, "Annie Iceman! Telephone! Annie Iceman wanted on the telephone," his voice receding as he went farther and farther away from the instrument, until finally it was drowned out by all the party noises. Wonderful, I thought. He's wandered away and left the phone off the hook. Now I'll *never* get through to her. I kept waiting.

"Hello?" a voice said at last. It was Abby.

"Is this Annie Iceman?" I said.

"Sam!" she said immediately. "Are you back?"

"Not quite."

"What do you mean not quite? How can you be not *quite* back?"

"I can be in Chicago," I said. "At O'Hare. The whole Eastern Seaboard's socked in. They put us down here in Chicago."

"How can they do that? You bought a ticket for New York, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course I—— Abby, are *you* drunk, too? Is everybody at that goddamn party drunk already?"

"Of course I'm certainly not drunk," Abby said. "How long is it from Chicago?"

"How long is *what*, Abby?"

"The train ride naturally."

"I don't know. Overnight, I would guess. Anyway, I'm not about to take a train."

"Randy, would you please fill this for me, please?" Abby said.

"Who's Randy?"

"He's the head of creation someplace."

"Only *God* is the head of creation," I said.

"Well, somebody said Randy is, too. I was just now sitting out on the fire escape with him when you called."

"Since when do you go sitting on fire escapes with strange men?"

"He's not strange, he's very nice."

"Nice or otherwise, since when——"

"Since about nine-thirty I guess. What time is it now?"

"In New York or in Chicago?"

"Anyplace," Abby said. "Oh, thank you, Randy."

"How many of those have you had?" I said.

"Which?"

"Whatever you're drinking there."

"Oh, two or three, I guess. Listen, why'd you ask for Annie Iceman? That's not very funny."

"I *didn't* ask for Annie Iceman. The guy who answered the phone was loaded."

"It's just not very *funny*," Abby said. "Sam, when do you think you'll get here?"

"I don't know. I'm going to check in at the information desk as soon as I hang up, see if there's a chance of the fog lifting tonight. If not, I guess I'll have to sleep over."

"What should *I* do?"

"I would suggest that you come in off the fire escape. A thirty-nine-year-old lady shouldn't be sitting on the fire escape in a fog."

"Sam, you *don't* have to keep reminding me I'm thirty-nine. *I* don't keep reminding *you* you're forty-one."

"Well, *I'm* not out on the fire escape."

"Neither am I," Abby said. "What should I tell John and Louise?"

"Tell them I'm stuck in Chicago and may have to skip their party."

"Well, Ok," Abby said and sighed.

"Abby?"

"Mmm?"

"I miss you."

"I miss you, too," she said.

"Goddamn airline," I said.

"Mmm," she said. "Sam?"

"Yes, honey?"

"I *still* don't think asking for Annie Iceman was very funny," she said and hung up.

The operator, who had *not* signaled to tell me when I was talking overtime (as I'd asked her to do), now told me that I owed the telephone company $1.45. I walked over to the cigar stand, changed a five-dollar bill and then went back to the telephone to deposit the overtime money. I picked up my two-suiter at the baggage-claim counter and walked through the terminal to the information desk. The airline's ground hostess informed me that the forecast for Kennedy was still fog until morning but that all Los Angeles–New York passengers were being provided with either rail transportation to New York or, if they preferred, overnight hotel accommodations in Chicago.

"Why didn't the airline *tell* us that New York was fogged in?" I said.

"Didn't the pilot make an announcement, sir?"

"Why didn't they tell us in Los Angeles? *Before* we took off."

"I'm sorry, sir," she said. "I don't have that information."

"I mean, I don't know how long it takes to transmit a weather report across the nation, but New York is three hours *ahead* of Los Angeles, and it seems to me that unless this fog just suddenly materialized out of thin air and *pounced* down on Kennedy, it seems to me somebody in your wide-awake little outfit should have informed the passengers while we were still on the ground in Los Angeles. So that we could have decided for ourselves whether we wanted to spend the night *there* or here in Chicago. I don't know about you, miss, but

when sam eisler told her she looked very healthy, jennifer answered, "depends where you're looking"

Chicago has never been one of my favorite sleeping cities."

"Well, sir," she said. "I don't control the weather in New York."

"Where *do* you control the weather?" I asked.

"Sir?" she said.

"There's a man in New York your airline ought to hire. His name is Randy, he's the head of creation."

"Sir?"

"How do you expect to get that million-dollar bonus if you treat your passengers this way?"

"You're thinking of another airline," she said, turning away curtly to assist a sailor who looked as though he had never been outside Iowa in his life and was now totally bewildered by jet terminals and smiling hostesses and glowering New York attorneys like *me*, Samuel Eisler. I kept glaring at the girl's back until I was sure my indignation had burned clear through to her spine; then I stalked off angrily in the direction of the airport bar.

Jennifer Logan was making a phone call in an open booth not 100 yards from the information desk. She was wearing a very short green mini, a dark-green cashmere cardigan and sandals. Her long blonde hair spilled over the receiver as she spoke and she brushed it away from her face impatiently as she said into the phone, "Well, you know, Marcie, what would you *like* me to do? Highjack a damn airplane? I'm telling you I can't get *on*. Yes, *sure*, I'm wait-listed but that can mean tonight or tomorrow or maybe Saint Swithin's Day." Jennifer paused, made a face, looked directly at me, smiled, waggled the fingers on her free hand, whispered, "Hi, Mr. Eisler." She said into the phone, "Saint *Swithin's*. Oh, never mind, Marcie." She paused again and then said, "When I *get* there, I'll *get* there. Meanwhile, I see somebody I know. Give my love to Paul." She hung up, felt in the return chute for any unexpected bonanza, rose, left her two suitcases and what appeared to be a hatbox outside the booth, reslung her shoulder bag and walked toward me with her hand extended.

"Hi, Mr. Eisler," she said again.

"Hello, Jennifer," I said. "How are you?"

"*Exhausted*," she said and rolled her eyes. "I can't get on a damn plane to San Francisco. I mean, I probably *could* get on a plane if I wanted to pay the regular fare, but I'm holding out for the student rate and there're like, seven million kids trying to get back at the same time. It's murder."

"Are you going to school in San Francisco now?" I asked.

"Mmm, Berkeley," she said. "What are you doing in Chicago, Mr. Eisler?"

"I'm in transit. New York's fogged in."

"Oh," Jennifer said. "Hey, I'll bet *that's* what's causing the pile-up here, don't you think?"

"Maybe."

"I've never *seen* so many kids in my entire life," she said. "So you're stuck here, huh?"

"Looks that way."

"What're you going to do?"

"Right now, I'm going to get a drink."

"Good idea," she said. "Let me get my bags."

I watched her in surprise as she walked toward her luggage. I would not have asked Jennifer Logan to join me for a drink four years ago and I honestly had not intended my flat statement of purpose as an invitation now. But she picked up one suitcase, next the hatbox, and then looked up plaintively and said, "Mr. Eisler, could you give me a hand with this?" I found myself walking to her swiftly and picking up the other suitcase. I carried that and my own two-suiter through the terminal while she walked swiftly beside me, chattering about her habit of always carrying too much crap with her, like the wig: now, *really*, she didn't need to take the wig home for spring vacation, did she? None of the other kids——

"Is that a wig?" I asked.

"Yes, a short one. It's all curls, like."

"I thought it was a hat."

"No, it's a wig."

—Traveled with as much luggage as she did. She always came into an airport looking like a Russian peasant lady or something: it was really quite disgraceful.

"You don't look at all like a Russian peasant lady," I said.

"What *do* I look like?" she asked, then smiled quickly and ducked her head, long blonde strands falling over her cheek, hand holding the wig box brushing them back again, and added, "Never mind, don't tell me."

I was a little out of breath. She was walking with swift long-legged strides, her sandals slapping along beside me, spewing her rapid monolog, telling me she shouldn't have come all the way east to begin with, and *wouldn't* have come if her parents hadn't offered a sort of bribe——

"How *are* your parents?" I asked.

"Oh, fine," she said.

—Agreeing to take her down to Nassau with them for the spring break, though you'd never guess she'd been south: the sun hadn't come out the whole week she'd been there. She'd expected to go back to San Francisco with at least *some* kind of a tan and, instead, she looked like a sickly white thing that had crawled out from under a rock.

"You look very healthy, Jennifer," I said.

"Depends where you're looking," she answered and flashed her quick grin again; and before I had time to think about what she'd just said, she stopped before what was undoubtedly the airport bar and said, "Is this it?"

"I guess so."

"Let me get the door," she said and reached out with the hand still clutching the wig box. After a lot of awkward shuffling and maneuvering, we finally managed to squeeze the three suitcases, the wig box and ourselves through the door and over to the checkroom, where I deposited the luggage with an enormous sense of relief.

"*Made* it!" Jennifer said triumphantly.

"I wasn't sure we would."

"Neither was I."

"What do you mean?"

"The way you were puffing back there. I see a table, come on."

The bar was fairly crowded and resounding with the same kind of noise I had heard over the telephone wires from New York. Jennifer led me to an unoccupied table against the rear wall and we slid in behind it on the leatherette banquette. I immediately signaled to the waiter.

"Seat's warm," Jennifer said. "Must have been a very fat lady sitting here."

The waiter, a crewcut, clean-shaven kid who looked to be 22 or 23, ambled over, stared admiringly at Jennifer, glanced balefully at me then said, "Yes, sir, can I help you?"

"Jennifer?"

"I'd like a Scotch on the rocks, please," she said.

"A Scotch for the lady," I said, "and I'll have——"

"Excuse me, miss," the waiter said, "but would you happen to have some identification with you?"

"Flatterer," Jennifer said and immediately unslung her shoulder bag, opened it and produced her I.D. card. The waiter studied it as though I were a white slaver transporting nubile blondes across state lines. As his scrutiny persisted, I felt first embarrassment and then anger.

"The young lady's over twenty-one," I snapped. "If you're finished with her card, we'd like some drinks here."

"Sorry, sir," the waiter said, "but I don't make the laws in this state."

"Do you control the weather here?"

"Huh?"

"Just give the young lady her card and bring us a Scotch on the rocks and a vodka martini, straight up."

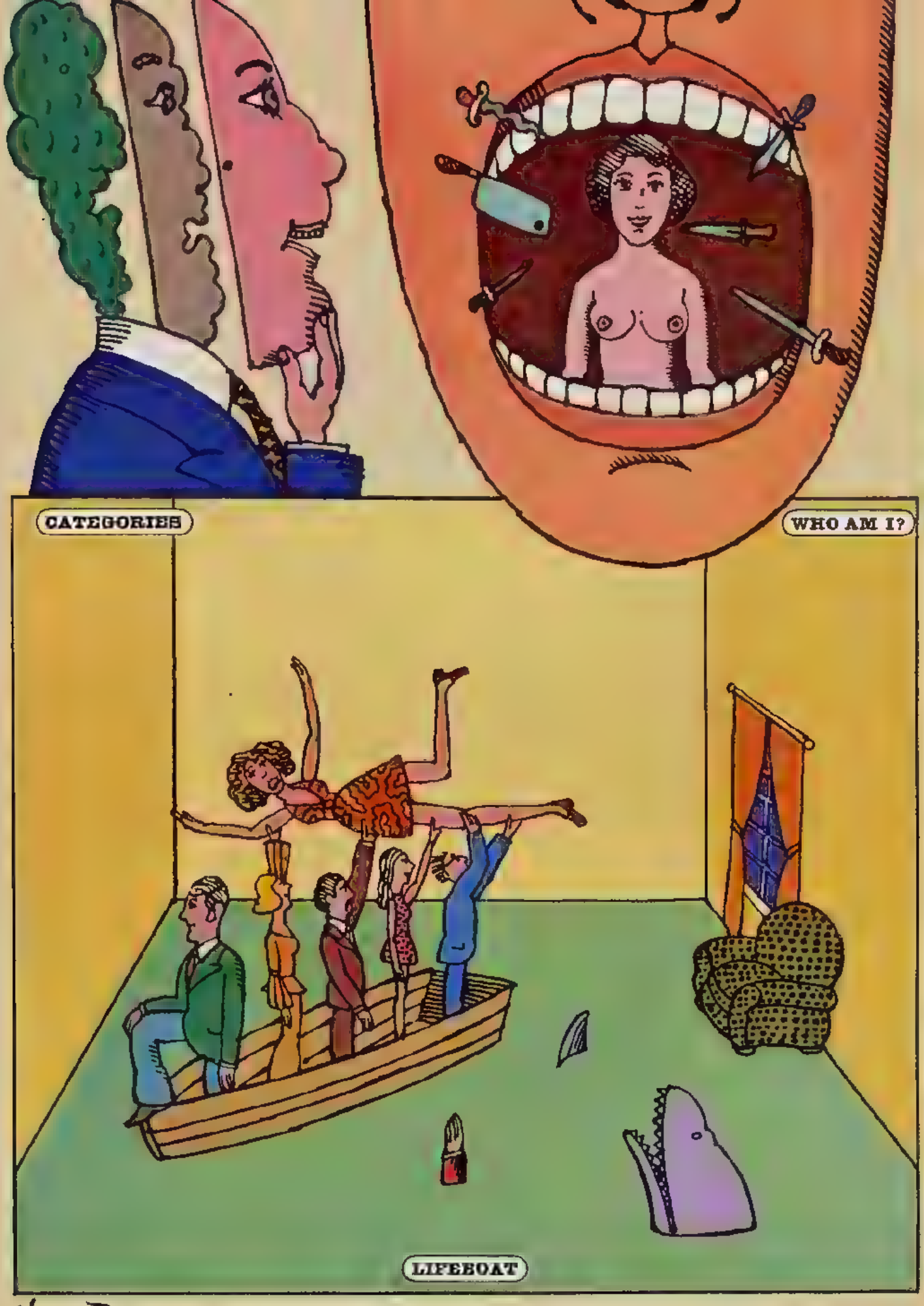
"We could lose our license, you know," the waiter said.

"*We* could lose our *patience*," I said and gave him the same penetrating, disintegrating look I had wasted on the hostess' back.

The waiter dropped Jennifer's card on the tabletop, mumbled, "Scotch on the rocks, vodka martini, straight up," and

(continued on page 100)

"Big night last night, Kolblinski?!"


CATEGORIES
WHO AM I?
LIFEBOAT

GAMES FOR THE VIRGINIA WOOLF SET

humor **By DAVID STEVENS** *three refreshingly vicious indoor sports to poison the holiday season*

Throughout the ages, Christmas has traditionally been associated with party games. Many times, guests who drop by aren't content to while away the evening hours in such civilized pursuits as drinking your good liquor and munching canapés; they want to sit down and *play* something. Charades, maybe. Or buzz. Or some complicated word game that somebody's younger brother once learned while pledging a fraternity at Wisconsin. And as the host, you automatically become the master of the revels, doomed to preside over the festivities until everyone has buzzed and charaded and prefixed and suffixed himself into a state of mental rigor mortis. So this Christmas, fight fire with fire. Should the subject of games come up, respond in kind by suggesting that everyone join you in playing the following three—Categories, Who Am I? and Lifeboat. One thing we guarantee: No one's going to go home bored.

CATEGORIES

"Categories is deceptively simple," you explain, "and there's even a prize if you win. Here's how it's played. I'll choose one of you to be 'It.' Each person then has one chance to describe It in terms of a specific category. At the end, we'll vote on who came up with the cleverest, most original description." Then give an example:

"Harold is It and the category I've chosen is something that might be found in the kitchen. Harold reminds me of a butter knife, because he's so dull."

Nervous laughter. Outwardly, Harold is a rather happy fellow who's somewhat sensitive about the silver-dollar sized bald spot on the back of his head, but inwardly, a small flame has been kindled.

"Now it's your turn. I want each of you to describe Harold in terms of something that might be found in the kitchen."

Harold is beginning to sweat.

"Harold is big and deep—like a demitasse spoon."

"Harold is as popular as creamed chipped beef on toast, Army style."

"Right on! He's as intellectual as a head of lettuce."

"No, he's a plastic fork. Common and cheap."

"And he has the personality of a pop-up toaster."

"The sex appeal of a Buggy."

"He's very subtle—like a meat cleaver."

"And sharp as a rolling pin."

Carol, a pretty blonde, wins with, "I think of Harold as a toothpick, because once you use him, what's left?"

Carol is awarded the prize—she becomes It. And Harold gets to pick the next category. It's illnesses.

Thornton, Carol's ex-lover, wins with, "Carol is like a common cold—easy to catch but hell to get rid of."

And Carol retaliates with the category buildings.

"Thornton's got about as much balls as a fallout shelter," she says.

"And the class of a flophouse."

"He's as lovable as a crypt."

"Thornton's a chicken coop—lots of noise and full of shit."

And so the game will continue. Animosities begin to build up, compound, multiply. Mental tally sheets are being kept. There are scores to settle. But don't spend the entire evening playing Categories. Thirty minutes is just about the length of time it takes to really get the hornet's nest buzzing. When you have, move on. There are better games to come.

WHO AM I?

Drinks are freshened and everyone is seated in a circle. This time, three people of either sex are chosen It. They are told that they must leave the room and wait while they're out those remaining will assume the role of a famous person in history. The ones who are It will then reenter, one at a time, and try to ascertain who the famous person is by asking intimate questions of anyone in the group, the more personal the better. The one who guesses the identity of the person in the shortest time wins a door prize.

When the three Its are out of earshot, you explain what's really going to happen. The famous person chosen is actually whoever is seated on the questionee's immediate right. And the questionee must tell the truth—as best he or she knows it—about this person.

A shrewd It may catch on to what's happening after a few minutes and have a little sadistic fun with this knowledge.

"Do you think this person is good in bed?" It might ask. "Would you sleep with this person if you could? Oh? *Why not?*"

"What kind of hang-ups do you think this person may have? Any hint of sexual abnormality? An Oedipus complex, perhaps? Or do we just have a good old fashioned switch hitter on our hands?"

"Does the subject strike you as one who might have masturbated excessively during childhood? Do you think he's kicked the habit?"

"Would you say there's a streak of cruelty in him somewhere? Does our subject just *(concluded on page 264)*

AIRSCAPE #1

The blank page on the right is a work of ecological art. Your very own. The process of its creation began just now —as you opened this page to the "air" around you. And, depending on where you live, in a few weeks or months, as the sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide and nitric oxide do their number, you may own a unique opus, an airscape: a reflection of your world in a surrealistic combination of chemical grunge and charcoal fallout from pollution's big ugly palette.

Right now in Gary, Indiana, they're stoking the steel-mill furnaces to give your canvas an incredible range of reds and oranges and yellows. In New York, they're burning soft coal and high-sulphur oil for that black, streaky overlay effect. And in Los Angeles, the Santa Ana Freeway is bumper to bumper with internal-combustion engines to give your eco art that eerie blue tint. Matisse would have turned green had he witnessed the technique. And the world may be turning the color of a rainbowed dung heap.

So hang your embryonic work of art on a wall someplace where you do a lot of breathing. (Or, if you have any clout with your [illegible] fathers, get them to hang a linen sheet in the [illegible] really want to [illegible] hang this page outside [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE SEED

INSTRUCTIONS:
1. Expose this canvas to the air.
2. Do not clean or restore.
AIRSCAPE #1
'71

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry news makers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '70

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

BY JUDITH WAX

Spiro has an Agnew watch,
Likewise Dick, our Prez,
And Kissinger advises both
On what the big hand says.

Haynsworth, C., and Carswell, H.,
Got quite a nasty wrench,
They'd hoped for some new furniture
At least a bigger bench.

Dick gave Liz a giant gem
And furs that sure weren't squirrel.
It's touching how a few small gifts
Can please a simple girl

Julie's David got a job
To fill the summer void.
It's nice a baseball team can help
The hard-core unemployed.

"What Denny did," said baseball's czar,
"I cannot overlook."
But how could he suspend McLain
For going by the book?

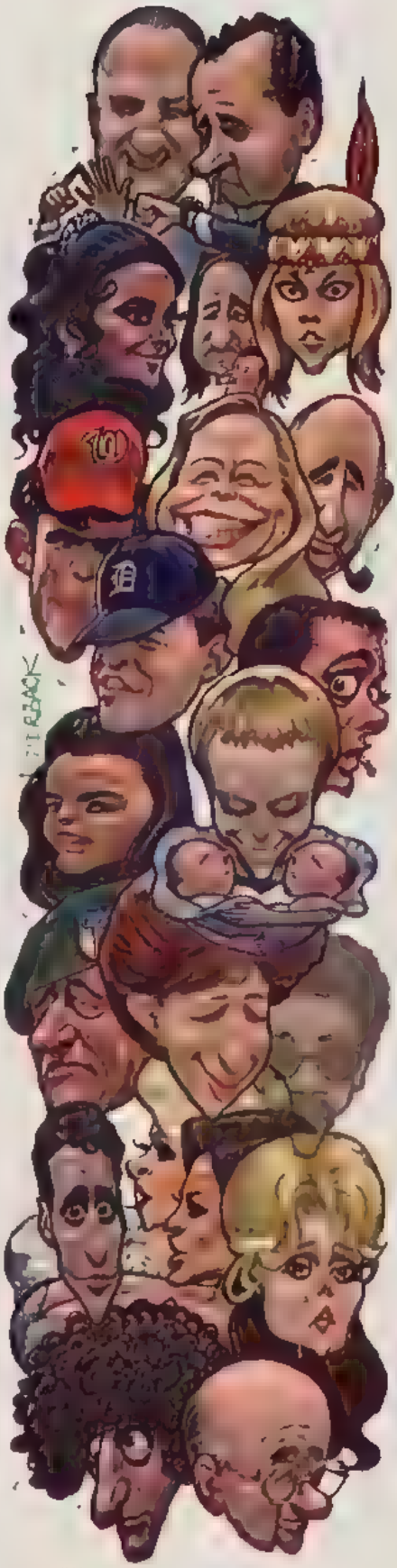
The money she and Ari spent
Sent shock waves through our nation,
But Jackie's just a housewife, too,
Contending with inflation.

The Duke, who triumphed in "True Grit,"
Views Commies with dismay
And thinks he won that Oscar
For his role as Green Beret.

The cost for doing Nader wrong:
A multibucked award.
It helped boost G.M.'s image—
I like the Edsel boosted Ford.

Raquel and Mae in "Breckinridge"
Are all-time queens of lust,
Which must be why the critics said,
"A monumental bust!"

Chet Huntley, after 14 years,
Gave fans a farewell wave.
Poor Brinkley has been sleepless since
Without his "Good night, Dave."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

Jane Fonda fights for red men's rights,
She's militant, not weepy.
Squaw Jane's been on the old warpath
Since fleeing Vadim's tepee.

When Wilson set the voting date,
The polls had him forefronting,
But when they talked the returns,
Poor Harold was house hunting.

The feminists and Betty Friedan
Viewed PLAYBOY*'s outlook gravely,*
And sharpened up a staple
To impale Hugh Hefner navely.

Big John Mitchell has a case
That well defies solution:
How can a man arrest his wife
On grounds of noise pollution?

Tony was tobacco's foe,
But then it came to pass,
Though Mr. Curtis kicked the weed,
He got tripped up on grass.

Mia had child one and two,
She may someday have dozens;
And sister Tina couldn't wait
To start producing cousins.

Streisand went to Canada
And found the country jolly;
For when she dropped by Parliament,
Pierre said, "'Allo, Dolly!"

The charge was filed against him
And the court date set when—zap!—
Bill Kunstler's client vanished;
H. Brown had beat the Rap.

Poor Zsa Zsa lost a lot of ice
When robbed at Waldorf posh.
The take was close to half a mil.
(And that ain't paprikash!)

Two gents named Hoffman starred in Chi,
One Abbie, one Judge Julie,
And caused the nation to debate
Which one was more unruly

STALKING THE WILD VERUSCHKA

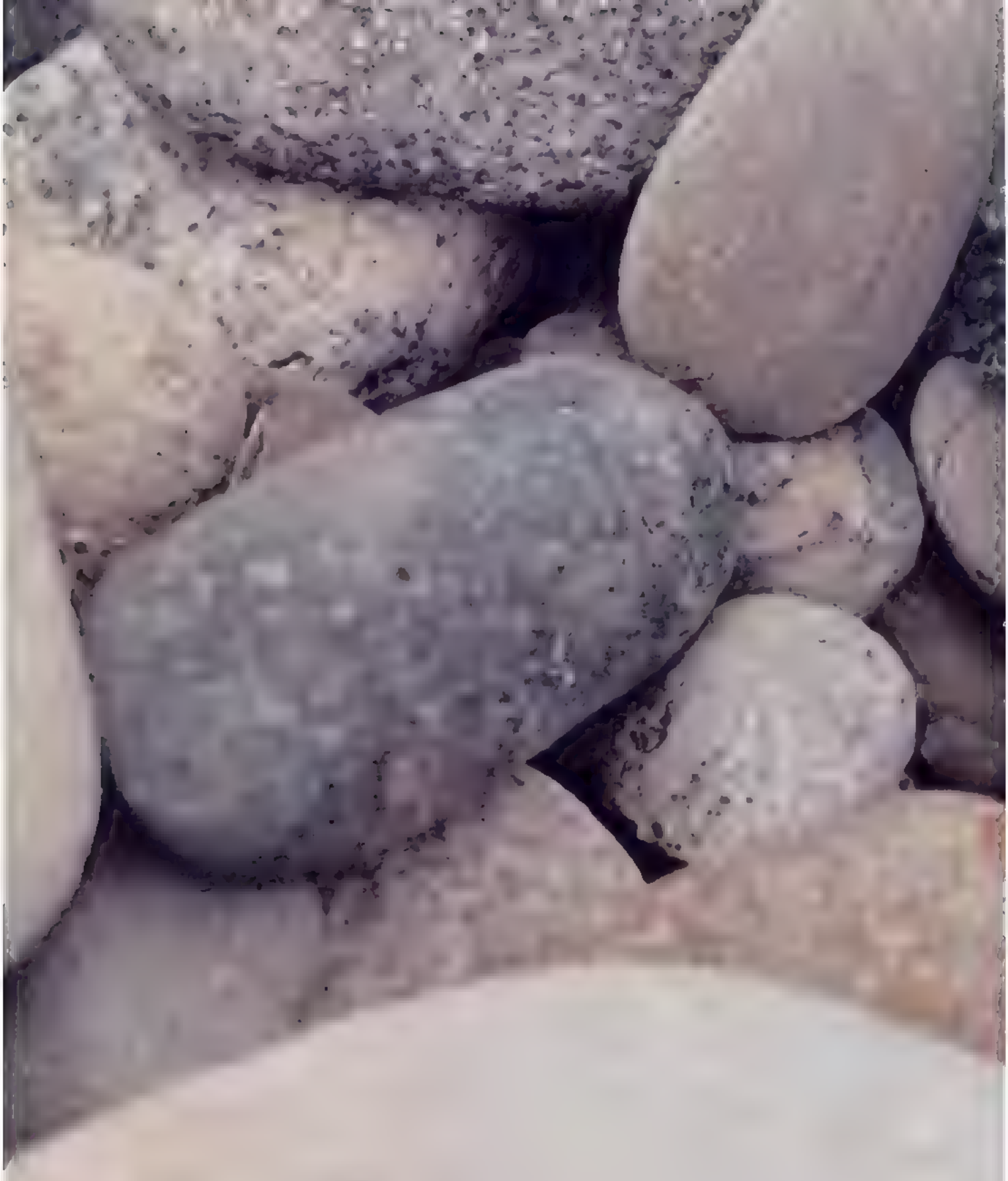
a free-spirited queen of the fashion world blends the beautiful and the bizarre in a one-woman back-to-nature movement

COUNTESS Vera Gottlieb von Lehndorff—she was born to Prussian nobility—is publicly known by the single name Veruschka, but is, perhaps, best remembered as the writhing subject of David Hemmings' photographic attentions in the movie *Blow-Up*. A top model, she poses in or out of high-fashion ensembles (for the camera of Franco Rubartelli) with equal zeal. "For me, nudity is something natural, almost spontaneous," she says. "I become aggressive and proud when I'm nude." Showing she indeed has reason to be proud, Veruschka—adorned in little more than some imaginatively applied body paint—and Rubartelli have produced a striking PLAYBOY pictorial.

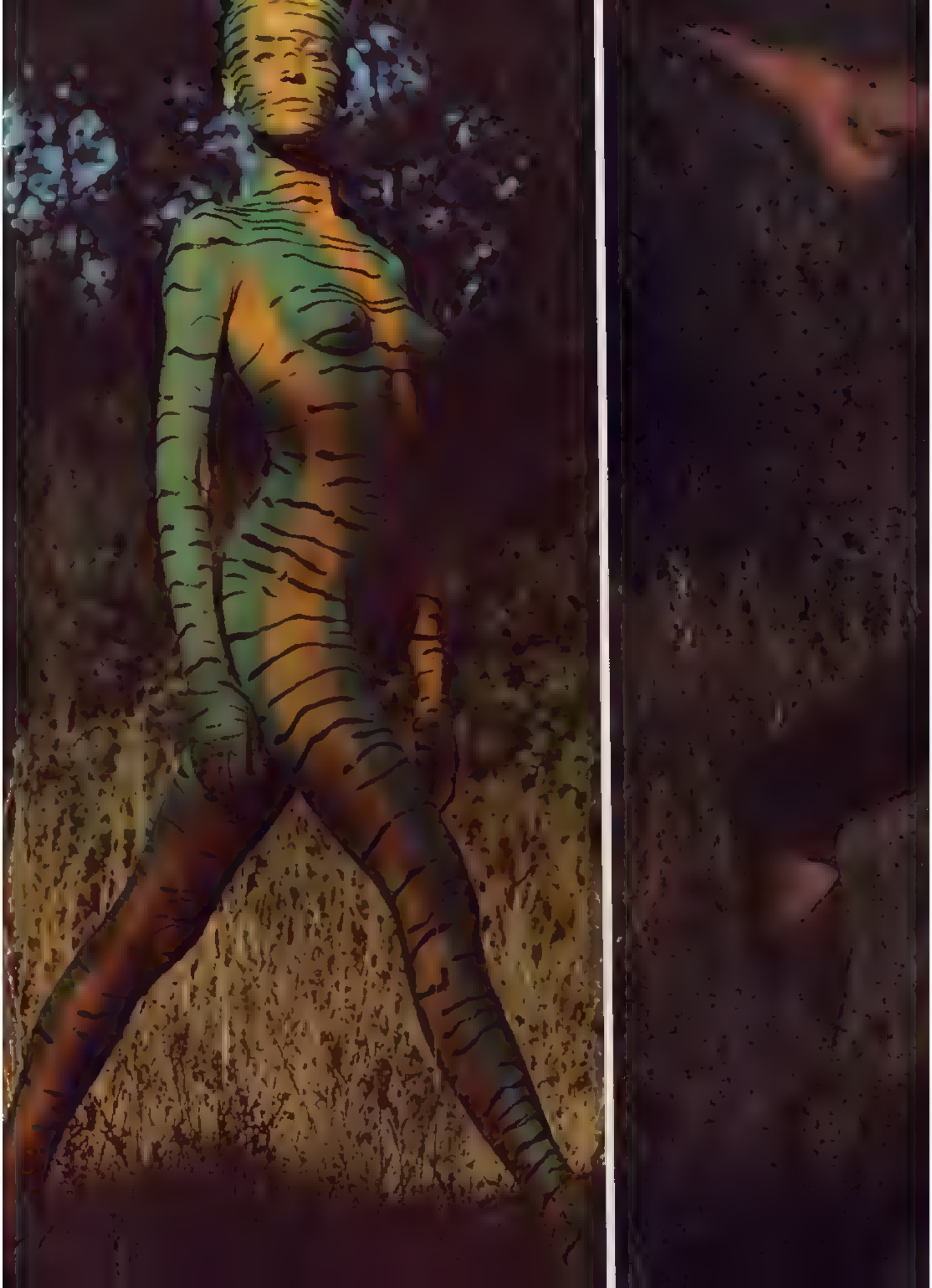
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCO RUBARTELLI

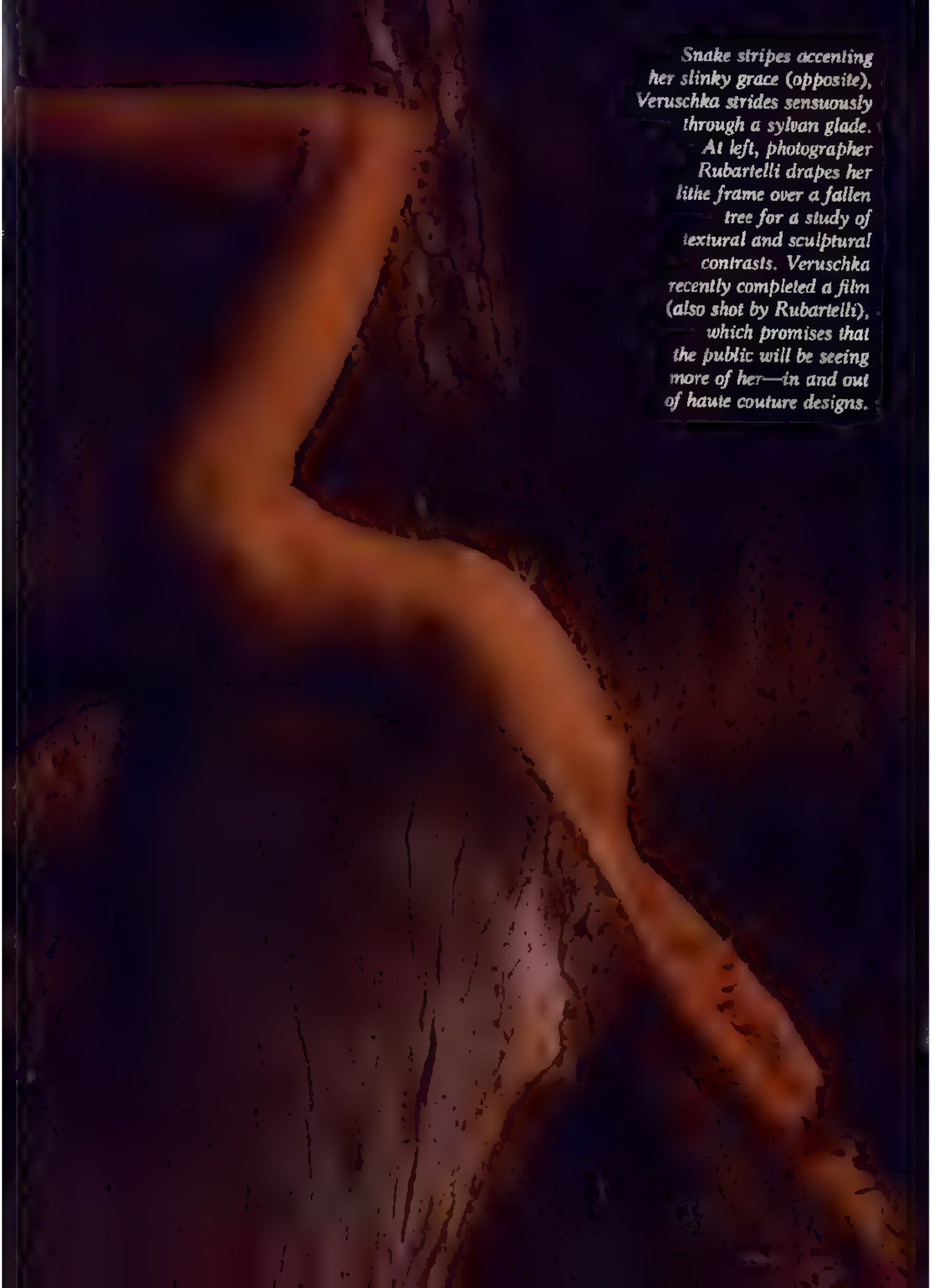
Although Veruschka lives in Rome and is accustomed to the cosmopolitan bustle of the world's fashion capitals, she's also familiar with remote, wild areas—backdrops for her frequent on-location shootings. Statuesque Veruschka—her height has been reported at anywhere from 5'10" to 6'4"—becomes the African Diana in native hunting garb. At right, her classic profile is illuminated by a dramatic sunset.

Painted to portray the untamed creatures with which she's so often compared, Veruschka blends alluringly—and chameleonlike—with her environment. But, unlike them, she's completely at ease when caught by the photographer's critical eye. "The camera," she says when asked to explain the unself-conscious image she projects, "is my friend."



A cunningly camouflaged Veruschka shows why she's known as The Woman of a Thousand Faces. Nestled among stones, her head becomes the central element in an eerie composition, which could symbolize Veruschka's libidinal make-up: "The body does not arouse me sexually. . . . I regard it simply as one element in nature. But," she continues, "that doesn't mean I'm frigid. I have sexual feelings just like any woman."





Snake stripes accenting her slinky grace (opposite), Veruschka strides sensuously through a sylvan glade. At left, photographer Rubartelli drapes her lithe frame over a fallen tree for a study of textural and sculptural contrasts. Veruschka recently completed a film (also shot by Rubartelli), which promises that the public will be seeing more of her—in and out of haute couture designs.

TERMINAL MISUNDERSTANDING

(continued from page 88)

then walked off with a cowpuncher's lope.

"My, my," Jennifer said, picking up her card and putting it back in her bag, "you *do* take control of a situation, don't you?"

"I get vicious when I'm thirsty."

"What it probably was," Jennifer said, "is that he probably figures you're too old for me."

"Well, yes," I said, "but still, you know, you did, you know, show him the identification he asked for, you know, and he had no right——"

"Don't get nervous," Jennifer said. "I'm not coming on or anything."

"I'm not nervous," I said.

"You seem nervous."

"I'm not."

"OK. Do you always drink martinis?"

"Not always."

"I mean, this late at night. I thought people only drank martinis before dinner."

"I haven't *had* dinner yet," I said.

"Didn't you eat on the plane?"

"Yes, but that would hardly qualify as dinner."

"I never eat on airplanes, either," she said. "I get like a ravenous beast, but I'll be damned if I'll eat any of that plastic crap they serve. I'm starved right now, to tell the truth. I haven't eaten since early this morning. What I did, you see, was grab a plane to Chicago from New York because I couldn't get a San Francisco flight and I figured Chicago's better than nothing, don't you think? Closer to where I'm headed, anyway."

"Wasn't it foggy?"

"Where?"

"In New York."

"No. Not when I left."

"Scotch on the rocks," the waiter said. "Vodka martini, straight up." He put down the drinks, hesitated. "Sir," he said, "I'm sorry about what happened."

"That's OK," I said.

"But I *do* have to check, sir, it's the law."

"Fine," I said.

"And the lady *did* look to be underage."

"Uh-huh, fine," I said.

"I hope you understand, sir."

"I do, yes."

"Is there anything else you'd like, sir, before I see to my other tables?"

"Yes, bring us another round when you get a chance, will you?"

"I'll take care of that right away, sir, before I see to my other tables."

"Fine, thank you."

"And I'm sorry about the misunderstanding, sir."

"That's OK."

"And sorry to have caused *you* any embarrassment, miss."

"I'm not embarrassed," Jennifer said.

"OK, then," the waiter said and grinned in relief. "Everything's OK, then, good," he said and went off to get the other drinks.

Jennifer lifted her glass. Without a word, she clicked it against mine before she sipped at the Scotch. "Mmm, delicious," she said. She smiled suddenly. "I'm glad we ran into each other, you know, Mr Eisler? We have a lot of talking to do."

'Oh? What about?"

"The abortion.'

I lifted my glass again and took a deep swallow. "Jennifer," I said, "I really don't think we need to talk about your abortion."

"It was *your* abortion, too."

"No, it was my son's abortion. Yours and Adam's. Not mine."

"*You* paid for it," Jennifer said.

"I know I did. But that was four years ago, Jennifer. And it all worked out fine for everyone concerned. So, if it's OK with you, I'd really rather not ——"

"Oh, sure," she said and smiled. "What *would* you like to talk about, Mr Eisler?"

"Anything," I said, "anything at all. How do you like Berkeley?"

"I like it a lot. I mean, I'm not into any of that protest stuff anymore, I'm a little too old for that ——"

"Old?" I said and laughed.

"Well, I mean, you can go around getting your face smashed by the establishment just so many times, you know what I mean? When you get to be my age, it's easier to go back to the apartment, kick off your shoes and bust a joint."

"Mmm huh," I said.

"Marijuana," she said.

"Yes, I know."

"I thought maybe——"

"No, I understood you."

"But you disapprove, huh?"

"What gives you that idea?"

Jennifer shrugged and brushed hair out of her eyes. "I don't know. Your voice sounded kind of funny."

"I'm aware that all the kids today smoke marijuana."

"Can't bring yourself to call it pot, huh?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be very honest on my part."

"Oh, are you honest, Mr Eisler?"

"I think I am."

"Was the abortion honest?" Jennifer asked, and the waiter came with our second round.

"Here we go, sir," he said. "Scotch on the rocks, vodka martini, straight up. I'm going to leave you now for just a few minutes to get some of those hot hors d'oeuvres from the serving tray. Would you like some hot hors d'oeuvres, miss?"

"Yes, that would be very nice, thank you."

"I'll be back in just a little bit," the waiter said and smiled and hurried off.

I decided I had better lead the conversation where *I* wanted it to go, rather than entrusting it to Jennifer's direction. I was no more interested in discussing her abortion than I was in discussing my own appendectomy—less so, in fact. And yet, as I asked her about the courses she was taking and listened to the answers she gave, another conversation threaded itself through my mind and through the discussion we were presently engaged in, my son Adam coming to us in the living room just as John and Louise Garrod were saying good night, my son's blue eyes searching my face, scrub beard growing in patchily, long hair trailing like a Sienese page's—"Dad, I'd like to talk to you a minute, please."

And Abby jokingly saying to him, "Adam, if you're going to tell us that Jennifer's pregnant, please let it wait till morning, this has been a busy day," and John and Louise laughing.

And Adam smiling with his mouth but not his eyes and then asking me again, gently but insistently, if I would please come to his room, because there was something important he wanted to discuss with me.

In his room (and all of this rushed through my mind as Jennifer, close to me now, sipped at her Scotch and started telling me about a *really* great professor at the school), Adam sat on the edge of his bed and said, flat-out, "Dad, Jennifer's two weeks late and we think she's pregnant." And I remember thinking how wonderful it was that my son could talk so honestly to his father—what was all this crap about a generation gap? And I remember telling him there was no need to worry yet; why, when I was his age, I had sweated out a dozen similar scares, and he told me, "Dad, Jennifer's *never* been late before." And I remember assuring him that perhaps her own anxiety was causing the delay, thinking all the while how proud I was of this marvelous open discussion I was having with my son and convinced in my own mind, of course, that Jennifer was *not* pregnant, Jennifer could *not* be pregnant.

But Jennifer was.

"—Near the school," she said now. "Are you familiar with San Francisco?"

"Not really."

"Then the address wouldn't mean anything to you."

"No, it wouldn't. Do you live alone?"

"I've got two roommates."

"Berkeley girls?"

"Marcie's at Berkeley, yes. Paul's in

Pedrini

the construction business."

"Oh," I said

"Disapprove of *that*, too, huh?"

"Why should I?"

"You shouldn't, actually. Marcie and Paul have been making it together for almost a year and a half now. There's nothing wrong with them living together."

"I didn't say there was."

"I mean, I *do* have my own room and everything, you know. We're not, like, having a mass orgy up there, if that's what you're thinking."

"I'm not thinking anything of the sort," I said and picked up my drink. Jennifer was studying me and I was uncomfortably aware of her gaze.

"It's *just* what you're thinking," she said. "Well, you happen to be wrong. Paul's like a brother to me. I mean, we all walk around the apartment in our *underwear*, for God's sake. It's *not* what you think." She paused, searching for a clincher. "Paul even *urinates* with the bathroom door open," she said.

"I see," I said.

"It isn't what you think at all."

"Apparently not."

Jennifer suddenly began laughing.

"What?" I said.

"I just thought of something very funny."

"What is it?"

"Well, Marcie got a call from home just before the spring break, you know? From her mother, you know? Who wanted to know what her plans were and all that. I took the call, you see, and I knew that Marcie and Paul were in the bedroom, you know, *doing* it, you know. So I carried the phone in—we've got this real long extension cord—and there's Paul on top of her, and I handed the phone to Marcie and I said, 'It's for you, dear. It's your mother.'" Jennifer burst out laughing again. "What a great girl! Do you know what she did? She took the phone, Paul still on top of her and not missing a beat, and she went into this long conversation with her mother about plane connections and reservations and some new clothes she'd bought—oh, God, it was *hilarious*!"

"Yes, it does sound very comical."

"You disapprove, right?"

"I'm not your father," I said. "I wish you'd stop asking me whether I approve or disapprove."

"I sometimes *used* to think of you as my father," Jennifer said. "When Adam and I were still in high school and I used to come over all the time. My own father's a son of a bitch, you know. Getting him to say two straight words in a row is like expecting the Sphinx to do a eulogy on Moshe Dayan. Well, you remember how he was when we learned I was pregnant."

"I thought he handled it pretty well," I said and then quickly changed the subject again. "You said Paul was in the construction business. What does he do?"

"He's an electrician. He's not a kid, you understand."

"No, I didn't understand that."

"Oh, God, he's almost as old as you are. How old are you?"

"Forty-one."

"Well, no, he's not quite *that* old."

"Nobody's quite *that* old," I said.

"Well, *you* are," Jennifer said and drained her glass. "Do you think we can have another one of these? Paul's only thirty-nine, I guess. Or forty. I'm not sure. I'll have to ask him when I get home."

"Home?"

"San Francisco. The apartment."

"I see."

"That's home," Jennifer said simply and I signaled for the waiter. He hurried over with the hors d'oeuvres he had promised, looking harried and apologetic.

"Sorry to have taken so long with these, sir," he said, "but I had some calls for drinks and I——"

"That's quite all right," I said. "We'd like another round, too, when you get a chance."

"Yes, sir," he said, "right away. In the meantime, we've got these nice little cocktail franks and these little hot-cheese patties and some of these things wrapped in bacon, here—I don't know what you call them. Enjoy yourselves, folks."

"Thank you," I said.

"I'll get those drinks for you," he said and rushed off.

Jennifer picked up one of the tiny frankfurters and popped it into her mouth. "Mmm," she said, "delicious. I'm starved to death, I may eat the whole damn platter."

"Maybe we ought to leave here and get some dinner," I said.

"What?"

"I said maybe we can have dinner together."

Jennifer nodded. She nodded and looked into her empty glass. Then she turned to me and stared directly into my eyes and said, "What you *really* mean, Mr. Eisler, is maybe we can go to bed together. Isn't that what you *really* mean?"

I stared back at her. She was a beautiful young girl in a strange town and my wife was 700 air miles away on a fire escape with the head of creation. Moreover, my own *son* had been making love to her regularly when they were both still in high school, she'd been pregnant at least once to my knowledge, she had undergone an abortion for which I had paid $1000 and she was now running around in her bra and panties in an apartment with a 40-year-old man who urinated with the door open. I did not honestly know whether I wanted to take her to dinner or take her to bed.

"*Isn't* that what you'd really like to do, Mr. Eisler?"

"Maybe," I said and smiled.

"Be honest. I'm over twenty-one, well beyond the age of consent."

"Are you consenting?"

"Are you asking?"

I didn't answer. I picked up my drink. The glass was empty. I looked toward the bar for the waiter.

"Go ahead, Mr. Eisler. Ask me."

"I don't think I will," I said.

"Why not?"

"Maybe because you still call me Mr. Eisler."

Jennifer laughed and said, "What *shall* I call you? Sam? That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, my name is Sam."

"I prefer Mr. Eisler. Come on, Mr. Eisler. Ask me."

The waiter brought our third round and put the drinks on the table. He seemed about to leave us. Then he hesitated, turned back and said, "I'm certainly glad we cleared up our misunderstanding, sir."

"Yes, I am, too."

"One thing I hate to do is irritate a customer. You realize, though, that I *have* to ask for identification if somebody looks underage. Otherwise——"

"Yes, I understand your position," I said.

"Otherwise, like, suppose I serve some kid and we happen to have the law in here; why, we could lose our liquor license just like that."

"Yes, of course you could."

"Listen," Jennifer said suddenly and sharply, "why don't you leave us alone? We're trying to talk here."

"What?" the waiter said.

"What?" Jennifer mimicked.

"I'm sorry, I just——"

"Don't be so sorry, just leave."

The waiter's jaw was hanging open. He looked at Jennifer in hurt surprise, then turned to me for support. I busied myself with the hot-cheese patties. The waiter shrugged, picked up his tray and started walking back toward the bar, slowly, his shoulders slumped.

"You didn't have to do that," I said. "He was only——"

"He was a pain in the ass," Jennifer said. She picked up her fresh drink, drained half of it in a single swallow and then said, "I never *did* thank you for the abortion, did I?"

"There was no need——"

"Oh, I'd *like* to thank you, Mr. Eisler."

"All right, so thank me."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Now let's——"

"And I think *you* ought to thank *me*," Jennifer said.

"I thank you," I said and gave her a small nod.

(concluded on page 261)

TRANSIT OF EARTH

fiction

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Of course, it was another giant step for mankind, but fifteen astronauts had come to mars...

TESTING, one, two, three, four, five. . . .

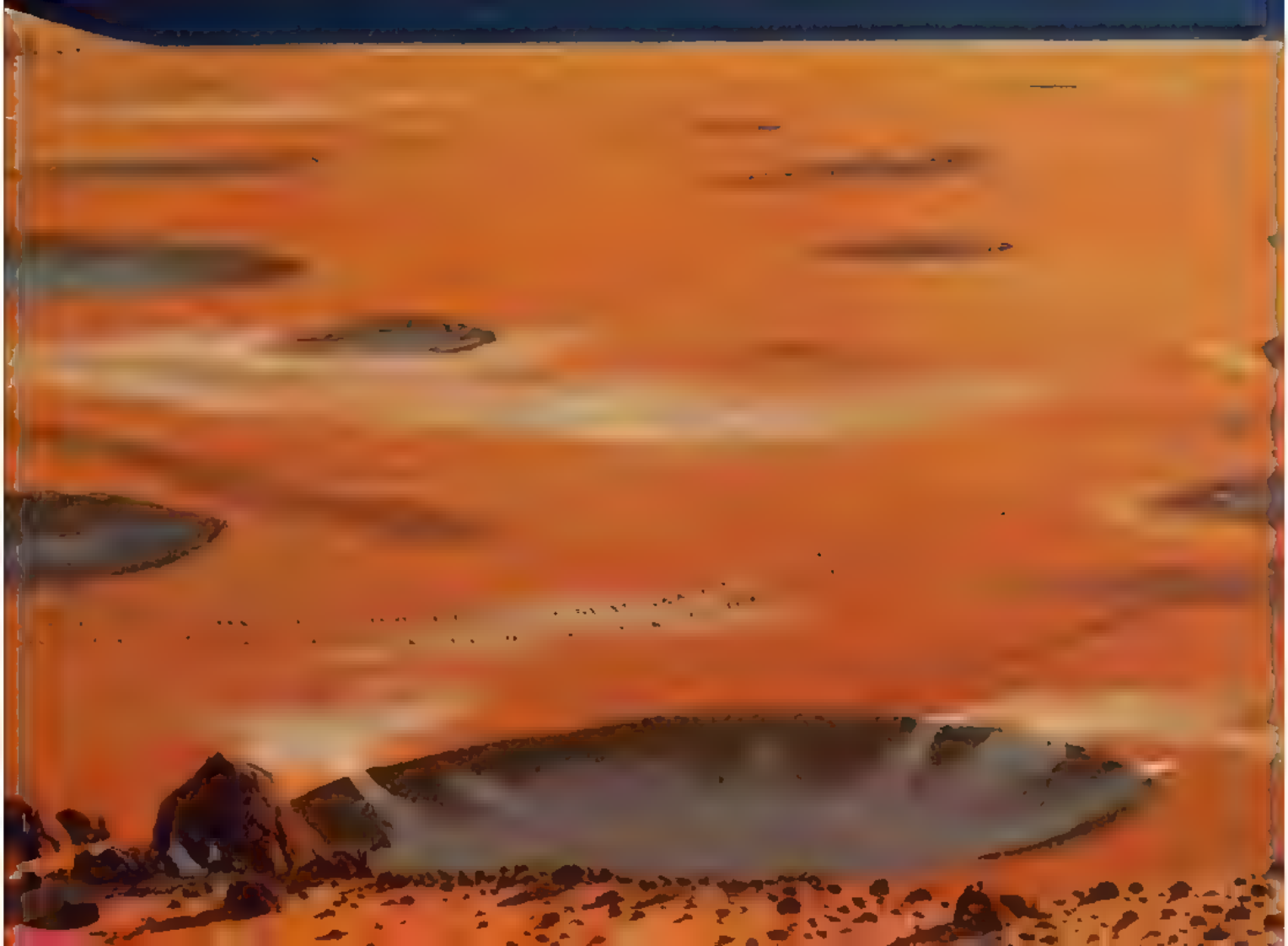
Even speaking, I will continue to record as long as possible. This is a overdue capsule, but I doubt if I'll fill it.

That photograph has haunted me all my life; now, too late, I know why. (But would it have made any difference if I *had* known? That's one of those meaningless and unanswerable questions the mind keeps returning to endlessly, like the tongue exploring a broken tooth.)

I've not seen it for years, but I've only to close my eyes and I'm back in a landscape almost as hostile—and as beautiful—as this one. Fifty million miles sunward, and 72 years in the past, five men face the camera amid the antarctic snows. Not even the bulky furs can hide the exhaustion and defeat that mark every line of their bodies; and their faces are already touched by death.

There were five of them. There were five of us, and of course we also took a group photograph. But everything else was different. We were smiling—cheerful, confident. And our picture was on all the screens of Earth within ten minutes. It was months before *their* camera was found and brought back to civilization.

...and only ten would return



And we die in comfort, with all modern conveniences—including many that Robert Falcon Scott could never have imagined, when he stood at the South Pole in 1912.

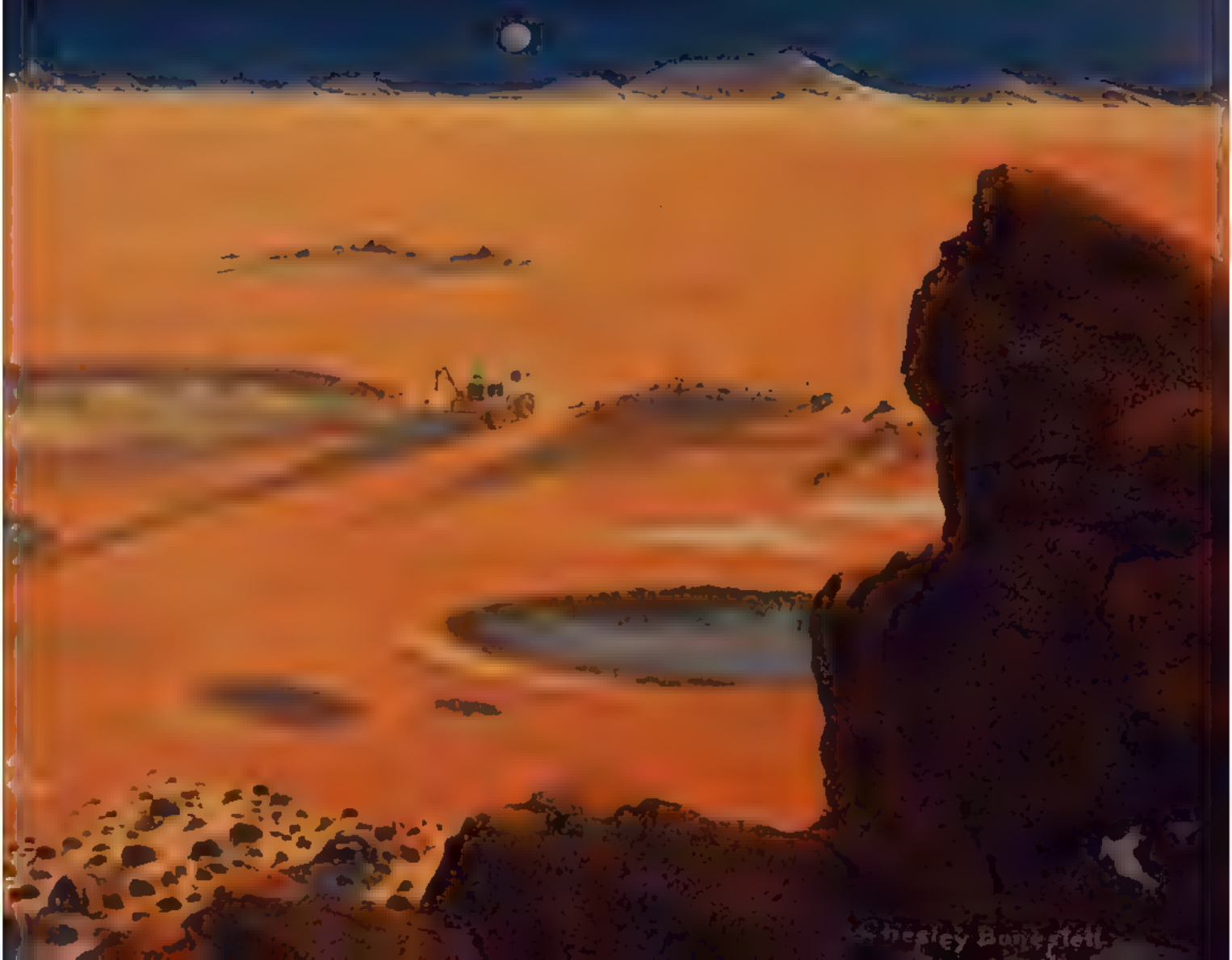
Two hours later. I'll start giving exact times when it becomes important.

All the facts are on the log, and by now the whole world knows them. So I guess I'm doing this largely to [illegible] facing the inevitable. The trouble is, I've got some other options to avoid, and which to tackle head on. Well, there's only one way to find out.

The first item. In 24 hours, at the [illegible] all the oxygen will be gone. That leaves me with the three classical choices. I can let the CO_2 build up until I become unconscious. I can step outside and crack the suit, leaving Mars to do the job in about two minutes. Or I can use one of the tablets in the med kit.

CO_2 build-up. Everyone says that's quite easy—just like going to sleep. I've no doubt that's true; unfortunately, by the time it's [illegible] with nightmare number one.

I wish I'd never come across that damn book ... *True Stories of World War Two*, or whatever it was called. (continued on page 210)



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN When toasting the New Year with a formal bash circa '71, you'll find there's been a welcome loosening of the sartorial ties that once bound the male to a rigid penguin look. Our host, above at left, is elegantly at ease wearing a silk satin single-breasted one-button suit, $250, and a signature-print silk body shirt, $65, both by Bruno Piattelli for Barney's. Moving to the right: The next style setter has made a logical fashion progression by donning a geometrically patterned velvet dinner jacket with shawl lapels and solid-colored flared-leg formal trousers, both by Lord West, $185, cotton pleated front shirt, by Excello, $18, and the traditional butterfly bow tie, by Berkley Cravats, $6.50. Approving sloe eyes are focused on the third celebrant, wearing a velvet two-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels and deep center vent, $275, cotton embroidered shirt, $55, and butterfly

WOMEN'S FASHIONS AT (LEFT TO RIGHT) SCASSI, JOHN ALOSS, SANTOS SAN IAGO, HENRY BENDEL, SAINT ANGELO. JEWELRY BY VAL JEWELRY

bow, $8.50, all by Meledandri. The anything-but-conservative end man at far right comes on big in a belted cotton-velvet suit that features brass-buttoned flap patch pockets and flared-leg trousers with Western-cut pockets, $120, an acetate satin barrel-cuffed body shirt with long pointed collar, $20, both by Make Outs of After Six, and a silk scarf, by Handcraft, $7.50.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS: FORMAL WEAR...

black tie—with avant adaptations—returns to center stage for a smashing year-end appearance

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

...AND ELEGANT FARE

Holiday dinners, like dinner jackets, have recently undergone dramatic changes in style. The stereotyped turkey and suckling pig, worked to death for so many year-end parties, are giving way to one of the great baronial favorites, roast crown and saddle of lamb.

as befits the occasion, a sumptuous candlelight dinner that begins with beluga and ends with bubbly

Holiday plum pudding, overladen with spices and groaning with its own weight, yields pride of place to pears blazing in crème de menthe spooned over a luscious mound of ice cream. But whatever the details of your year-end feast may be, the principal formula for an auspicious house party is clear: Elegance and ease should get equal billing.

The guests you invite to a black-tie affair should be, for the most part, your closest friends. They will come not just to savor the lobster soufflé or the sauce *maltaise* or the champagne or to display their formal finery but to toast their friendship with raised glasses, whether your base of operations is a town house, penthouse or *pied-à-terre*.

Five or six couples are sensible numbers for an intimate holiday party. A group of 12 is large enough to be festive but manageable enough so that a single voice doesn't have to struggle to break through the sound barrier. Most importantly,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

you needn't spend your time going from group to group to make sure that cordiality is unconfined.

Whether you invite 10 or 12 or 14 guests will depend to a large extent on one elementary consideration—the size of your dining room. It should be sufficiently large so that those at table can comfortably sit or rise to make a toast, and be served without the waiter having to squeeze between chair and wall. If your present table isn't large enough, both table and chairs can be rented. It's unwise to plan a black-tie dinner party where groups must be assigned to different tables—sometimes in different rooms. At a huge buffet blowout, where guests sandwich themselves in at the most convenient spot, individual tables are practical; but when dinner guests are awaiting the New Year, intimacy should be the keynote.

Your invitations to a New Year's Eve dinner party should always be made as early as possible. Be sure to make it clear that it's black tie. Give prospective guests a specific time both for cocktail and for dinner. If you intend to toast the midnight hour at the dinner table, cocktails should be available from 8:30 onward and guests should be seated about 9:30 or 10 o'clock. If you plan to have a party break after dinner and draw the champagne corks later in another room, perhaps before a blazing fire, the dinner hour should be earlier. The menu you plan should be flexible so that preparation time can be easily moved an hour in either direction.

High on the host's list of pre-party preparation is getting competent help for cooking, serving and bartending. It's asking for needless headaches to try to be host, servant, butler and cook all rolled into one. You may want to do part of the cooking the day before the dinner to ease last-minute preparations. During cocktails, you may want to check the progress of the meal in the kitchen and, at the table, you might want to do the carving yourself. But the real test of your ability to run the show is whether you're enjoying it all as much as your guests. For a party of 12, you should, therefore, hire at least two people, a bartender-butler and a cook. Every employment agency for domestics keeps a roster of people available for holiday assignments. It's best to call as early as possible. Even those employment agencies that don't normally check up on their employees do follow up on those they send out for the once-a-year holiday jobs. Among the best agencies, any employee who fails to show up for a holiday assignment without a valid reason is *persona non grata* thereafter. The most competent help is usually at the beck of the private agencies that have had long experience with the carriage trade. Many of them have lists of people who have steady jobs during the year but who get weekends off and are eager to moonlight for a well-paying holiday assignment. In some cases, you may find such help on the staffs of men's clubs, which are normally deserted on New Year's Eve, or in elegant restaurants in the business district that are not open at night. It isn't terribly important whether or not the people you hire have worked together before—but it helps. You should, however, spell out beforehand just what their duties will be. If, for instance, the cook is expected to prepare the whole dinner from scratch, and if you want the cook to follow specific recipes of your own, it's a good idea to call in the employee the day before the party to review both menu and recipes as well as your own cooking equipment. A professional cook of high caliber usually does not serve at the table. At a small party of a dozen or so people, the cook and bartender-butler usually take care of all the kitchen cleanup. Just what their going rate of pay will be depends upon the section of the country in which you live; but this, too, is always settled upon comfortably in advance. Tips should not be bestowed automatically, but if you've had good service and, especially, if you might have need of them again, you should give something extra (15 percent is ample) at the end of the evening.

Cocktails before the New Year's Eve dinner should be made from liquors of distinguished labels as an augury of the feast to follow. One of the best ways of keeping pre-dinner drinks to a reasonable minimum so that your guests may properly enjoy your holiday meal is to offer hors d'oeuvres that are as different from the usual assorted canapés as a vintage champagne from a cooking wine. Fresh Beluga caviar is the opulent, absolute monarch of the hors d'oeuvre table; all gourmet shops receive a fresh supply of it at this time of the year. Its price, extortionately expensive most months, is frequently reduced for the holidays. The most prized of the sturgeon eggs, of course, is the large, light-gray Beluga caviar; the second best is the Sevruga caviar, with somewhat smaller eggs. Third in line is the Beluga caviar in sealed jars that is somewhat saltier and smaller than the fresh but that can be stored for months if not used. The only other hors d'oeuvre that can sit on the same throne with Beluga caviar is genuine *pâté de foie gras*. If both hors d'oeuvres are in the king's-ransom class, it's not just their scarcity but because they are the most delectable appetizers you can offer to the people whom you most esteem—your New Year's Eve dining companions.

Years ago, it was the custom to offer four wines with a four-course dinner, a practice that is followed less and less these days. At the beginning of the dinner, the Spanish custom of offering a freshly opened bottle of a *fino* sherry and passing it with both the soup and the seafood makes wonderful dining sense. The great sherries are always elegant curtain raisers. When a renowned red wine is later offered with the roast, the wine will be enjoyed for its own magnificent flavor; it won't have to compete with a wine that preceded it. Champagne or an haut sauterne may be offered with the dessert, but if the dessert includes a flaming liqueur, wine is unnecessary. The wine you select for the roast of a New Year's Eve dinner should bear a château label of one of the great growths if it's a Bordeaux or be one of the eminent estate-bottled burgundies. Among French champagnes, the '61s, '62s, '64s and '66s were all great vintages of the past decade.

The old saying that elegance is not a manly ornament is daily proved false by the clothes we wear, the furniture with which we live and the cars in which we ride. Add to the list the following New Year's Eve menu. Recipes are for 12.

Beluga Caviar, Pâté de Foie Gras
Oyster Barquettes, Buckwheat Crepes
Clear Turtle and Tomato Soup
Fresh Lobster Soufflé
Roast Crown and Saddle of Lamb, Black Currant Jelly
Potatoes Lorette
Broccoli, Sauce Maltaise
Celery Knob, Fresh Mushroom and Sweet Pepper Salad
Ice Cream with Crème de Menthe Pears, Grasshopper Sauce
Demitasse

For 12 guests, 1½ lbs. caviar will be generous. Keep it chilled until served. It should be in its original tin, surrounded with cracked ice, at the hors d'oeuvre table. Alongside the caviar, there should be a bowl of sour cream mixed with finely chopped fresh chives. Offer warm buckwheat crepes with a dollop each of caviar and sour cream. *Pâté de foie gras* should also be served, chilled in its original crock. Serve it on tiny rounds of toasted French bread or Melba toast. The boat-shaped patty shells called barquettes are available at French bakeries and gourmet shops. Line them with softened butter mixed with horseradish. Add a small, freshly shucked oyster. Serve with tiny wedges of lemon.

(continued on page 265)

opinion

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

THE VIETNAMIZATION OF AMERICA

a pulitzer prize–winning journalist diagnoses the critical wounds to the american spirit inflicted by our tragic war in southeast asia

I REMEMBER THIS INCIDENT. It was in 1962 and the Ngo Dinh Diem regime was at the height (if that word can be used) of its powers. The Viet Cong were stealing the country away at night out in the provinces; but in Saigon, which was all that mattered in that feudal society, Diem and his family controlled all. He won elections by a comforting 99 percent. His photo was everywhere, his name was in the national anthem. He controlled almost every seat in the assembly. He owned the Vietnamese press. The constitution was his. The American ambassador was his messenger boy; a four-star American general believed his every word. If Diem could not control the Viet Cong, he could control the Americans. All, unfortunately, but their press. That was the shame of it: if you accepted millions of their dollars, you had to let in their reporters. It rankled with Diem but even more with high-ranking members of the American mission. The press, not the Viet Cong, was the only problem in Vietnam, General Paul Harkins told Defense Secretary McNamara. If they could only control the American press, housebreak them. Censor them. Something like that.

It rankled in particular with the head of the Central Intelligence Agency there, a man we may call J. R. In those days, I did not think of J. R. as being a representative of a democracy. He was a private man, responsible to no constituency. Later, I was to think of him as being more representative of America than I wanted, in that he held power, manipulated it, had great money to spend —all virtually unchecked by the public eye. J. R., of course, bristled over the problems of working for a democracy. He disliked the press intensely. It was all too open. How could one counter communism, which was J. R.'s mission—little black tricks that never worked, lots of intelligence (mostly lies) coming in from his agents—with a free press that caused trouble and was read by suspicious Senators and Congressmen? How could one accomplish anything with them? He delivered these tirades from time to time and, one night, he made one to William Trueheart, then deputy chief of mission, one of the few high-ranking Americans to leave Vietnam with their integrity intact. J. R. went to it—against a free press, free reporting, lack of controls—what could *serious* men do? We had to stop this. Look at the way Diem handled public information and the way the Communists handled theirs. Finally, Trueheart gently interrupted: yes, it was all true, but if we didn't watch out, if we did these things and controlled the press, we might very well end up just the same as the Communists.

We were all much younger then. Spiro Agnew was a better-than-average municipal official outside Baltimore; John Mitchell was selling municipal bonds, and SNCC was considered a radical and dangerous civil rights group. Who would have thought that the little war, this mockery of a war, would finally give the U.S. convulsions that would threaten its fiber, its confidence, its democratic traditions, so that what had seemed like the promise of a golden American era under Jack Kennedy would end under Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon with the darker shadows of another Weimar Republic hanging over us? Who would have thought that the tail would wag the dog that as Saigon had seemed distant, arrogant and removed from its countryside —it was the duty of the peasant to honor

the government, to get aboard, or the recourse would be force—Washington would seem ever more separated from the rest of its country, as though somehow there were a great moat around it? Each capital would come to be the mirror image of the other. Our country's nerves were jangled, its values were changing, it knew instinctively what did and did not work, and it regarded Washington as a manufacturer of most of what did not function. Washington was distant, removed and, yes, arrogant; there was a genuine swagger to Agnew. And there was an insensitivity to the real problems of the population and a belief that when those feelings were too openly and defiantly expressed, the only recourse was force.

We, who had been so sure, would export our values to Vietnam, where surely they would work. But our values would fail there, and in failing, would so damage the major organism as to diminish belief in our democracy. The liberal democratic center, so damaged by the war, would begin to come apart. In its place would grow a new angry, alienated, militant and sometimes violent left (told not to be violent, its spokesmen would cite the national violence carried out in Vietnam); and then, in turn, on the right, a new menacing nationalism—angrier, anti-intellectual, bitter about the challenges to authority from the left, bitter about what *they* had done to the *flag*. Construction workers joyously beat up war protestors, encouraged, it occasionally seemed, by the White House.

The war had resurrected and given us Richard Nixon, who gave us Spiro Agnew, who would sound so much like J. R.; the problem was not the war and not the racial failure; it was those who wrote about them and those who protested them. Agnew spoke harshly and there was a touch of menace, an implicit threat in what he said when he talked about the press, particularly the TV networks. And Nixon gave us John Mitchell, who threatened, or promised—it was hard to tell the difference with him—that there was no such thing as the New Left, that the country was going so far right that we would not recognize it. One sensed with Mitchell, in those appearances on *Meet the Press*, a desperate attempt to control himself, not to say what he really thought. one could get a better glimpse of the real Mitchell through the words of his wife. A peace march reminded her of the Russian Revolution, with all those liberal-Communists in town. A shame they couldn't be deported. And, of course, her threatening late-hour phone calls to the Senators and newspapers that disagreed with her and her husband.

It wasn't surprising that Mitchell was an ominous figure in the country, for it was a sign of our times that we had politicized the police, that most dangerous of all acts in a democracy. The police had become a symbol, good or bad, depending upon which America you chose. They were a political force now and well aware of it. They had champions right through to the top; it was old-fashioned to be neutral about the cops, to think that their job was simply to enforce the laws. The laws themselves had become so controversial. So had the Presidency. The national anthem. The flag. The length of Marines hair. Bob Hope. Even football coaches. The outpouring of grief from the older and more authoritarian-minded America on the death of Vince Lombardi was extraordinary. He was the best of all possible symbols, a strict authoritarian and, better yet, a winner. When Lombardi died, the New York *Daily News*, perhaps the most patriotic if least informative of our major newspapers, gave him the space usually reserved for someone like Franklin Roosevelt or Dwight Eisenhower. And sportswriter Dick Young wrote: "Vince Lombardi has died and there is great sadness among the good people. He has left the world too soon, almost as though he couldn't stand to see what was happening to it. There is no longer a place for Vince Lombardi. He believed savagely in GOD, in COUNTRY and in FAMILY."

It was astonishing the way the war dominated the country and distorted the process of American life. There was an irony to this, because the men who had planned the war had realized that Asian jungles are tricky and had planned a technological and mechanistic war with low American casualties—a war that would infect American society as little as possible. In a limited sense, they were right; considering how much killing there was, American casualties remained low. But there was a special price, a price to the soul; what it did was change the values of a nation, turn it away from the technological thinking that had produced the war. We were at the height of our powers; we poured 80 billion dollars a year into the defense budget. (John McNaughton, a former Assistant Defense Secretary, once told a group of Senatorial aides: Well, yes, it would take about one billion dollars to defend the United States, so that anything more in the budget was simply a reflection of our view of ourselves as a world power.) Thus the New Romans, with 79 billion dollars' worth of empire. Technological Romans. Yet the iron of this power, a nation that sent men to the moon and brought them back, that has intercontinental missiles, nuclear submarines—all the hardware—seemed curiously threatened. When bombs went off in America, and they did despite the defense budget, they were bombs thrown from within, thrown by Americans, thrown in protest of the defense budget as much as anything else.

Vietnam had turned us upside down, challenged our fundamental assumptions. Indeed, as late as May 1970, Joseph Alsop, a hawk columnist who had helped invent the war and had written optimistically each year since 1962 about imminent victory, had noticed during one of his frequent trips to the U. S. that all was not well here. He had written an appeal to Senator Edward Kennedy, deploring "the political lunacy" of the young in "passionately demonstrating against your own country's successes on the battlefield." (Alsop's belief that Kennedy, by changing his stand on the war, could change the young showed that he knew almost as little about American politics as about Vietnamese politics.) To which Kennedy, youngest brother and political heir to two men who had helped initiate the war, wrote in one of the most eloquent dissections of what had happened here, "We are a nation constantly being reborn, and we can thank our God that those newly arrived in our society will not casually accept the views and presumptions of their fathers, much less their errors. They do not protest their 'country's successes on the battlefield,' doubtful as those successes may be; they protest the very existence of the battlefield, for it has no place in their vision of the country that is to be theirs. And I support them in that."

It was not just the war, of course, that was tearing the fabric of this society; there were many other factors that contributed to the division, the spiritual vacuum that seemed to accompany material affluence and technological success, the great racial sores in the country, the hypocrisy in much of American life. But finally, it was the war that magnified all faults, that eroded if not destroyed the faith of so many people in this country. We had set out to impose our values on a foreign land, we would help them, teach them good things. We found them a president, wrote them a constitution, bought them an army. What more could they want? But we learned that they did not want these things. Then, having seen our values fail there, we re-examined them here at home and found the definition of our society, and what constituted success, wanting. We had begun the Sixties sure of our values, willing to export them to all nations' advisors, Peace Corps people, Alliance for Progress workers. On reflection, there was a colossal arrogance to a nation that sought to aid the poor of the world but would not help its poor at home, to a Congress that would approve all kinds of programs to help the poor Vietnamese peasants fatten their pigs so they would have juicier pork than the Viet Cong but sat back and laughed and joked when a bill came up asking for Federal funds to be used against the rats in the nation's greatest cities.

Mayor John Lindsay of New York, a city abounding in smog, racial failure

(continued on page 166)

SPRING

each of the seasons furnishes a key to the lives of four strange, restless women

By ALBERTO MORAVIA
ILLUSTRATED BY DOMENICO GNOLI

Here I am, all alone. My husband has gone off to his office, without even saying goodbye, as he usually does. My son came and kissed and embraced me tenderly before going out with his fiancée to buy things for her trousseau. My daughter came in for a moment, paraded herself in front of me in a new dress and then went out with a girlfriend or so she said. I am all alone and, strange to tell, as soon as I am alone I stop being the affectionate mother and wife, tireless, solicitous, bustling, anxious, never taking a moment's rest from family duties. I become instead a cold, cynical creature, clear headed and wicked. It's a curious metamorphosis. It astonishes me and even frightens me a little. A short while ago at the table I was worrying myself about the family's health. For instance I said to my daughter, who will not eat because she's dieting "Eat; you're anemic; you must eat." To my son, who tends to drink too much, "Don't drink those cocktails and all that muck It's bad for you don't you know it's bad for you?" To my husband, who never walks *(concluded on page 228)*

summer

I was born and brought up in a family of lawyers. My grandfather and my father were lawyers, and I myself married a lawyer. I should add that every one of them practiced criminal law. So I grew up in the midst of passions, or rather, among the consequences of passions: crimes, violence, intrigues, sorrows, loves and hatreds. I am a practical woman, without imagination, cool and self-controlled. Possibly this is a result of all the debates I've had with these stern, old-fashioned men who always thought of human nature as a volcano in constant eruption. Even so, I must have in me a secret taint of emotionalism. This showed itself in my enthusiasm for opera and in particular for the operas of Verdi. I have been going to the opera all my life and I haven't missed a single one of Verdi's operas. As a child and as a girl, I often used to go to the opera with my grandfather and father, who went there because it was the social thing to do; and later with my husband, who went in order to make me happy. In their speeches at the law courts they could explain anything as a result of human passions, but my grandfather, my father and *(continued on page 231)*

autumn

It's almost time to leave. I still haven't dressed and I'm in the midst of a chaos of piled up suitcases, wardrobes hanging open, drawers gutted, chairs full of clothes I've looked at and rejected. As usual, I have the impression that time is getting short. Still, I know for sure that I'll have everything done in time an irritating contradiction. It's true that there are a thousand things left to finish: take a shower, put on my make-up, do my hair, choose a dress for the journey and, finally, even telephone to Benno. He's the young and extremely handsome German who's in love with me. I have to tell him to forget about me and to think of that affair of ours, three months ago, as a lucky (for him) adventure and nothing more.

One thing I especially have to tell him I haven't time any longer. Loving needs time, and where can I find time for loving when I haven't even time to breathe? Now I'm over 40, and I have the responsibility, as the fashion magazines describe me, of being the seventh-best-dressed woman in the world I only have time for things that I can plan in time, that is, fixed to an exact date. Invitations, journeys, receptions, safaris, *(continued on page 270)*

WINTER

I took the vial of sleeping pills and emptied all of it into a glass of water on my bedside table. How many tablets were there? Several, more than enough to carry me on the long journey to paradise all in one go, with no stops on the way. I watched them as they melted: They formed a white heap at the bottom of the glass, and a lot of little air bubbles rose up through the water and burst at the surface. Just at that moment the telephone rang. I recognized the voice of Magda, my dear, plump friend. Immediately, I said to her, "You've telephoned just in time to say goodbye to me."

"Why?" she asked, with her incurious tone.

"Because I am just on the point of killing myself with barbiturates," I answered.

Magda is never surprised at anything. Perhaps that is why we're friends. I myself am always surprised at everything; what surprises me, fundamentally, is not so much actual things as that things exist at all. Faced, let's say, with a stone, I stop; I am stuck; I am astonished: How is it possible that a thing called a stone should exist? *(continued on page 267.*

THE HIGH COST OF FAME

reflections on the bitch-goddess by nine authors who have scored with her

MARIO PUZO

THE GODFATHER

Mario Puzo spent years as a scrambling, debt-ridden free-lance writer before his novel about the Mafia, "The Godfather," sold 7,000,000 copies and solved his financial problems—at least for the time being. He is presently trying to unclutter his life and begin a new novel. When asked what it's about, he replies, "Everything."

The paraphernalia, the logistics of being a success are the worst thing about it. There's fuckin' deals—you gotta see your agent, your lawyer. I told my lawyer, "I'll pay the fuckin' taxes rather than keep track of everything I spend. I don't want to mess around writing that stuff down at the end of the day." It's the worst, worst pain in the ass. You got a lot of money, you're supposed to invest. I don't want to be bothered. All the stocks go down, everybody's getting wiped out and meanwhile I'm blowing all my dough and I feel so virtuous I can't tell you. The old Italians don't believe in all those deals. Get the money in cash, bury it, spend it, buy a house. That's better.

The curious thing is that I'd always been a heavy gambler, but since I became successful, I don't enjoy gambling anymore. I don't understand why, but it's a shame, because it was one of my great fun things.

I've found that success, aside from the money, is not really that gratifying. I feel uncomfortable giving interviews. And I would never give lectures. I really think I became a success too late. It doesn't mean that much anymore. People want to come up to you and say how great the book is and that's nice, but you can do without it.

Success knocks the shit out of your writing. I know why I became a writer and that's to have as little contact with the world as possible. You feel more comfortable keeping the world at a distance. You get into your little cave, you write, you come out at times and those little times there's less danger. You're exposed for so little time to society and your friends. So when you have a success, you got a lot of time on your hands, so what do you do? You go out, you meet the world. Right? Therefore, you're more exposed to shock. You get insulted more. There's a lot of shocks to your nervous system in success. It's a shock to me to meet new people. I used to avoid parties. Nobody called and I didn't have the time to fool around. So now I go out. Right? And it's great. I'm a wheel. But now because I'm a success, I'm exposed and I get zapped.

Success corrupts your emotional processes. It makes you impatient with the ordinary aspects of your life, so without realizing it, you sometimes put your friends down and your family. The great thing about writing is that it washes that corruption away.

I'll tell you, I'm glad I'm successful. I did it and I'm glad. But the thing is, if you can't be young again, what the hell's the difference? And I don't like to own things. I never even bought a new car. I bought one suit. My agent took me out and made me buy a $400 suit. I hate that fuckin' suit.

JAMES DICKEY

DELIVERANCE

James Dickey is one of America's finest poets. A collection of his poetry—"Buckdancer's Choice"—won the National Book Award in 1966. With his first novel, "Deliverance," a tale of sudden violence and unexpected evil, he now ranks as a brilliant writer of fiction. He is presently writer in residence at the University of South Carolina.

The main feeling I have is that this is something that really is not for me. What do the Chinese say? He who rides a tiger fears to dismount. Well, I figure to ride this particular tiger until he drops, because I don't think I'm going to get another tiger and I don't want to feel obligated to get another tiger. This is fine, but to try to get a wagon train of tigers, that's something I don't really want.

The thing is, you have the feeling, as in Shakespeare, that there is a tide in the affairs of men. You're riding the crest of a wave and you got to go with it. If they want you to be on these TV shows, that's fine. There are lots of people who are happy to take you away from writing. And they'll pay you for it! You make a great fuss of saying what a bore it is, but for a while you love it, you love it. Like Patton said, I love it more than my life. You think you do. Local reporters and lots of people call you up on the phone late at night and tell you they liked your book and always loved your work so much, and it gets a little irksome. But then after this begins to taper off and nobody calls you late at night and you don't get letters from publishers and all that, you don't exactly long for them to come back. You just wish somebody would call at three in the morning, *occasionally*!

What seems to me the correct attitude is that for a brief spotlighted moment, I'll step up and swing at the ball. You move into another orbit, which is the Great American Success Orbit. There are a lot of drawbacks, but the best thing about it is that it's so much better than obscurity and failure and poverty.

But you can't commit yourself emotionally to success. It's exactly like Auden's lines, "*Time that is intolerant of the brave and innocent, and indifferent in a week to a beautiful physique.*" In this case, the novel is the beautiful physique. If you've had your values upset so you can't move except in the success orbit, then you've done yourself in, you've been had. It inhibits your freedom to write what you want, because you're committed to writing another best seller and another and another. A writer has got to remain free to commit disasters.

Before long I want to go back to the solitude. I'm 47 years old and, as they say on the pro football games, the clock is running. I know what I want. I want to get on paper whatever it was given to me to get on paper.

I saw something about Bing Crosby once that said he was tired of his image and all that and he wanted to go and open in a very small club at minimum union scale. Terrific. There's always this fantasy of starting over. Starting over. That's what I'd like to do. I'd like to send in poems to small magazines with the name James Dickey *not* on them. I think that would be terrifically exciting. So watch your magazines!

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., has produced some compelling fiction—most notably "Cat's Cradle" and "Mother Night"—but has been well-known to a relatively few loyal readers. "Slaughterhouse-Five," his first popular success, is about the Dresden fire bombings, of which he says simply, "There's nothing intelligent to say about a massacre."

I think I've had a reasonable career. It seems like a perfectly straightforward business story. I didn't have very many alternatives to writing, because I was never a good employee of institutions, so obviously, I had to enter some kind of wildcatting operation. My parents and grandparents were in the arts, so this didn't seem like a high-risk thing or an activity outside of society. I sort of took over the family business and it's been an orderly development.

What it cost was years. That's the price writers find they've paid. Simply that they've grown old. Another price is that you get to take charge of your own life. I had to live for 20 years as sort of a counterpuncher, and I'm past that now. I'm in the area of art for art's sake and I'm not sure I want to make any more art for a while. You have a feeling of completion that comes with success, because this is a success-oriented society, and somehow that turns you off once you've achieved it, so it makes for an occupational problem. Maybe I'll start a new career as a playwright simply to keep myself entertained but I don't entertain myself as a writer of books now. I find it an extremely boring thing to do. Also, I'm hesitant to publish now, because I think it might harm my reputation some. I *think* that's what's going on inside of me, among other things.

The money thing now is superfluous and it makes you a little sick in the head, actually, because suddenly you have to baby-sit with the money. You have to tune yourself up to consume. I've tried to think of things to want. I've tried to make myself want a Porsche, because I really do admire a Porsche, but I know I really don't want one.

Success hasn't changed my friendships much. But we do get invited and invaded. Dumb kids who think I'm crazy about young people try to crash at my house all the time. It's a small price, but people develop expectations of what you are, and when you appear on campus, for instance, they can be quite disappointed and nasty when you are not the person they'd imagined you to be. People who like my books often expect me to endorse their lives. I often don't.

What has turned to ashes in my mouth? Nothing. In the mail a short time ago, I got a doctor of letters from Grinnell College and this marvelous cowl came with it and I wore it all day. I'm having a fine time.

JOE McGINNISS

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968

Joe McGinniss abandoned a promising career as a Philadelphia newspaper columnist to infiltrate Richard Nixon's Presidential campaign and produce a journal of that experience that revealed the innards of a political PR brain trust and became a number-one best seller. He is now secluded in a country house in New Jersey, at work on a novel.

Before the book, I was writing on a newspaper, which is just like working on any regular job. Your life is so ordered that you find yourself reacting and thinking in routine ways and just accepting things because there's really no alternative. You can change jobs, you can move to different cities, but there's this order that seems to have been clamped down on your life. Suddenly, all those old patterns are broken. Suddenly, you are able to make decisions about all sorts of really important things in your life, like how you are going to spend it. It was always kind of cut out from scratch—you go to school, you get married, you start working, you go from better job to better job and you have a heart attack and you die. It's all a progression down the same track. Suddenly, you jump the track. You can start thinking about yourself as a person who is not being forced into living the way it's convenient for other people to have you live.

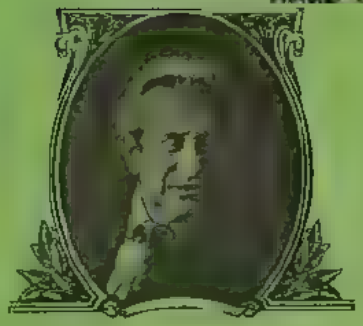
What did it cost? This is a little hairy for me right now, because I don't know how candid I want to be, not just for myself but for other people. I don't think it has cost me as much personally as it has people who were close to me. Like my wife. I was living with her when the book was published and I'm not now. It's not because of the book, but that has accelerated the rate of change.

Success has relieved many more pressures than it has presented. At its best, it can allow you to do the best work you're capable of; and at its worst, it can allow you to just fuck off for an awful long time and not do anything. You have the opportunity to get all caught up running from studio to studio and being a TV celebrity and do speaking engagements—all the things you really don't want to do, but they look so good because they look so easy. It all comes back to what you want to be. Do you want to be a writer, or do you want to be Dick Cavett? I don't think I'd be very good at being Dick Cavett, and in the end I really don't want to be.

I have a desire to be isolated now to get a new book written. I'd rather be on the top with the possibility of going down than on the bottom, not having started up yet. I have the opportunity to find out how good I am. There have been people who have had enormously successful books who have never done anything afterward that came close artistically. I don't think I'm in quite that position, because my first book is not any sort of artistic triumph. It's a decent piece of journalism. This didn't come out of my head. This came out of other people's mouths. And that's a big difference. My only talent was in just not screwing it up. I really got a lot for very little out of the Nixon book.

STUDS TERKEL

HARD TIMES



Studs Terkel, Chicago's most enthusiastic anti-establishmentarian, is a good drinker, a good talker and an even better interviewer —which he proved with his first book, "Division Street, America," an absorbing portrait of Chicago. His latest nonfiction work "Hard Times" is a massive in-depth portrait of Americans during the Depression.

I haven't the vaguest idea what it's all about. It's something like the blues. A feeling. And, ironically enough, a feeling of failure, of kidding oneself. How can personal success—a clownish thought, even in better days—be measured as the world's going to hell with all sorts of bangs and whimpers? There's no singular joy to the bitch-goddess. True, there's an occasional gut feeling of glory, glory, but the head says look around you—the hard rain is falling. Emotional yo-yoism sets in.

As for personal habits: I smoke the same cheap cigars, drink the same bad booze and ride the same outrageous bus each workday morning. My hunt-and-peck technique at the bruised Royal upright hasn't improved at all. There's a noticeable increase in mail—kind words and desperate, pleading words and my tardiness in replying (or stuffing the letters in my pocket and losing them at some corner bar) compounds my feelings of guilt. I just begin to understand *Miss Lonelyhearts.*

For some silly reason, Sutton Vane's mawkish play *Outward Bound* comes to mind: the young Englishman decrying his untimely death—"We've such a lot to do. And such a little time to do it in." And the old carol about wondering and wandering out under the sky, about how the hell Jesus came to die "for poor ornery creatures like you and like I."

If I had power, as others think "a success" has (even the word used as a noun makes me a commodity), I might feel differently. Jesus, yes, I'd trade all the good notices tomorrow for the power of a brute like Mendel Rivers or for the clout of a neighborhood bully like Richard J. Daley. Perhaps, then. . . .

As she looks now, the bitch-goddess is none other than the weary B-girl at the nearby tavern. The one I've always known

MICHAEL CRICHTON

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

Michael Crichton, an intense, energetic 28 year old, drinks too much coffee smokes too many cigarettes, worries about his stomach and writes thousands of words each day He was already well into his next novel, "Dealing" (written with his brother, Douglas, and being serialized in this magazine), before "The Andromeda Strain" was published

This kind of thing represents a major alteration in almost every aspect of your life And it's some thing that even in anticipation you fear as much as you desire. The principal things that happen to you are fairly subtle and the external manifestations are kind of like the surfaces of icebergs. One of the external manifestations in my personal life is a divorce, which is a cliché—young guy, he's successful, is getting divorced That kind of situation is complicated, the result of all kinds of small factors that reflect big sorts of considerations that have to affect any young American male who experiences early success. I don't know whether it would have been possible for me to structure this experience so that it would not lead in some way to a divorce.

And suddenly you find yourself with a lot of money and you must make some accommodation to it. Finally, there is a fair amount of personal attention, interviews, talk shows and a direct attention to your writing in the form of reviews and criticism. My response initially to all of this was to pretend that none of it had happened I didn't spend any money The attention, by and large, I shunned. I think I was afraid of what this would do to me in roughly the same way that a little kid on a beach is afraid of a big wave It's going to knock him over and turn him upside down. I finally decided that to postpone the adjustments was unhealthy. So I am spending more money and doing the publicity But I am protecting myself I don't live a very lavish life. You can insulate yourself from your money very easily, investing in things that hold no emotional attachment for you. I don't allow myself to get very far from the writing Whatever the little ticking mechanism is that pushes me to write books, it's very important to me.

There's a lot of pressure that I feel, a lot of self-generated pressure and a lot of pressure from the people who are most immediately important to me in getting the books out I *do* care about the reviews now My publishers expect a "big" book. I don't think it's even a conscious desire, but that's what they want

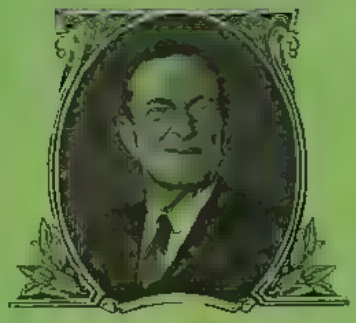
In the area of personal relations, you become a source of fantasy for people. Even people who know you well sometimes act like you were a fucking celebrity. It has been announced in the trades that I'm "brilliant." I don't see any particular reason to think I'm brilliant and it's quite a curse to have that label. People are inhibited because you're supposed to be so brilliant, so I have a lot of conversations with tongue-tied people I find now I'm increasingly associating with people who have had this experience one way or the other, because they're the only ones who will treat you as a person not as a source of fantasy

I don't think there's any question, you can get wrecked by this success It opens up all kinds of corrupting power But I don't think it has to be that way The adjustments you must make don't necessarily have to destroy you or turn you into a son of a bitch. I spend a lot of time monitoring myself

I sound like this experience is a curse. I don't think it's a curse. I think it's great It's worth it. I *think*.

SAM HOUSTON JOHNSON

MY BROTHER LYNDON



Sam Houston Johnson found himself with a celebrated brother and time on his hands. The result, "My Brother Lyndon," was a best-selling portrait of one of the most controversial public figures in American history. Sam Johnson is persona non grata at the L B J ranch these days, but he still spends a lot of his time telling stories about Lyndon.

Well, they started the Johnson library in Texas and I was going to run that and then Lyndon said he would neither seek nor accept re-election and I said, well, I'll seek and accept every damn thing I can It changed my life this way My brother and I haven't spoken since I started writing the book. One reviewer wrote that it was a frame-up, that Lyndon put me up to writing it. I put out the propaganda that Lyndon didn't like the book. I promoted that. But he didn't like it It's the truth Some of the things I said, he couldn't say but I know he agrees. The book didn't hurt him. He just didn't like anybody saying anything He wants 100 percent But I'm the only one who can talk back to him, because I'm his brother and he can't do a damn thing about it. He loves me. He'll forgive me.

About me. I don't know what to talk about I've had an interesting life I enjoy being interviewed. Until this, I never met anybody who knew L. B J had a brother. But I finished my book and bought me a new Lincoln car and took it down to Mexico to just drive around and enjoy life, but I got called and had to come all the way back and be on TV. It's like the fella who's writing the book about my life and he asked me to tell him about my girlfriends and I just said that'd take all the tapes in the world

DAN WAKEFIELD

GOING ALL THE WAY

Dan Wakefield has gone about the country for years turning out excellent journalism, getting divorced a couple of times, boozing up with his friends and yearning to write a novel. "Going All the Way" is about two ex-GIs who return home to Indianapolis after the Korean War and struggle to come to terms with sex and America.

The cost of not writing it was much greater than the cost of writing it. Thinking "Oh, my God, I'm not doing this thing that is the one thing I really want to do" was very frustrating and it took away from the other stuff I was writing. No matter how well received it was, I knew it wasn't the thing that I was supposed to do. I've always felt proud of my journalism, but it wasn't *the* thing I wanted to get out.

One thing that success has done is to make me feel very good. Kurt Vonnegut said after *Slaughterhouse-Five* that he felt like Superman. Now, it may be wrong, but I feel like I can write anything. I started off as a kid wanting to write novels. That was to me the incredible miracle, to write a novel. And it was so frustrating when I wasn't writing it, because I'd read those novels over and over to try to figure out, "Well, where's the mystery, how do you put it together?" Because that was what I was all about, that was my conception of myself. But for a long time, that didn't help me do it.

There have been letdowns but not about the book. It doesn't solve one's personal life, or not mine, anyway. I doubt that anything would. How I've lived has always been very chaotic. A girl once told me she loved a piece I did about J. D. Salinger. It was the most personal thing I'd written up to that point. She said, "Gee, I really loved the piece. I just have one question. How can anybody know all that and live the way you do?" I don't think books are therapy, really. Also, I don't think success is that much different in other fields. I don't think a guy who gets to be chairman of the board solves *his* problems. Every person has his agonies. Somebody asked Phyllis Diller if she felt tied down being married and she said, "Look, if you're alive, you're tied down."

I was interviewed by a young guy who's with an underground paper and he asked me if I was bothered by the fact that when you're a success as a writer it isn't like success as a rock musician, because there aren't any writer groupies. Usually, women who are interested in you because you're a writer are ones who want to be writers themselves and that always turns out badly. Because you're not going to make them a writer and then they're going to be pissed off at you.

I haven't done yet with the money what I want to do. My great dream is to buy a big house with a lot of land, isolated, and have this house and call it home. Put a sign on it that says, HOME. Most of my friends are always in the process of breaking up or cracking up or wanting to go someplace to hide out and very few people anymore have a home. And then anybody can come and, knowing my friends, there'd always be someone there.

GAY TALESE

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER

Gay Talese is probably the slowest author in the world, but he is a perfectionist about his writing and his research. He spent four years preparing "The Kingdom and the Power," a monumental study of The New York Times. *Talese is now working, in his usual meticulous fashion, on a non-fiction chronicle of three generations of a Mafia family.*

I've been around a lot of successful, powerful people. Any newspaperman has. But when I was a sports writer, I used to find that the losers' dressing room was more interesting than the winners'. My fascination has always been with how people get through the day and the night, how they live with losing.

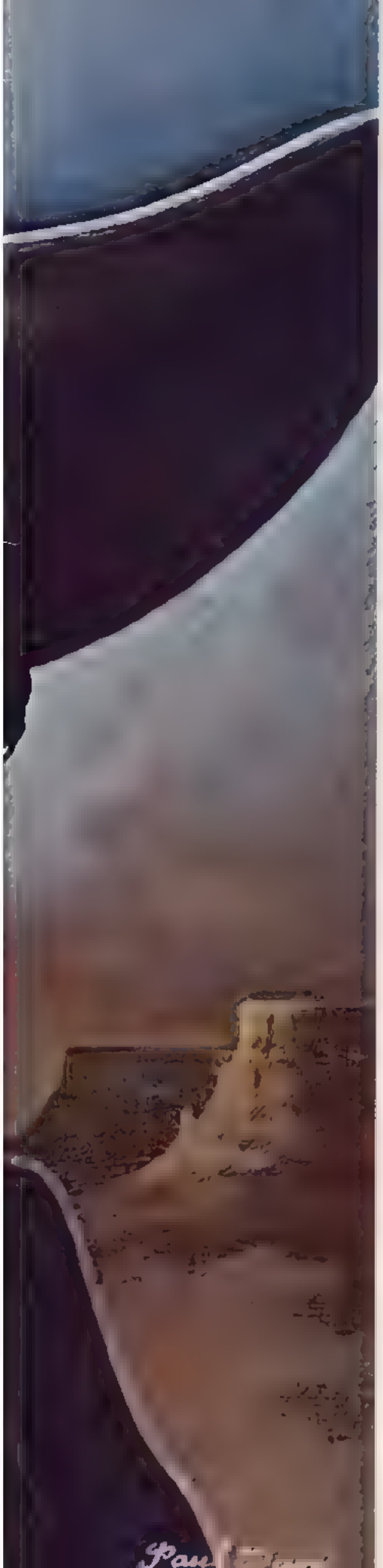
Success is marvelous, but all I'm really committed to is writing well. I find no comfort in money. I've never gotten any satisfaction from anything except feeling that what I did was very good. There's no *Crack-Up* here. Fitzgerald was looking for false gods. Success to him was like something out of the movies. I'm a realist. I'm not at all concerned with the mythology of fame and success but with the real soul of success and the bitterness of attaining it and the heartbreak in not attaining it.

I feel a very real sympathy for people who aren't doing well, because so much of my early life was spent not doing well *at all*. I was not a good student. I was not an outstanding athlete. And I was not very much of anything, but one thing I could do was report. At the age of 15, in a town that had one weekly newspaper, I was describing the Siegfrieds of the city, the star athletes who on Saturday morning would walk down the main street in their red jackets and have all the old men come out of the barbershops, waving at them as they passed, wishing them well in the great battle at two in the afternoon. I was looking at life from the press box, watching failure and success.

Now I'm a contestant in this very bitchy world of book writing, which someone once described as like a basket of crabs, with all these competitive writers jammed in there, scrambling and stepping over one another and crawling here and there and trying to get a better bite for themselves. Do you know what my reaction is to writers whose work I respect but that, for some curious reason, has not caught on? My feeling toward these writers is guilt. *I feel guilty.* I find it hard to be comfortable with them. I'm uncomfortable fearing that they will like me less, or resent me more, because of my good fortune.

Guilt has been very much a part of my life, growing up a Catholic where the ritual was very strict. Those Irish nuns were tough. Their philosophy was tough. Guilt. Sacrifice. And fear. It was a guilt that you weren't measuring up to what would get you to heaven. You were always going to be a loser because you were never going to make it. You were never good enough to go to heaven.

I hate impermanence. I am obsessed with writing that is going to last. I am against that which is merely fashionable. People get tired of old clothing, old Presidents. I want to cut through all that transient frivolity and create, as a cabinet maker does, something that's going to outlive me. I want to construct substantial, timeless books that will survive. Why? Why does a man want to protect what he treasures? Why does he want to bequeath it, invest it wisely, hammer it into monuments? Because he doesn't want to die, that's why. It's because he's so goddamn vain that his vanity extends beyond his death. And because he was very, very proud of his life.



High Noon for Broadway Joe

he's already made a bundle in football, and now he's making another in films—so what's bugging namath?

personality By LAWRENCE LINDERMAN It was two A.M. on a cold February morning and, as snow whipped cruelly through Manhattan's streets 20 floors below, Joe Namath sat at the bar of his penthouse apartment, sipping Scotch and unhappily rehashing the New York Jets' 13–6 play-off loss to Kansas City. The defeat had ended the Jets' one-year reign as pro football's champions and Namath felt responsible for the loss. "I was just plain lousy," he said for the second time. "Damn, I should have gotten us in for that touchdown at the end, but I blew it. It's going to be a long time before I forget *that* game."

Namath, wearing a white body shirt and red and blue-striped bell-bottoms, paused to walk behind the bar and pour himself a refill. Shaking his head in resignation, he suddenly blurted out, "Football's just no fun anymore. Man, I used to want to play football and that was it. But not now. I don't really need the money, because I have enough to retire tomorrow if I have to. And I might have to: The next good shot I get on my knees will finish me."

Namath's knees, a subject of fascination to teammates, opponents, fans and surgeons, have been so thoroughly sliced up that the state of his locomotion is literally a standing joke. He needs additional corrective surgery, but doctors have told him he'll never play again after his next operation, and Namath uneasily awaits the tackle that will end his career. His right knee, the weaker of the two and the one he stresses most when passing, may collapse even without an assist from an opposing player; the kneecap is ringed with scimitar shaped surgical scars. Namath, stiff legged and unsteady on his pins, is a partial cripple, which becomes apparent the first time you see him painfully laboring up a few stairs.

Well aware that his football career will be short-lived, Namath is now confronting the problem of what to do with himself when his playing days are done. Two logical alternatives are sports broadcasting (which he's not interested in) or movies. He started out on the latter road last year when he played a cameo in *Norwood*, a dismal film starring his friend Glen Campbell. "But I couldn't tell from that whether or not I'm any good at acting. Or even whether I *like* acting," he said, staring a bit mournfully into his glass. "One thing I like is the people, but when I was out on the set, I saw what being in movies is all about. You sit around a lot, you're in

front of the cameras for a couple of minutes and then you start sitting around again until they're ready for you. That's a lot of sitting."

Show business, however, has the flash and the glamor that is now a part of him, and he finds it hard to resist. When he was offered a syndicated weekly television show of his own last fall, he accepted eagerly. *The Joe Namath Show* was an embarrassing mélange of self-conscious locker-room talk and football gossip, often spiced with thudding innuendoes about his sex life. "It was disorganized," Namath says now. "A lot of the time, I'd show up at the studio never really knowing just what was going to happen. I did it for the money, about $100,000, because I don't know how long all this is gonna last. I figure I might as well take what I can get while I can get it."

And while he can still afford to, Namath has lent his name—and occasionally his cash—to a series of businesses. But the most successful of these—the chain of Bachelors III bars and the Mantle Men & Namath Girls employment agency—rest on his football fame. Take him off the field and out of the newspapers and his budding empire will probably wither. Whatever he does, he's got the next couple of years by the tail, beyond that—where he'll be in five years—is a mystery. "I'll probably wind up coaching, but only in the pros, though I don't know who the hell would want to hire me," he said. "I sure don't want to be a college coach." Was football beginning to bore him? "Oh, I don't think I'm *bored* with it," he answered. "It's just that I'm not hungry out there anymore. Maybe it's because I don't need the money; I don't know. But I'm just not *hungry* anymore."

When an athlete says he's no longer hungry, it's pack-up time. In football, hungry means being orthodox in a special, savage sense of the word. To a Dick Butkus, it means throwing your body into a wall of blockers, getting repulsed three times in two seconds, but that fourth time you catch the halfback coming over tackle and you dismember him. Athletes can't fake that kind of orthodoxy. The keepers of the faith make gridiron miracles: Y. A. Tittle, Bart Starr, Johnny Unitas, Roman Gabriel and, that thrower of the obscene pass, Joe Kapp, all hold the belief. Compare the results of this unquestioning, mad religion of victory with the legacy of the faithless—Don Meredith, Sonny Jurgensen, Norm Snead, John Brodie, Craig Morton. The difference is, quite simply, that the priests are winners, while the Sunday-afternoon visitors at the altar are losers.

Or are they? Namath changed all that. He demonstrated that you can be a winner without confusing the sport with a search for the Holy Grail. "I've always been an athlete," he said. "And I've worked hard at it—you don't do otherwise when you play for coach Paul Bryant at Alabama. When I got out of school, though, I began to see that football is really just a small part of life. I knew I was less dedicated to football as a pro than I'd been in college, but I didn't want to think about all that until after I'd accomplished the goal I'd set for myself and the team—winning the Super Bowl." *The* Super Bowl: The New York Jets' victory over the Baltimore Colts two years ago was (the triumphs of the Mets and Muhammad Ali notwithstanding) the most dramatic professional athletic achievement of the television age. But now Namath is no longer hungry. How can he last in football without that insatiable appetite for victory?

He can't. If his head doesn't do him in, his body will: Namath's knees won't take the strain longer than two more seasons at the outside, by which time he'd like to be into something else. The something else is more likely to be acting than coaching, if only because it's easier and far more lucrative—which is why he signed up for his second movie, *C. C. and Company*, shot last spring in Arizona. He stars in it as a motorcycle-gang leader with a passion for fighting, drinking and Ann-Margret.

He was still working on *C. C. and Company* when Larry Spangler, 31, the producer of his TV show, put together a third film project, *The Last Rebel*, which was shot in Rome at the start of last summer. For five weeks of work, Namath was paid $150,000 plus a percentage of the gross. It had to be that way simply because he is the gimmick, the sole *raison d'être* of the movie; otherwise, it would still be a dust-gathering, five-year-old script written originally for Eli Wallach. As *The Last Rebel*, Namath plays Captain Burnside Hollis, the last Confederate soldier to walk around in field grays, bitching and moaning about how the South blew the Civil War. A few weeks after Appomattox, Hollis, defying dirty looks from his untrustworthy side-kick (Jack Elam), rescues a black man (Woody Strode) from a lynch party being held in his honor. When the three of them rein in after eluding their pursuers, nasty Elam (one of the finest Western villains extant) says to silently grateful Strode, "Last time I saved a nigger's life, he said thank you." Strode, who's obviously strong enough to crack Elam between his thumb and index finger, merely scowls in reply. Right.

• • •

In Rome, Namath was staying at the Palazzo Ambasciatori on the Via Veneto. When he met me at the door of his elegant little suite, he was clad only in a pair of tapestry bells and looking fit. Namath often tends to appear pudgy in his football gear, but, in fact, he is all muscle through his arms, shoulders and chest, and any time there's a mirror around (there was), he's in front of it absent-mindedly combing his hair or flexing his biceps or patting his stomach. He began doing a combination of all three shortly after I walked in. "Pretty good, huh?" he said, admiring himself. "I'm down to 185 already—playing weight." A quick grimace followed. "Shit, I don't even want to *think* about playing football. Man, it's going to be so bad this year. Guys comin' in and piling on top, banging me around—and it hurts more when you play in the cold. Everybody gets injuries and you have to take them for granted, but you never get *used* to being hurt. And after a game, I hurt before I get to the dressing room, and it hurts worse when you lose." But when you win? "When you win, *nothing* hurts," Namath replied with a laugh, but it was tinny and self-conscious.

Namath didn't want to talk football. He switched the subject to movies by pulling out a *Norwood* ad, clipped from a Southern newspaper, in which he and Glen Campbell were given equal billing as the movie's stars. "That's really dishonest," he remarks. "I'm in the movie for five minutes and they're trying to get people into the theater by faking them out. My lawyers got on that one fast."

Namath was not enthusiastic about *Norwood*, but *C. C. and Company* was something else. "Had a great time making that in Arizona," he said, producing a comb and grooming a shock of black hair until it terraces his forehead just right. "You know Mike Battle, the kid who plays safety for us? He's in the film and in one scene, we have a fight and I have to grab him good. Man, I must have got carried away, 'cause I lifted him up by his chest and he thought I was gonna *kill* him! The whole thing was fun; we took those bikes out into the desert every day. Look at this," he said, showing me a silver-dollar-sized scar on his right forearm, a result of falling off his cycle.

Called upon in *C. C. and Company* to give a sustained performance for the first time, Namath feels that at least he didn't make a fool of himself and gives most of the credit to his co-star, Ann-Margret. "She's a hell of a lady," he said. "I'd heard she was difficult to get along with and stuff like that, but she couldn't have been nicer. The thing I was most worried about were the love scenes, but she's a real pro, friendly, and she made me feel comfortable. Not *too* comfortable, though—her husband, Roger Smith, was the coproducer."

Namath was relaxed and mellow after two long Scotches. He rarely gets drunk, because the slightest public misstep he takes is magnified into a major transgression. And, contrary to his public image, he doesn't like to talk about himself. But he was celebrating that Friday night. "Tomorrow's the last day of shooting at Cinecitta," he said. "After that, we have a week on location and then I'm done.

(continued on page 188)

WHAT EXACTLY SHOULD I MAKE PERFECTLY CLEAR?

a top-secret portfolio of carefully reasoned reports to the president on the state of the union—such as it is

Richard M. Nixon

President of the United States

1969–19__

TO: Finch

FROM: R.M.N.

SUBJECT: Little job (with the understanding that, when the affairs of the nation are at stake, no job is little).

Bob, as you know, and as every good American who devoted his ballot to me knows, it is the President's duty--that is to say, my duty, since I am, as you know, the President--to report annually to the Congress and the American people on the State of the Union. Tradition has dictated that this report be given in the month of January, that is, the first month of the year. I need you, Bob, to help in this grave undertaking. I have weighty affairs on my Presidential mind, Bob, from the Super Bowl to finding a decent job for my son-in-law. Thus I may not have much time to prepare my speech.

Would you, in a spirit of service, check with the top men around here, Washington, D.C., and ask them to send me, the President, informal memos about what is going on. As the President who will give the speech in this and many years to come, I will rely on the information they give me. If you get lost around the city, Bob, call my office. The number is stenciled under your lapel.

Your President (of the United States)

MEMO ROUTING SLIP	*NEVER USE FOR APPROVALS, DISAPPROVALS, CONCURRENCES, OR SIMILAR ACTIONS*	ACTION

Dear Mr. President,

Per your request, transmitted to me by messenger (and not a very orderly-looking messenger at that, Mr. President), for informal assessments of the current situation within the respective specialties of senior members of the Government, herewith my report on the Vietnam war.

All the indices are positively positive. The general who replaced me (damned if I can remember that fellow's name) has adequately capitalized on the splendid victories the allies gained in the winter of '68. It was during this period of the war that we successfully divided the enemy's forces, fixing him at two widely separate locations: the United States embassy in Saigon and Khe Sahn combat base 200 or 300 kilometers to the north. The consequent destruction of main-line enemy forces was, I must say with all professional modesty, one of the finest hours in the history of United States military operations.

Following this decisive victory, I was, you remember, gloriously returned to the United States by your predecessor, leaving the subsequent wiping-up operations to my replacement (I think it's Adams). I take exception to only a few of his modifications in the war policy.

Vietnamese troops are being employed in offensive operations. I have a proper amount of professional respect for the Oriental trooper, but one must consider the stakes in this war. Should we rely on gooks when the freedom of all Asia is at stake?

Enemy body-count figures are low. This looks bad on our graphs. We must correct it.

As a result of the two aforementioned strategic deficiencies, American morale has fallen. Some troops have shown an alarming reluctance to risk life and limb in the pursuit of our objectives in Vietnam. Others have begun to use narcotics and give interviews. Soldiers should never give interviews. Which brings me to a final observation. If I had anything to do over again, I would prohibit newsmen from entering Vietnam. They quite clearly do not want to play for the team--our team, that is. But I understand that this matter is being taken up by the Vice-President in his memo. In closing, I think that in spite of the deficiencies noted above, the effort in Vietnam is proceeding apace and that we are definitely seeing the light at the end of the tunnel (if I may coin a phrase). I do, however, strongly question our lily-livered, hands-off policies with respect to Laos and Cambodia and will comment on them at your pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
General William Westmoreland, U.S.A.

DD FORM 1 OCT 60 95 REPLACES PREVIOUS EDITION

Spiro T. Agnew

Vice-President of the United States

Dear Mr. President:

As you know, the foundations of the fourth estate are in danger of being gnawed away by the epicene incisors of those meretricious Messalians who call themselves the Eastern press. That's the way I'd put it in public, anyway--but just between you and I, not speaking as a popular Vice-President who's only a heartbeat away from your job, I think somebody ought to give all those farts a swift kick in the butt for the way they screw around with the news.

If you ever watched the news on TV you'd puke. I know that you told me to go after those TV newsmen for purely political reasons, but by God, Dick, they really do distort the news. When we're trying to disengage ourselves from Vietnam, they insidiously overreact to a little side jaunt into Cambodia, as if that didn't get a lot of troops out of Vietnam; when we're trying to make integration proceed according to some sane guidelines, they claim we're not giving the Southern nigras a fair shake; and whenever they photograph me, it's either my bad side or they catch me picking my nose.

We did manage to get rid of that Huntley when somebody gave him half a goddamn national forest in Montana so he could turn it into a tourist resort--and I say what's a bunch of virgin timber lost compared to getting him off the air? It's that snotty partner of his, that twerp Brinkley, who burns my ass. I'd like to smear that sneer of his all over the East Coast. (Which reminds me--I just heard a good one about three Jap diplomats on a roller coaster with a nearsighted Polack whore--I'll tell it to you the next time Finch isn't around; that little jerk doesn't have any sense of humor) Cronkite spends too much time bitching about ecology, but we can keep him off our backs by sending up plenty of moon rockets for him to goo over. ABC looks good--that Howard K. Smith isn't the kind of guy I'd like to get plastered with, but at least he's on our side, and that's one step toward greater objectivity in the news.

That's the way things stand. But I have a dream--I can see a day when truth returns to the airways, when the news is presented by men that people can respect, dispassionate men like Herb Klein. If we could get him a nightly national news show, my sleep would be less troubled. And I bet Finch would make one hell of a good TV weatherman.

Yours,
Ted

J.N.E.

Dear Dad Dick:

Gosh, it was swell of you to ask me of all people about youth on campus. When I told Julie, she was so happy about it she made a tuna casserole shaped in your profile. I ate your nose, and it was swell. That daughter of yours is real cute, Dad.

I myself was a youth on campus until recently, and I can say in all modesty that I'm typical of the vast silent majority of sensible students in this country, even though their grandfathers didn't win World War Two or give you your big political break, Dad. I don't claim to be an expert, let me make that perfectly clear, but I did investigate some--I got all of Reader's Digest's reprints on the subject, watched a rerun of College Confidential (with the great Mamie Van Doren) on the late show, listened to the latest underground LP by Country Fish and the Joes, and asked Julie what she thought you'd like to hear. So I've done my homework. As I see it, there are four problem areas: protest, drugs, sex and education.

As for protestors, I hope you'll continue to show them that you won't make national policy according to the whims of a few million young bums and Commies.

All the talk about drugs on campus is mostly baloney. Speaking for myself, I would never take anything to expand my mind because I want to be President when I grow up. You'll never catch me dropping Mary-T or shooting acid (as we young folks say). Sometimes late at night, after Julie's asleep, I pour myself a stiff glass of Bali-Hai, but everyone's entitled to his fun, I figure. As for all those people who are on harder stuff, I expect they're probably Democrats anyway.

The last two problem areas--sex and education--are directly related, I think. Despite all the determined efforts of dedicated administrators, there is still sex on most campuses. Girls walk around with breasts and genitals beneath their clothes (pardon my language, Dad, but I want you to know the truth), and most of the boys know about it. This makes the fellows tense and irritable, and distracts them from their studies. We boys at Amherst never had that distraction; if you don't believe me, ask Rodney, my wonderful ex-roommate.

That's about all, Dad. I just want to add that it's great being your son-in-law and Julie's husband, and after you unleash the hounds of state I hope you'll come to live with Julie and me, even if no one else will have you. The White House is a big place, and I'm sure we can find you and Mom Nixon a corner in it somewhere.

Love, David E.
D. Eisenhower

From the desk of L. Mendel Rivers

Dear Mr. President:

Fink, your house hippie from California, came by the other day asking for a memo on the nation's defenses. I ran the little squirt out of my office. However, Dick Russell, my esteemed Georgia colleague in the Upper House, assured me that the request was genuine. I don't understand why you trust that pinko with such vital errands, but that's your business.

At this writing, the United States is prepared to fight only one and a half wars, down one from last year Since we already have one war on our hands, we can fight only one half of another. Now, I don't trust foreigners, and I know you don't either, so we really can't count on any of our so-called allies to pick up the other half if we get into a real down-home Donnybrook. My recommendation is that we either beef up our forces or see to it that we don't get into a scrap with anybody bigger than, say, Ceylon.

As a loyal American, I'd prefer to see us retool for our traditional two and a half--hell, round it off and make it three--wars. Like Dick Russell says, it's better, if the world gets down to just two people, that those people be Americans. There's no better way to make sure this will happen than to strengthen our defense establishment.

If the lefties don't like that, we can put the sons of bitches underneath the jail. All the contractors want to do is make a decent profit. Nobody likes war.

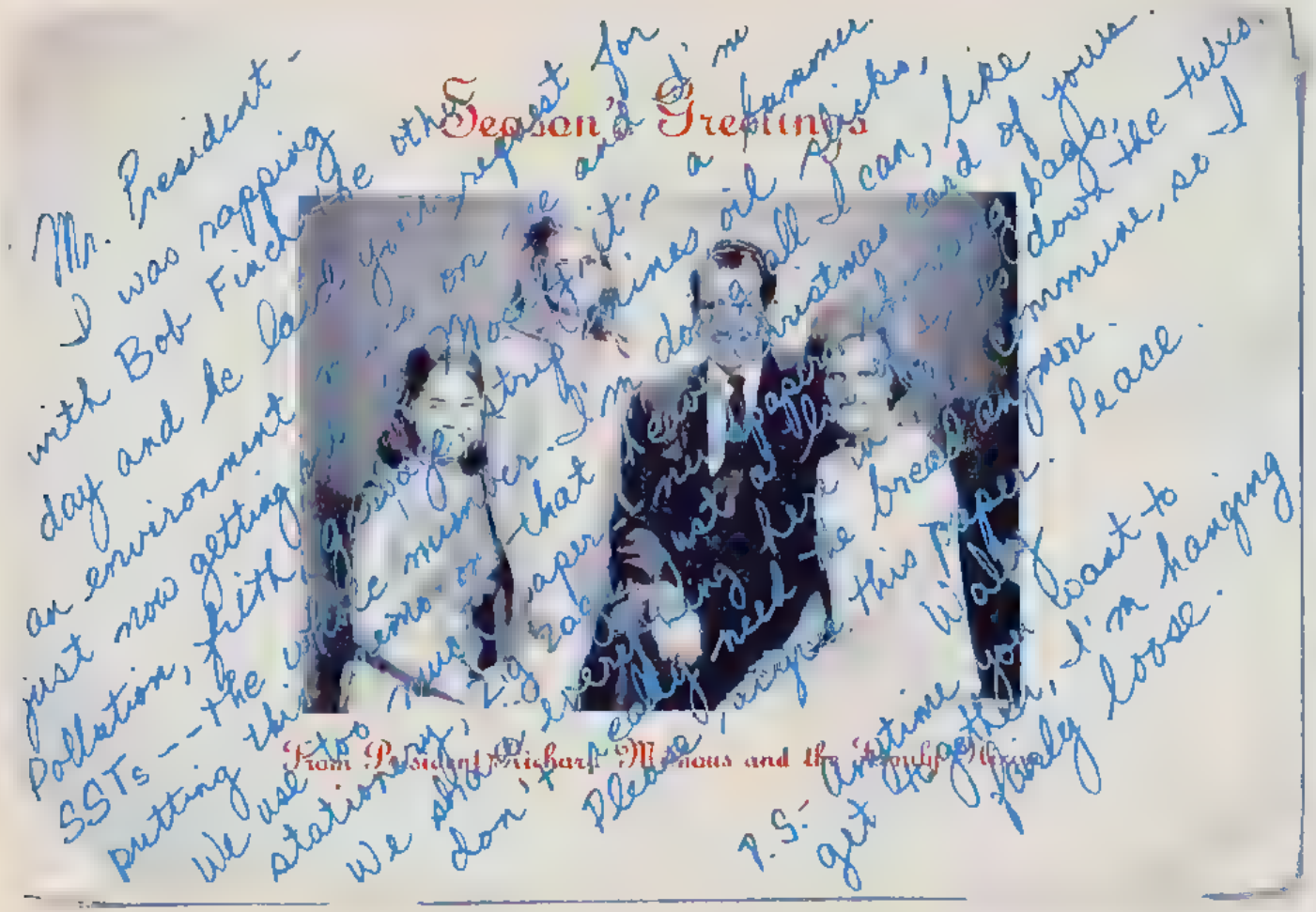
I cannot close this memo without drawing your attention to the sorry state of affairs in two critical parts of the world.

Namely, in Vietnam our troops continue to fight and die without us giving them the tools to finish the job. You know what I mean.

Next, an area in even worse trouble: Charleston, South Carolina. Any man with military sense knows that Charleston is the key. Look where the Civil War started. It is urgent that we get an ABM network, deep-water facilities for Poseidon submarines and some nuclear-powered carriers into this vital area immediately. I'm sure I don't have to emphasize the importance of this area of the country to you.

Best wishes and stop by for a drink sometime. (Come alone; I don't want to talk to that Fink.)

For now,
L.M.R.



J. Edgar Hoover Director, FBI

Mr. President:

I'm sure you're fully aware that, as a precautionary measure, I do not answer my own telephone. My secretary does it for me. I do, however, tap my own phone. The other day an alleged Bob Finch evidently called to ask that I prepare a memo to you on the International Communist Conspiracy.

First let me suggest that you read my book, Masters of Deception (or something like that). I based it on information I gathered in 1915, when I was a young, handsome, virile law officer dedicated to wiping out the Red Menace. Those were the days of running boards and rotgut, when if you caught a Commie you double-team rubber-hosed him until he told the truth about his creeping infamy. (Actually, that's the way I wrote the book--a highly placed Commie creep, a rubber hose and a male steno to take notes. It took eight of my best men to kick chapter one out of the vile underminer of order, but after that he was volunteering footnotes.)

Since then we've had several Commie Presidents, countless Red Senators and lots of pinko Supreme Court Justices. In the guise of friendship, most of them have been out to get me (as are most of my staff and all those Reader's Digest Comsymps), but I have persevered. Needless to say, I haven't paid any attention to their precious wire-tap laws or that subversive "probable cause" claptrap. I know it's a Marxist ruse to undermine my safety, even Lance, my bodyguard, agrees that I'm threatened by everyone but him. But I do hate to be sneaky. I'd rather be aboveboard.

I'd like to suggest to the American public that the best way to halt the spread of infectious communism is to repeal all those civil-Commie-liberty laws and requisition 20 feet of number-two heavy-duty garden hose for every FBI field office. Then give me one year, and I'll turn America back over to the Americans--the few true patriots who are left, that is.

If this doesn't meet with your approval, I'd suggest you send the alleged Finch over to pick up some tapes I've put together after monitoring the ship-to-shore radio on Bebe Rebozo's boat. Right now I'm just holding them for laughs--but that could change, Mr. President.

Respectfully,
J.E.H.

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

Dear Richard:

I've expressed my feelings on crime to you ever since I took you in as my law partner, right after you gave up politics forever, so I won't outline my position in detail. Murders, rapes and crimes of passion have soared in the past year; the rate of drug arrests is up nearly 200 percent; and our reports also indicate a slight increase in necrophilia--although we feel that is merely a technical gain, and lacks broad support

Frankly, Richard, we simply haven't got the legal apparatus necessary to stem this rising tide of counterproductive behavior. The new "no-knock" law is good in principle, but damn it, you have to know where not to knock. I believe we should initiate a campaign to make the public more sensitive to our problems--make them realize that it's in the interests of national security for them to inform regularly on their family and neighbors. And as for this wire-tapping business, I'm afraid it's just not going to be very effective. We have a few tapes proving conclusively that Abbie Hoffman calls his mother every day, and some strange ones of Finch (he keeps talking about "lids," "tokes" and "dynamite shit" to Wally; I don't understand it), but otherwise it's a zero.

Richard, you've always listened to my advice, just as I've always listened to Martha's, and my advice to you now is to get out of Washington while the getting's good. We both took big salary cuts so you could be President and get it out of your system, but I should think you would be tired of it by now. Wouldn't you rather be back in Wall Street, where you can haul down some real dough, and where you'll have some real power? I know you like being on television, but we must try to keep our priorities straight.

John

P.S. Martha wanted to tell you this on the phone the other morning at two A.M., but I figured you might be watching the late show.

norway's liv lindeland goes west—all the way to southern california—in quest of screen success

THERE'S A LOT TO LIV

EARLY NORDIC PEOPLES often named their offspring after mythical heroes or the vivid world around them: deities, flowers, birds or seasons of the year. A contemporary variation on that ancient custom gave Norwegian-born Liv Lindeland, who now lives in the U.S., her name. "'Liv' means 'life' in Norwegian," says the 25-year-old aspiring actress. "I think it suits me well, and it helps explain why I want a life that's full of excitement." True to the tradition of her Viking ancestors, those legendary voyagers, she says her name "also reflects my urge to do the unusual and to travel to places I've never seen. In fact, it was my restlessness that made me decide to come to America in 1965. I came just for a visit; but when I arrived, I liked the country and the people so much I decided to stay." The first city in the U.S. she called home was Boston, where she lived for four years and began a career in fashion modeling. An awakening interest in television and film work, nurtured by some encouragement from friends, took Liv to Los Angeles—and to Hollywood's film studios. After a year on the Coast, she's already creating quite a stir—both on the sets and off, where she moves in filmdom's upper-strata star-producer-director social whirl. So far, besides continuing her modeling, Liv has made several TV commercials, appeared on *Rowan and Martin's Laugh In* and soon will be making that dreamed-of leap to the big screen: a role in the film version of Jacqueline Susann's *The Love Machine*, to be released next year. Though she's landed a movie part and seems to be scaling the proverbial ladder in impressive fashion, Liv believes she needs more and wider dramatic experience. To that end, she recently enrolled in the Robert Arthur Workshop, a drama school in which she's improving not only her acting ability but also her English. "But I wouldn't want to lose my accent entirely," she

Home from the studio in the apartment she shares with a friend, hero-worshiping Liv is still surrounded by film notables—large plaster-of-Paris figures of Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields, and Laurel and Hardy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

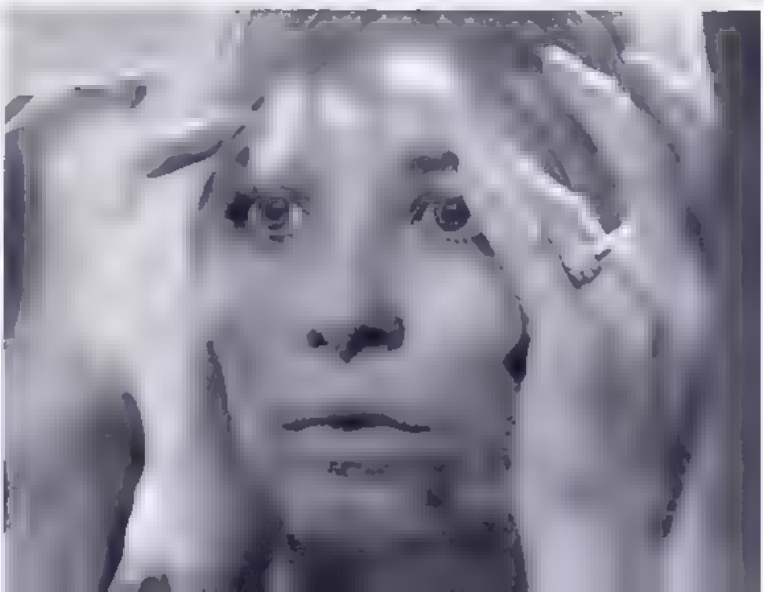
Although Liv's modeling and television-commercial work means long hours before the cameras, she likes to take an occasional busman's holiday—in this case, a tour of Universal Studios, a standard tourist attraction—and spoofs it up like no out-of-towner.

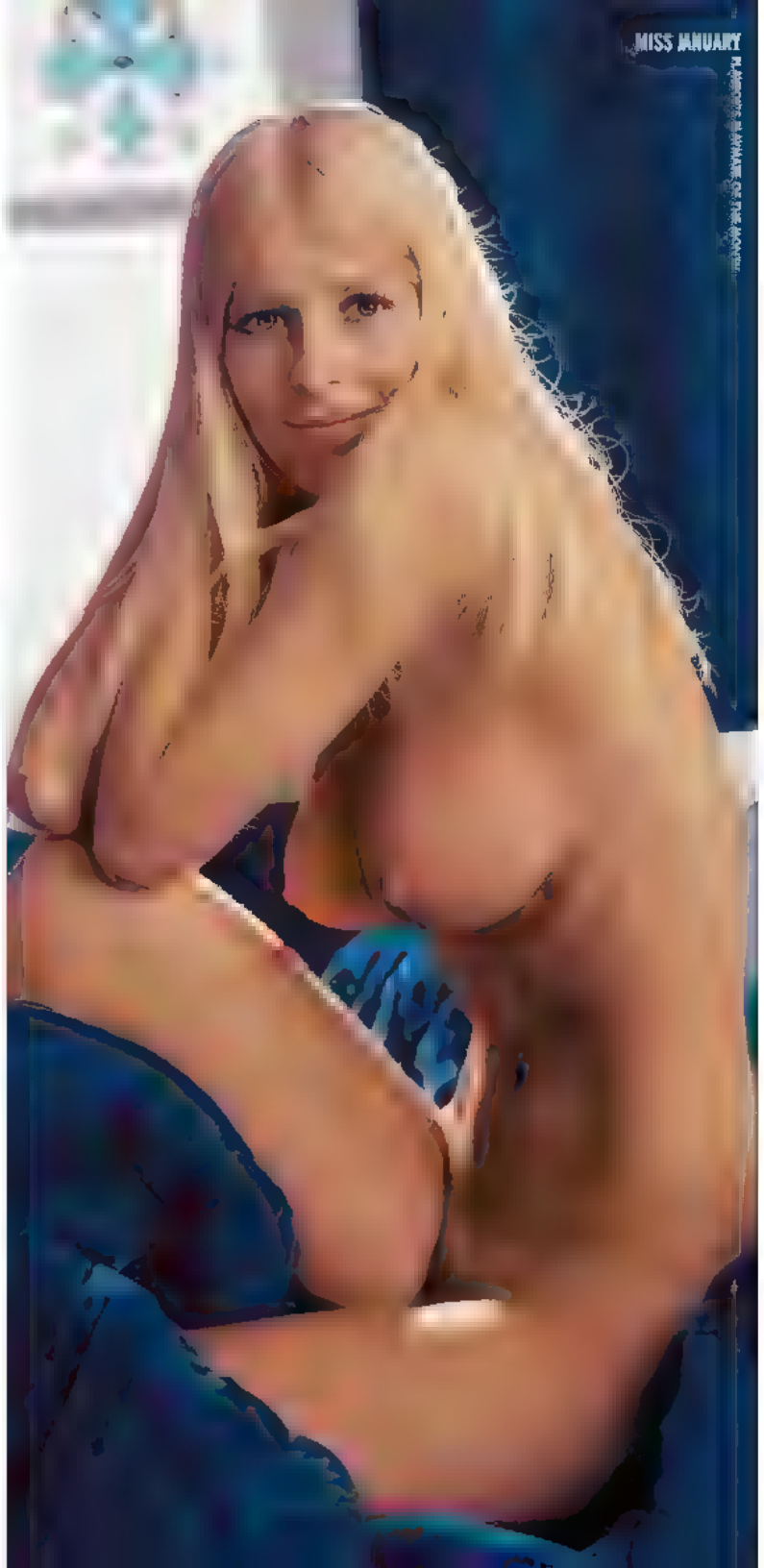
Liv has already learned a few tricks of her new trade, but she was in for a surprising eye opener when she visited a cowboy-film set. As part of her tour, an actor shows her the kind of sugar-candy "glass" that's used for bottles in barroom-breakup scenes.

Liv herself breaks up as she watches the sugar-candy battle shatter realistically on an obliging head. Later, she's selected from her tour group to play a dance-hall girl in a television scene enacted to show the visitors a typical take.

says. "I want to modify it for films and television, but my voice is part of my personality; it identifies my national heritage." In addition to studying diction and delivery, Liv is also boning up on cinematography and editing. "I want to understand what's happening on the other side of the camera," she says, "and the only way to do that is to find out from the people who know. So I ask lots of questions—and I try to read everything I can about the subject. In fact, that's how I became interested in the films of D. W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin and Orson Welles. I found that by studying the classics, I could learn more about today's films. To tell you the truth, though, I really don't feel that the movies being made today can compare in character portrayals or film techniques—with such greats as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* or *Citizen Kane*, which I believe is the greatest film ever made." While diligent Liv plans to pursue her movie career as far as it will take her, she sees herself—in time—reversing the customary showbiz exodus by moving on to the theater. "Since I enrolled in the workshop, I've had a desire to act on Broadway. More now than ever before, I believe that's where the fun is, because you're playing to a live audience. In the theater, much more than in films, you're aware of the audience's expectations and of the quality of your own performance, because the people are right there in front of you. And from their applause—or lack of it—you can really tell if you're a good actress or just another struggling amateur." Says Liv of her long-range future: "Someday I'd like to go back and do film or theater work in Norway; though I've been away so long, it's still really home to me." Even if she goes ahead with her plans to perform in Scandinavia, we hope lively Liv will eventually overcome her ancestral urge to roam—and settle down Stateside for good.

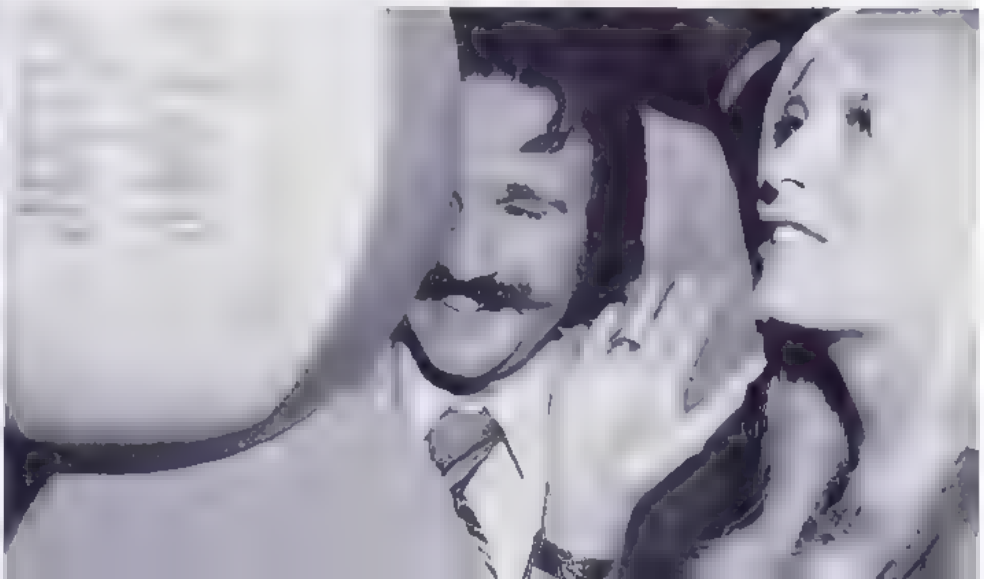
Scene completed, Liv (below left) enjoys an instant replay on the studio monitor. After the fun morning, followed by an afternoon of sunning, Liv checks out her make-up as she gets ready for an elegant Hollywood bash.




MISS JANUARY

That evening, Liv and her constant escort, producer-director Jack Haley, Jr. (below), arrive at a cocktail party for novelist Jacqueline Susann. (Haley will direct her *The Love Machine*'s forthcoming film version, in which Liv will play the appropriate role of a TV and film fashion model.) As the party begins to swing, our Miss January chats with numerous guests, including such stars as Tina Louise and Goldie Hawn, the movie's producer Mike Frankovich and writer-actor-singer Anthony Newley (center and below right).

Another guest among the many personalities at the party, whom Liv obviously enjoys, is Brian Kelly (left), who starred in the *Flipper* series. And, in festive mood, our Playmate gives a symbolic send-off to a *Love Machine* promotional balloon.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The ham actor had a habit of embellishing everything he said with overblown phrases. One afternoon he returned to his Bel Air mansion unexpectedly and was greeted by the maid. "Are you looking for your wife, sir?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered in Burgundian tones, "I seek my best friend and severest critic."

"Your severest critic is in the bedroom," said the maid, "And your best friend just jumped out the window."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adolescence* as the time when a girl's voice changes from no to yes.

A young airline stewardess, Faye,
Has achieved liberation today
She screwed without quittin'
From New York to Britain—
It's clear she has come a long way.

The middle-aged spinster returned to her apartment with a supply of birth-control pills she'd just purchased at the local pharmacy. "I don't understand it," said her perplexed roommate. "In the past three weeks, you've purchased enough birth-control pills to last a year, plus vaginal foam, flavored douches and a diaphragm—and I didn't even know you had a boyfriend. Who are you trying to seduce?"

"I should think you could guess," came the reply. "The druggist."

A waggish historian tells us that when General Grant invaded the South, he spent the first four days of his campaign trying to find the cellar where the grapes of wrath were stored.

I've finally found a man with both feet planted firmly on the ground," the pretty young thing bragged.

"That's very nice," her friend replied, "but how does he get his pants off?"

While traveling in England, the young American photographer attended a palace ball and was introduced to the Queen. "This is a coincidence," she said graciously. "My brother-in-law happens to be a photographer."

"It certainly is a coincidence," he retorted brightly. "*My* brother-in-law happens to be a queen."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mate swapping* as a home-improvement loan.

The happily stoned hippie was arrested for possession of marijuana and taken to the police station to be booked. "You're allowed to make one call," the sergeant announced, handing him the phone, "and I suggest you call a lawyer."

After making his call, the hippie was questioned by the police but refused to answer. Forty-five minutes later, a man entered the station and the sergeant turned to him expectantly. "Are you this kid's lawyer?" he asked.

"Nope," the chap replied. "I'm just here to deliver an anchovy pizza."

And, of course, you've heard about the wife who filed for divorce on the grounds that her husband was careless about his appearance—she hadn't seen him in five years.

A missionary who was journeying up the Amazon decided to teach his native guide a few words of English. First, he pointed to various objects in the rain forest and gave their names. The guide dutifully repeated them and the missionary was quite pleased, until they happened to pass two people making love on the riverbank. Embarrassed the man of God said, "Man riding bicycle."

The native immediately drew his bow and let fly an arrow.

"Man riding *my* bicycle!" he exclaimed.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

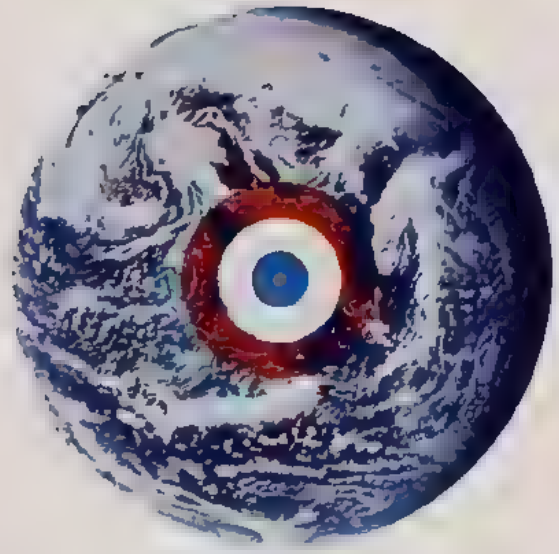
"As you know, Miss Simpson, I wasn't here for the Christmas party and I understand you went back into the stock room with a number of the guys and, well . . . I was wondering. . . ."

A NEW SET OF NATIONAL PRIORITIES

three blueprints for postwar reconciliation and reconstruction

Only a few months after the first withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, President Nixon's advisors predicted that the end of the war—which cost between 25 and 30 billion dollars a year at its peak—would result in none of the windfalls that had been expected for new domestic programs beyond those few already announced. "I'm afraid that the peace dividend tends to become evanescent, like the morning clouds around San Clemente," said urban affairs advisor Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It was as if the Administration feared that acknowledging a dividend would compel it to come up with more creative uses for the money than it had so far proposed. Moynihan's statement and others like it gave the dismaying impression that nearly all of the Vietnam savings were earmarked for the Pentagon. That impression seems now to have been at least partly mistaken. To Nixon's credit, he has outlined two domestic programs of some scope—revenue sharing with the states and the Family Assistance Program—and, with Congress, has sharply trimmed the defense budget. Yet, despite peace offers and further troop withdrawals, the war continues and the Administration persists in its advocacy of such multibillion-dollar death gadgets as MIRVs, a redesigned manned nuclear bomber and an expanded ABM system, while we choke in our own effluents, our cities rot and the country's 30,000,000 poor get poorer.

It was in the belief that these three problems—the environmental and urban crises and the continuing plague of poverty—are the most serious facing the nation, and at the same time among the most amenable to governmental amelioration, that this editorial symposium was conceived. One of the earliest and most vigorous Congressional battlers against pollution, Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson, calls in "Cleansing the Environment" for a fundamental change in the American attitude toward technological progress—from consumption to conservation of our national resources—and proposes a sweeping new set of national policies as major first steps in the campaign to reclaim our environment. In "Saving the Cities," Cleveland's Carl B. Stokes, first black mayor of a major U.S. city, expertly diagnoses the urban malaise and prescribes the economic and legislative remedies that may cure it—if we have the will before it's too late. The third article, "Eradicating Poverty," was written for PLAYBOY *by sociologist Michael Harrington, whose seminal book, "The Other America," was responsible to a great degree for awakening the nation's conscience to the scandal of poverty amid affluence. Harrington analyzes President Nixon's proposed welfare reforms and demonstrates the ways in which a victory in the war on poverty—which he feels is still a skirmish—would be in the best interests not only of the poor but of all Americans. Taken together, we believe these three essays make a compelling case for the radical reordering of national priorities the United States must undertake now if it is to survive as an equitable and habitable society.*



CLEANSING THE ENVIRONMENT

By U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson

FOR ALL THE TRAGEDY and frustration the Vietnam war has brought, it may also give this nation a great dividend, if we are willing to take advantage of it. In the mirror the war has held up to America, we've seen a draft system that takes more of the poor than the well off; a Government so involved in trying to carry on the foreign and domestic policies of the past that it has been blind to the new priorities of the present; an affluent society with hunger in its midst, a democratic, egalitarian system increasingly torn by generational, racial and class conflict. Thus the most valuable immediate legacy of the war in Southeast Asia may not be money but a new American understanding of the challenges and dangers facing our society here at home. To quote a Pogo observation: "We have met the enemy, and he is us"—an already classic aphorism that applies most acutely to the megacrisis of our damaged environment.

Because it involves a whole range of interrelated concerns—from consumerism to human rights to the relevance of contemporary institutions—the environmental issue has succeeded in gaining the support of a remarkably broad spectrum of American society, left to right, old and young, Democrat and Republican. And though they may not have stopped pollution yet, the past year's anti-litter campaigns, product boycotts, protests in corporation stockholders' meetings, burials of automobiles—and Earth Day itself—have dramatized for the entire country the consequences of Progress, American Style, the creed by which, with science and technology as the New Testament and gross national product as the Holy Grail, we manage each year to produce 200,000,000 tons of smoke and fumes, 7,000,000 junked cars, 76 billion disposable containers and tens of millions of tons of raw sewage and industrial wastes.

The great ecology debate has already accomplished what decades of conservationists' anguished cries about the rape of nature could not. "It has made the connections in the public's mind," says writer Garrett De Bell: He cites the taxi driver who now understands how automobile emissions are causing smog in his city and the housewife who knows that the algae scum on the nearby lake is, in part, brought on by the high phosphorus-content detergent she may use. National opinion polls show the environment ranking near the top of all issues on the public's mind. Viewing the citizen furor over an industry's failure to ask the community where a major new plant should be located, a company official remarked candidly: "Public opinion has changed the rules without prior notice—and industry has been caught short."

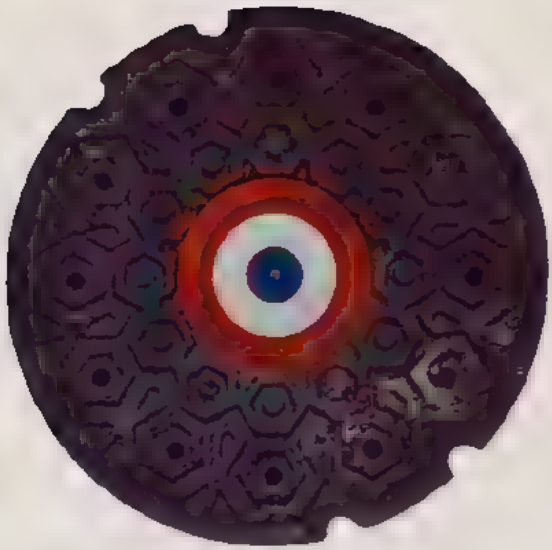
This dramatically increasing public awareness that the American pursuit of quantity at any price is making the country a polluted, ravaged wasteland has not escaped the attention of those responsible for government and corporate policies. In recent months, pollution has been unanimously condemned in politicians' speeches and corporation advertisements. But in view of the gap between ecological rhetoric and actual performance, it is obvious that—though the public may be catching on—our institutions and their leaders have yet to accept the fact that putting a stop to the assault on the environment is going to require tough decisions and unprecedented changes in national priorities. The fact is that city hall is barely out of the starting gate in mobilizing to clean up our environment. In government and industry, the attitude of business as usual still prevails, as evidenced by the following four examples of the environmental performance gap:

The Mercury Disaster: When mercury from industrial plants was found in Lake Erie fish last spring, water-pollution-control and health officials were stunned. This element is so poisonous that they had naïvely assumed no one would knowingly put it into the environment. (A Federal sampling of U. S. water supplies showed that millions of people are drinking either inferior or potentially hazardous water.)

Sewage Treatment: Today, in the nation that has put men on the moon, less than one third of our population is served by an adequate sewage-treatment plant and sewer system. Even though Congress several years ago declared a national commitment to clean water, appropriations have lagged seriously and this year totaled one-quarter billion dollars less than authorized.

Air Quality: In the seven years since Congress passed the first national clean-air act, only one court action against a polluter has resulted. And according to recent information, no enforcement has resulted yet from the 1967 Air Quality Act. Under this Federal law, exhaust standards were set on the automobile. But while the pampered prototype cars that were tested for compliance did just fine, pollution from cars off the production line quickly soared above the limit.

The truth is that the internal-combustion engine, the greatest single source of air pollution in America (up to 90 percent in some cities), could have been cleaned up years *(continued on page 150)*



SAVING THE CITIES

By Mayor Carl B. Stokes

THERE is nothing fundamentally wrong with America's cities that money can't cure—money in the amount that has been going down the drain in Vietnam. Thirty billion dollars a year would be good for openers. The problems of the cities—deteriorating housing, high unemployment, inadequate health care, air and water pollution, miserable mass transportation, poor education, etc.—have been cussed and discussed, analyzed and panelized so thoroughly that any mayor would be able to list them in his sleep and give you a dollar figure for solving or alleviating each specific problem in his own city. Cleveland, where I have served as chief executive since 1967, certainly has an ample share of these problems. Using it as an example should help explain the social, economic and environmental ills that plague most large American cities.

• Cleveland needs a billion dollars for housing alone. With such funds we could eliminate, by demolition or rehabilitation, the 47,000 substandard units we now have and build 20,000 more units of low-rent public housing. Rigorous code-enforcement programs to prevent neighborhoods from deteriorating and to assist property owners in repairing and modernizing their homes could finally be well funded and adequately staffed.

• Beyond money for housing, the city needs a half billion dollars to eliminate hard-core unemployment through job-training programs, to upgrade the skills of the thousands who are marginally employed at jobs paying less than subsistence wages and to enable the city and other public agencies to be the "employer of last resort" when the private sector is unable or unwilling to provide full employment.

• It would take several hundred million dollars to improve health care in the city of Cleveland, where—as an example—some 600 babies die each year at birth or in the first year of life because their mothers lack prenatal care and the infants themselves are inadequately cared for in crucial early development.

• Cleveland's air and water pollution could be abated by expenditures of 1.5 billion dollars. With an investment of that magnitude, the Cuyahoga River would no longer be a fire hazard, Lake Erie once again would be the recreational godsend it was when I swam in it as a boy—and the air would become fit to breathe again.

• A half billion dollars from the continually swelling Highway Trust Fund, now exclusively devoted to the Federal interstate-highway program, or from some other source, would enable Cleveland to complete a badly needed system of rapid transit to all parts of the metropolitan area. This money also could be used to reform and expand our bus lines, so that inner-city residents could get to the suburban industrial parks where, increasingly, jobs are concentrated. And with better transportation facilities resulting from the additional funds, all residents of Greater Cleveland would be able not only to get to the work centers more easily but also to enjoy the cultural, recreational and educational facilities that the central city affords.

• The Cleveland school system needs an additional half billion dollars a year to replace obsolete buildings and equipment and to make other long-term investments, especially in the inner city; to create programs thoroughly relevant to today's needs; and to reduce the growing number of dropouts, whose future now is hard-core unemployment, alienation from society and susceptibility to the blandishments of thieves, drug pushers and revolutionaries.

None of these elements of the urban crisis is unique to Cleveland, of course. Cleveland is not alone in losing the property-tax revenues it needs to help run—and save—the city. Nor is Cleveland the only metropolis that experiences difficulty in getting money from the state legislature, where suburban lawmakers have largely taken over from the old-time "cornstalk brigade."

Horrendous as it is, the urban crisis could be solved, in Cleveland and elsewhere, if only there were the funds to mount the programs, to staff the projects, to reverse the decay, to counterattack, to change and improve. If only there were the funds. But that is the ridiculous part. There *are* the funds. The richest country in the history of the world has the wherewithal, and has it to spare. In fact, affluence and waste combine here to make the poverty, the malnutrition, the slums, the ignorance, the disease—the urban crisis in its totality—cruelly unnecessary.

There *are* the funds. They have been poured down the open sewer of an undeclared war in Southeast Asia. They have been lifting Americans into outer space without elevating either spirits or conditions here on the ground. They have been swallowed up in military and defense budgets that have ignored the question of whether there will be anything worth defending at home. All that has been lacking is the will and the resolve to reorder national priorities. Perhaps, after Vietnam, the resolve can be made and national priorities can be established that will put first things first.

How did *(continued on page 262)*

ERADICATING POVERTY

By Michael Harrington

IT IS 1976. The war in Vietnam has ended and billions of dollars are no longer required for an unconscionable tragedy in Southeast Asia. The gross national product, which reached one trillion dollars in 1971, is accelerating toward the 1.7-trillion-dollar rate projected for 1980. So Government revenues are increasing rapidly, even though taxes don't go up, and the Seventies will end with an extra 90 billion dollars a year in Federal income.

At this point there is a solemn moment of national stocktaking. There is no doubt that the resources are at hand to abolish poverty. The issue is whether we will bother. For whether the fiscal savings from Vietnam and those billions in tax revenues will be used for a social purpose is a political question, not an economic fact. Powerful forces will be dedicated to maintaining our present system, so brilliantly described by the late Charles Abrams as "socialism for the rich and private enterprise for the poor." Under it there are discreet and handsome doles for the affluent and an occasional pittance for the hungry. The nine billion dollars in tax deductions on mortgage interest that primarily benefit suburban homeowners, for example, is about four times greater than the appropriation for public housing; the 15 billion-dollar write-offs each year for people playing the stock market cost more than Richard Nixon's proposed welfare reform.

On the other side, there will be those who realize that unless there are massive and planned social investments, the poor will suffer and the entire society will most likely come unstuck. In what follows, there is the enormous assumption that the latter point of view prevails in the course of what will certainly be a bitter political struggle. Given its victory, it is obvious that we have the money to end poverty. But do we have the democratic creativity to spend those billions effectively?

I think the answer is yes. There are three crucial areas for social investments that would end poverty. First, every citizen must be guaranteed a really adequate income. Second, every able-bodied American must be given a legal right not simply to a job but to a relevant, useful and decently paid job. And third, the nation must redeem a promise it has been making—and breaking—ever since 1949 that everyone has the right to a livable dwelling. If we would do these things, it's rather obvious that we would help the poor. It's not so obvious, but just as true, that we would be aiding the affluent as well.

Ironically, it was Richard Nixon who made the guaranteed income a matter of national debate and sponsored the first genuinely new social principle in America since the New Deal. Lest the President be unfairly accused of cryptoradicalism, it should be immediately noted that his implementation of the principle is penny-pinching and potentially repressive. In understanding the glaring inadequacies of his version of it, one can get a clearer idea of what a guaranteed income should really be like.

In the August 1969 speech that launched the Administration's current Family Assistance Program, Mr. Nixon, of course, explicitly denied that he was talking about guaranteed income at all. He began that historic address with some philosophic observations that he proceeded to contradict within a few minutes. As he defined the crisis of the welfare system, "a third of a century of centralizing power and responsibility in Washington has produced a bureaucratic monstrosity, cumbersome, unresponsive and ineffective." Having delivered himself of this conservative cliché, the President then proposed to take away the right of the 50 states to set welfare levels by establishing a Federal minimum and, through a vast increase in Washington's responsibility, to raise the benefits for an impoverished child in Mississippi by 500 percent. His scheme is, in other words, a first step toward the nationalization of welfare in America.

One of the reasons Mr. Nixon could get away with such a blatant contradiction is that most Americans are even more confused about the welfare system than he is. In the popular stereotype, the relief rolls are filled with lazy chiselers who live riotously at society's expense. In fact, less than 10 percent of the poor receive any public assistance at all. And the average welfare allotments for the minority lucky enough to get help, the Riot Commission told us a few years ago, are only half of what the recipients actually need. In Mississippi, to take a predictable extreme, a welfare mother is supposed to raise a child on $9.30 a month.

It's no accident that the majority of the poor are excluded from even these shamefully low benefits. The various local systems are usually carefully designed to bewilder those who urgently need help and, through residence requirements and bureaucratic red tape, to keep as many of them as possible off the rolls. And in the heyday of the notorious "Man in the House" rule (lawsuits and reforms have made things somewhat better in recent years) investigators would swoop down *(continued on page 172)*

ENVIRONMENT *(continued from page 147)*

ago. But rather than put any significant money into pollution control, the automakers have been spending one and a half billion dollars annually on style changes in their cars. Until they were halted by a Federal court, the U.S. automakers—according to a Justice Department complaint and suits now pending on complaint of others—had actually been engaged for over 15 years in an illegal agreement to delay the development and installation of air-pollution-control equipment in their products.

Introduction in Congress in 1969 of an amendment to require a 90 percent reduction in automobile pollution by 1975 and of a resolution urging a moratorium on auto-styling changes to free the cleanup money brought a torrent of protest from the auto industry. It was the decades-old argument: "We're working on it, but we need more time."

The Automobile-Highway Complex: Though it has brought unquestioned benefits, our massive and continuing highway-building program now threatens to become the greatest environmental and social disaster this country has ever known. It is the epitome of the American pursuit of quantity run rampant, a self-defeating cycle of building more roads because more people are buying cars, then building and selling more cars because there are more roads. The disastrous results of this apparent effort to enable us to drive from coast to coast without encountering a traffic light are mounting accident deaths, a gross consumption and waste of resources, air pollution, noise, traffic jams, human dislocations, destruction of city neighborhoods and the uglification of both the urban and the rural scene.

No one is arguing that there should not be an adequate highway system in this country. But the single-minded emphasis on highways has effectively squeezed out any alternative means of ground transportation, mass transit or otherwise—a tragedy especially for the poor, the old and the young, whom the automobile-highway system simply fails to serve. But we all share the problems of the automobile-highway glut. Its pervasive consequences refute the notion that environment is not a black man's concern, or that the destruction of our cities is not the worry of the suburbanite.

The Administration's budget request for 1971, dedicated to the goal of a "balanced" transportation policy, would allocate nearly two thirds of the 7.5-billion-dollar outlay to highways. Though recent appropriations for mass transit have increased, they still are a pittance compared with highway funding—and with the need for more and better mass transit. Yet the highway lobby—which ranges from the automakers and oil companies to the state highway officials and is as potent as the military-industrial complex—says the U.S. road program will need up to 320 billion dollars more in the next 15 years and has mounted an aggressive campaign against using Highway Trust Fund monies for any other purpose.

In sum, the leadership of this country thus far has brought little more than cosmetic rhetoric to the environmental crisis. The politicians and the heads of industry haven't even begun to discuss seriously the scope of the problem or the kind of action that is going to be necessary. At the heart of the matter is the old, tragically mistaken assumption that if private enterprise can turn out more automobiles, airplanes and TV sets than the rest of the world combined, it can do our social planning for us, set our national priorities, shape our social system, even establish our individual aspirations. We are still pursuing the philosophy articulated by Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson back in the mid 1950s, when he said: What is good for the country is good for General Motors, and what's good for General Motors is good for the country.

Winning the war against the incredible waste and environmental destruction that is resulting from present national attitudes and policies is going to require a sustained ethical, financial and political commitment by the whole country on a scale without parallel in our history. The price tag to meet the challenge will be gigantic: as a beginning, 20–25 billion dollars a year over and above the current environmental spending level.

By not budgeting the necessary money, the nation is suffering a cost far greater than any cleanup bill could ever be. In effect, we've been paying a tax of 12–15 billion dollars a year on air pollution alone—that's what the property damage figure comes to. If we invested that much money in solving the air-pollution problem, we would have it licked in just a few years. Water pollution causes an additional 12-billion-dollar property-damage loss. And Dr. Paul Kotin, director of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, estimated in October 1970 that our misuse of the environment is costing Americans 35 billion dollars a year in ill health and related losses. But no one has successfully estimated the *total* environmental damage bill we pay each year in ruined health and property, spoiled recreation, devastated resources and diminished quality of life for all.

For any hope of success over the long range, the war to stop environmental degradation must be waged on two fronts—the philosophical and the physical. The first must involve adopting a new attitude of respect for ourselves as a species and for all other living creatures. We must accept the fact that the earth is a finite system incapable of being endlessly exploited, a relatively insignificant particle in a tremendous galaxy, with a thin envelope of air and a much thinner coating of soil, with limited water and minerals—and with a limited capacity to support life. We must recognize that when we upset the balance of nature, we start a chain reaction that ultimately affects all living things, including ourselves. When we drive other species to extinction, we should recall John Donne's classic lines: "And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

If we are to achieve a decent, livable environment, we are going to have to adopt new policies of a kind that will interfere with what many have considered their right to use and abuse our air, water and land just because that is what we have done throughout our history. Getting the job done will involve major responsibilities on the part of the individual, on the part of local and state governments and on the part of the nation itself. The entire campaign rests on a concerned and involved citizenry. Only if the people themselves compel change through the political system—by electing informed and committed candidates, by bringing suits against polluters—can the fight be won. Many of the battles will be fought on the local and state levels. But as a United States Senator, I am especially concerned about what can be done by the Federal Government. The following are what I consider the steps necessary to a minimal beginning:

A National Policy on American Growth: We must establish a national policy that reconciles our powerful drive for growth in quantity with the need to preserve and enhance the quality of life. Such a policy must include establishing far better measures of our progress than sheer numbers of consumer goods produced or the gross national product alone. As economist Robert Lekachman has noted, the present G.N.P. goes up even when a new pulp mill pours wastes into a river and people downstream have to pay to treat the dirty water.

To establish a true measure of this country's actual growth, we must require that the costs of protecting the environment be made a part of doing business. As an example, we ought to consider Lekachman's proposal to require airlines

(continued on page 259)

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

with a daiquiri and a naked lady, "laugh-in's" resident lothario finds that a fellow can get romantic even in beautiful downtown burbank

travel **By DICK MARTIN** Checking into a Philadelphia hotel not long ago, I signed the register "Mr. and Mrs. Dick Martin." Since I haven't been married for years, I was taking slight liberties with the facts, but the clerk didn't know it. He inquired: "Is Mrs. Martin with you?"

"She'll be along soon," I said. Then I added quietly, "She works for the FBI."

The eyes of the clerk widened.

"She's a master of disguise," I continued. "One day, she'll be a tall redhead. The next, a short blonde. Don't be confused. If any lady claims to be Mrs. Dick Martin, just let her in."

As it turned out, there was no occasion for the clerk to admit a lady to my room, which was bad luck for me, but I offer this ploy helpfully to those gentlemen who may visit Philadelphia and feel uneasy about saying, "My wife is coming in on a later plane." Of course, should you happen to have a cheap ladies' jewel box handy and should you *(continued on page 170)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ED GOREY

DEALING, or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-brick Lost-bag Blues

Part two of a new novel

By MICHAEL AND DOUGLAS CRICHTON WRITING AS "MICHAEL DOUGLAS"

SYNOPSIS: I'm Peter Harkness, a Harvard student, and all of this started one day when I flew into San Francisco, having taken a highly unofficial leave from classes. In my hand, I had a very special aluminum-lined, double-locked suitcase, in my sports coat, I had a bulge caused by $2500 worth of bank notes; in my head, I had the Berkeley address of a man called Musty—all provided by a guy named John back in Cambridge.

Musty, at 23, was one of the biggest and most efficient marijuana wholesalers on the Coast. My job was fairly simple: I would give Musty the bank notes. Musty would give me ten bricks of dope neatly wrapped in foil. I would stow them in my suitcase and fly back to Boston. I would then hand them over to John. Simple—except that the scenario didn't play the way it was written.

Nobody was home at 339 Holly Street when I got there, so I waited in my rented car. A few minutes later, some visitors arrived—a whole squad of cops and narcs out to bust Musty. As soon as I could, I got out of there.

Berkeley, as I saw it, was jumping in its usual late-Sixties fashion. On the avenue: stoned, hostile, funky, greaser freaks and stoned, outa-sight, panhandle freaks. Up on campus: a sullen clump of cops just waiting to come out swinging. In Sproul Plaza: a ring of picketers chanting and stomping.

When I finally made connections with Musty in Oakland, he was very cool. He'd avoided the bust and he had the bricks for me. When Musty invited me to smoke a little of his stuff and Lou, a friend of his, borrowed my car, I stayed on. I stayed on so long I got fairly stoned and very weary. Musty sent me to an empty upstairs bedroom for the night.

Only it wasn't empty; it had a girl named Sukie in it and she was there because it seemed that her dog was having puppies in her own room. So we smoked some of her grass and we talked some, and eventually things began to go very well. And would have gone a lot better if there hadn't been a sudden knock on the door, at which three guys in pin-stripe suits march in, looking like walk-ons for Robert Stack and dangling their wallet badges.

They searched the room, but, miraculously, they didn't find any lids. I couldn't figure why they were so sure of themselves. I finally got the story when I was booked. Lou, that friend of Musty's, had been stopped by a traffic cop. There had been a lid of Lou's dope under the seat. When he was pulled in, Lou got very helpful and gave them my name and Musty's address.

It was just a freak accident, the kind of dreary, half-assed thing that could happen to anybody. Still, I was the one who was in trouble now.

NOTES FROM JAIL: Brought to you by the silent majority of Alameda County. Arrival sensations. Jail really exists. Astoundingly dull. In conception, execution, duration, the idea of jail is a watershed in man's inanity to man. Does have its good points. A raving genius couldn't possibly have thought of a simpler way to drive one absolutely crazy. Sense deprivation child's play compared with this. Jail is *still* deprivation. No life. Death meaningless. Ambition a torture. Failure a vision in steel.

More: It goes on. Green everywhere, bathroom green. Like going blind from an overdose of ethyl crème de menthe. County runs a tight ship. Enter jail proper, all personal effects removed and checked. Money, matches, belt, shoelaces. Don't want people hanging themselves by their shoelaces. Then on to converted shower stall, also green, big enough for three men, sitting. Five men are standing. Pay phone on wall, am allowed two calls, lawyer and bondsman. Names of bondsmen scrawled all over the wall, no lawyers. Search-and-seizure manual forgot to tell me they take my money away when I come in. I can't call. Others are calling. Suddenly realize they've been through all this before. Have to have been through it to know the ropes, like everything else. Whacked-out old bestubbled wino asking everyone

The pig came out from behind the desk. "You're a really funny guy, Harkness," he said, and kneed me in the groin.

if he can blow them. Sorry, bud. Gets heavy and I start singing. Very effective. Yell till your lungs burst, but singing drives the guards crazy. Transferred immediately to cell by myself.

Cell. Incredible. Everything electric, controlled from out in the hall. No keys like the movies. Bars four inches apart and cross-riveted, can't cut and bend. Mine one of eight cells looking onto large room connected to messroom and guards' corridor. Altogether, ten doors for the one block, all controlled from corridor. More green. Bare bulbs on all day, all night, no sunlight. No air. No idea what time, they have taken my watch. Might slit my wrists. Know that x amount of time has elapsed, due to unidentifiable slop brought around twice a day. Never eat but go out to messroom, a chance to leave the cell. Doors lock behind even in mess. Four steel slats riveted to wall in my cell, one has a blanket. Somehow it is cold after dinner, good to have a blanket. Light directly overhead through grating, wish I had something to poke it out. Combination can–drinking fountain in my cell attached to wall. I piss on mess floor. Anything to fuck them up.

Amusements: Good deal of writing on the wall. Jails probably the most creative places in America. No time, have to create your own. Tremendous variety. Slogans, dates, epithets, jokes, obscenities. Some take me back to fourth grade, others brilliant. Everything indelible, since scratched into paint on wall. No pens allowed. Layers of painted-over graffiti beneath current coat of paint. Deciphering these provides blessedly time-consuming endeavor. One magazine in cell, old copy of *Life* last seen in parents' living room. "Ancient Egypt. Grandeur of Empire." Very appropriate for jail. All is lost empire here. Carefully drawn life-size penis inserted into Nefertiti's mouth on cover. Excellent job, Flash. Someone smuggled a pen in to do that. Have to know the ropes.

Not eating makes me sleepy. I sleep a lot, surprisingly good dreams. All of things I cannot have. In one dream, I order a Coke, the guard brings it. I wake up crying, so happy, and see green. Back to sleep. I have no matches and nothing to smoke. Guards won't give me any, the cunts. First meal third day, they come and take me out. Everything sharp and clear in my head from not eating. Gums hurt from no nicotine. No one in cells looks up as I go. Why bother? They're still in. Down the hall, the desk. This the out-of-stater? Yeah. Two of the plainclothesmen who picked me up there. Manila envelope with what looks like my name on desk. Wrist watch, belt, ball point, blah blah blah. Piece of paper, sign here. Where? Here. Plainclothesmen pull my hands behind again, on with the cuffs. Wait a minute, I hear my voice. First time I've spoken in three days. It sounds crystal clear. Wait a minute, I had 20 bucks on me when I came in here. Frown behind the desk. See the receipt? See your signature? You signed on, you're signed off. So get the hell out. Wait a minute, I repeat, I had 20 bucks. See the 20 in the corner there? Behind the desk, heavy now. He'd like to work me over cuffed, I think. So that's your game, huh? he says. Looking at plainclothesmen, like, Do him good for me. That's your cell number! he says. About-face. Have to know the ropes. Forward, march, past two guards and through a thick steel door, locks inside and out. Small sign on door says, BE SURE TO CLOSE DOOR AS YOU GO. Don't worry, fellas, you don't have to say it twice.

Interrogation was a flight up and had padded chairs. It was a small room, but on the way up, I passed through an office of busy secretaries and big broad windows with the sun coming through. And then I realized that if they'd just wanted to interrogate me, they could have done it in the cell and a lot more privately, too. The fact that they were doing it here meant only one thing—I was out.

Inside the room, they took the cuffs off and I found myself facing Crewcut and Fats. They sat and stared at me.

"What day is this?" I said.

"Tuesday," Fats said.

I nodded. Groovy. Economics on Friday. I hoped that Herbie would be in good form when I got back.

Then the third guy came in, the head pig, and sat down at a desk after making a lot of noise taking off his coat and unbuckling his shoulder holster. He reached into his desk and fumbled around for a moment.

I reached into my manila envelope and got out my cigarettes. But no matches. I shook out a cigarette and looked over at the pig, who was still fumbling in the desk. I hoped he was going to produce a light.

Instead, he whipped out a plastic baggie full of dope and stuck it in my face. That was supposed to scare me shitless. I turned to Crewcut and said: "Got a match?"

"I don't smoke," he said.

I looked at the second guy, who just shook his head slowly, like he could hardly be bothered shaking his head at me.

So I reached into my manila envelope and pulled out my belt and put it on. Then I put in my shoelaces and wound my wrist watch and put my pen in my pocket. Nobody said anything until the pig said: "There are some questions we'd like to ask you."

I turned to face him. "You got a light?"

"I don't smoke," he said. Nicotine stains all over his fingers.

"There are some questions we'd like to ask you," Crewcut repeated.

"Before you go," Deskman speaking, significant tone. It was good to know that I'd been right about getting out and I got a heady adrenaline rush of anticipation. "Tell us about your friend."

"My friend?"

"Now, let's not waste each other's time, fella," Crewcut said. "We've been through all this before."

"We know all about you," Deskman said. I noticed how thick his glasses were.

There was nothing to say. I still wanted a smoke.

"We got your friend, he's in the other room, if you want to speak to him," Crewcut said. Sure you do, chum, I thought. "And we've got your marijuana here"—Deskman lifted the bag in the air and gazed at it—"so you might as well play ball. Now, are you going to tell us about it or not?"

"About what?"

They didn't blink. "About the whole thing."

"There isn't any whole thing," I said. "I've never been to Berkeley before—I'm a student in Boston and I happen to be on vacation, which is almost over now, thanks to you gentlemen—and I met the girl I was with when you picked me up on Telegraph that afternoon. And we got along, so she offered to put me up." Smirks all around. "And this guy, Lou whoever he is, needed a car, and she knew him and said he was all right, and I lent him my car. Now, the fact that he was busted with an ounce of marijuana in my car may be *legal* grounds for hassling me, but it doesn't mean I'm going to know about 'the whole thing.' I haven't got the slightest idea what he was doing with the dope or where he got it. Why don't you ask him?"

"We have. He said it was yours."

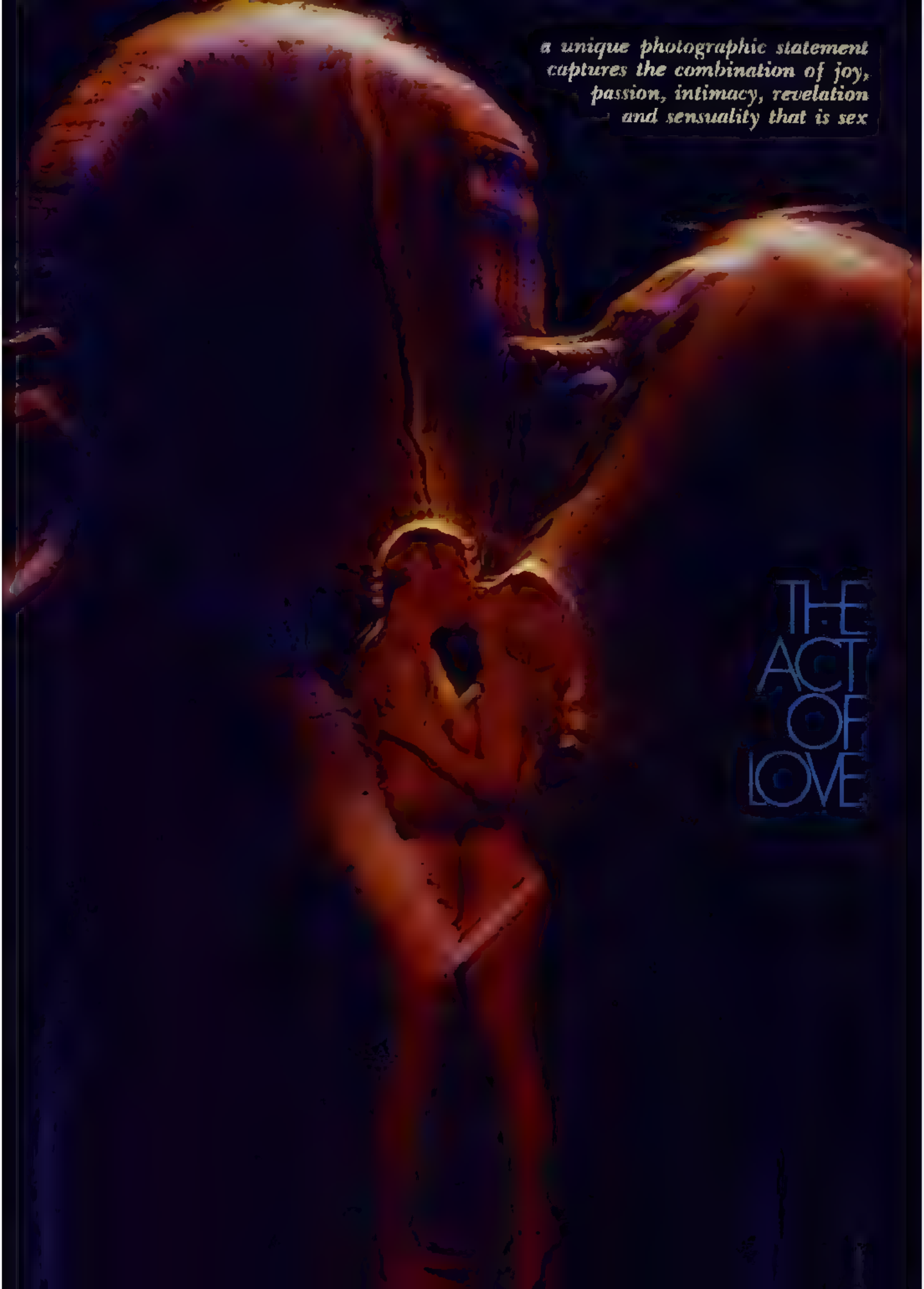
"*Mine?* I don't even smoke marijuana. I haven't touched dope for years. There's a lot of things you can try to pin on me, but a dope rap isn't one of them."

"You've got one on you right now, buddy boy."

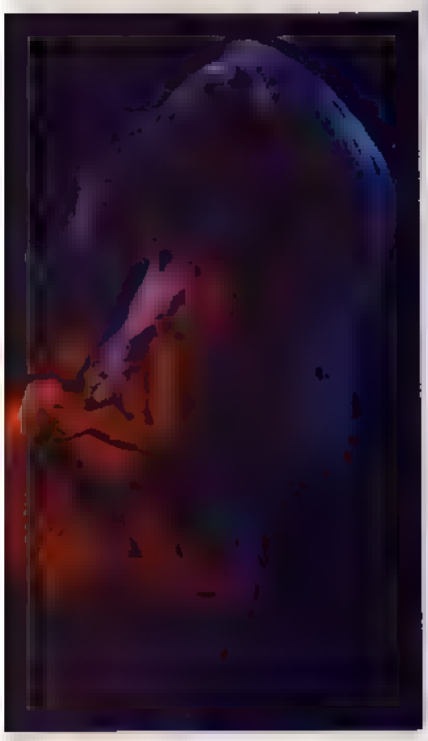
"Did you by any chance get any fingerprints off this bag of marijuana? Did you by any chance find any of *my* prints? Or did you simply take his word for it, that 'cause it was my car, it was my bag of dope? Isn't it usually the case that where there's a lid, there's a pound, or a kilo or a number of kilos? And did you find any dope in the young lady's room that night or on my person at that time? And have you found any since then?" I was getting worked up and I remembered suddenly the tracks on Lou's arms and decided to take a new tack. "In other words, are you doing *anything* except hassling me on the word of a paranoid speed freak, who borrowed my car and then laid a bum rap on me?"

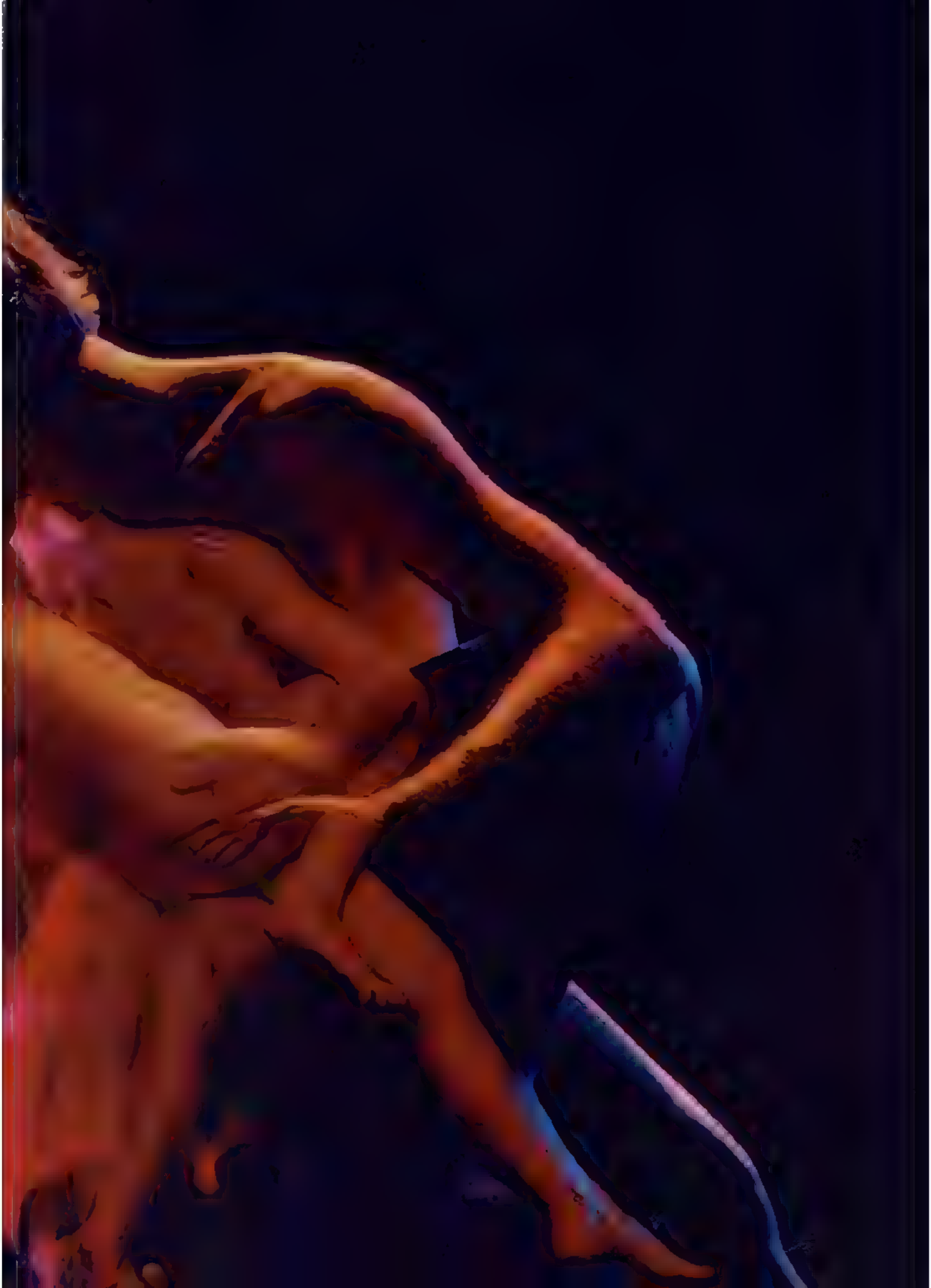
"Relax, Harkness," said Deskman. "Yeah, we did all those things and we ain't got much on you. But the fact

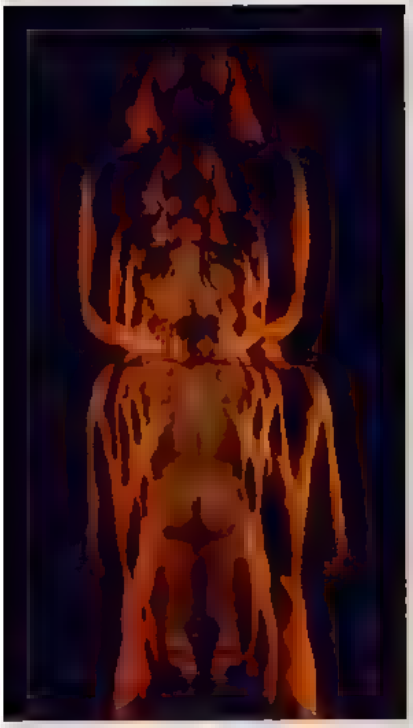
(continued on page 182)


a unique photographic statement
captures the combination of joy,
passion, intimacy, revelation
and sensuality that is sex
THE ACT OF LOVE

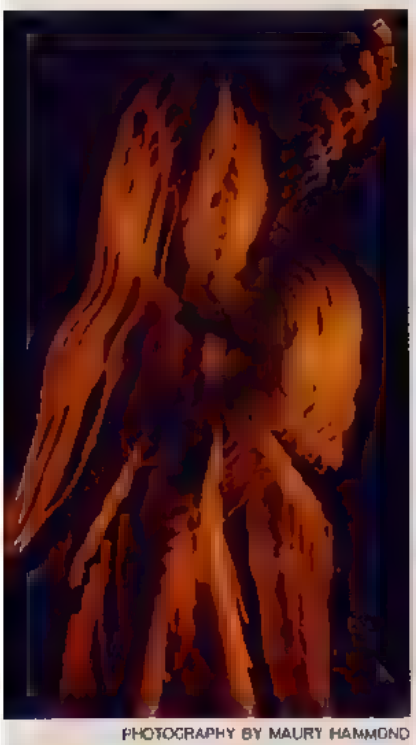
First in wood and stone, then with paint and finally through the camera lens, man has endeavored to capture and convey the emotions and aesthetics of the act of love.







In the right hands, the camera proves a masterful limner of love, whether preserving a single moment of pleasure or multiplying the images of ecstasy.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAURY HAMMOND

ABOUT MAJOR BIXBY: Eighteen months scanning the skies as an Army Air Corps plane spotter in the Panama Canal Zone constitutes only part of Major Howdy Bixby's credentials as an aviation expert *extraordinaire*. Major Bixby is the brilliant nephew of a civilian superintendent of the Air Corps parts-and-salvage depot at Port Weevil, Texas, where he spent several unforgettable summers in his youth, sometime in the late Teens or early Twenties. A former champion airplane modeler, Major Bixby enlisted in the Air Corps when the storm clouds gathered over Europe and soon found himself in charge of many laundries. It was at Pearl Harbor on that fateful December day that his Air Corps career ended; in the excitement, Major Bixby caught his finger in a mangle and was invalided out on a medical discharge shortly thereafter. It was then that Major Bixby turned to writing. This is his first contribution to a major magazine, although he has been published frequently in enthusiast journals such as *Radial Engine Review*, *The Focke Wulf Fancier's Quarterly* and *P 38*. He once talked on the radio. Major Bixby lives in a mobile home near the municipal airport at Albany, New York. He has two dogs. He lists his wife as a missing person.

MAJOR HOWDY BIXBY'S ALBUM OF FORGOTTEN WARBIRDS

humor By BROCK YATES and BRUCE McCALL

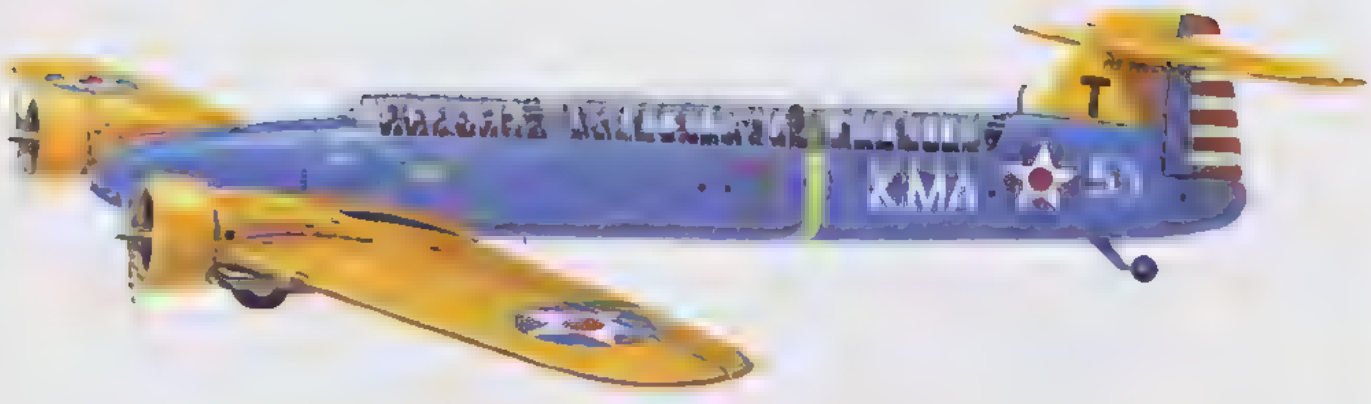
a unique collection of those incredible world war two fighting planes that emblazoned the sky and history with their fiery feats of derring-do

FOREWORD BY AIR VICE-MARSHAL THE RT. HON SIR CECIL WALLOWS BOWSER, O. B. E., D. F. C., FORMER CUSTODIAN IN CHIEF OF HER MAJESTY'S HEAVIER-THAN-AIR ARCHIVE: It is not entirely unfitting, one likes to presume, that the foreword to this work by an American should emanate from a British pen. Were America and Great Britain not warbirds together not once, not twice, but even more often than that? The answer is not no. Major Bixby has got together a remarkable collection of aircraft. Some of them have long been forgotten; others, not so long. All have one thing in common: wings. The very thing that makes aviation possible can be spotted on each page by even the middling-bright schoolboy. I myself detected it right off. "Without wings," a sage once said, "airplanes would crash." It hardly seems credible—seems incredible, in point of fact—that a not inconsiderable number of these gallant guardians and galleons of the clouds have vanished, not only from the skies but from the ground as well. Perhaps all of them are now gone. Sad, and yet, as one of the wisest men I ever knew once said whilst gazing at a calendar, "Yesterday is the day before this one." The calendar gets abreast even of warbirds. Sometimes moves a bit ahead, in point of fact. Today's young aviators would not do entirely unwell to pause and ponder this. It has stood me in good stead during many a sober moment, of which an archivist must needs have more, perhaps, than his due share. Major Bixby has no reason to feel ashamed of his efforts here, for which these entirely inadequate words shall, I hope, serve as sufficient introduction. One could quibble, of course, with the omission of a few of his own "pet" aircraft, which somehow fell victim to the editor's remorseless shears. Something after all is lacking in any compilation of brave patrollers of the nimbus bastions that omits mention of the Miles Glowworm—that plucky little trainer in which so many of my contemporaries "cut their teeth" and learned the awesome penalty of a moment's inattention. And what compendium of winged glory can call itself comprehensive that fails to do as much as mention the Breda Volante Retardo, the graceful pre-War Italian sail bomber that sticks ineradicably in the mind, tail-spinning to earth like some giant paper plaything? But this is not the time or place to cavil. It is Major Bixby's album to do with as he sees fit; and if it is not quite what a professional British heavier-than-air historian would have done, charged with a similar undertaking, one must, for the sake of cordiality if nothing else—the same cordiality Britain employed in order to suffer American cooperation in recent years—withhold his professional opinion. If all aircraft are not here, many are. If all the information is not forthcoming, most is. If all the facts are not entirely accurate, the general attempt is by no means scandalous. In closing, one so wishes for a red pencil and a few hours alone with the galley proofs! But Major Bixby—whom, incidentally, I have never met and whom nobody at the Heavier-than-Air Club happens to know—deserves at least our patience. And we think he has it. Without further ado, then, I should like to invite the reader to peruse these pages, keeping in mind the foregoing and burying his qualms in a greater interest, if he can—that of looking at pictures and reading words about these aircraft, the information supplied being, one is forced to admit, not entirely misleading

KAKAKA "SHIRLEY" AMPHIBIOUS PEDAL-BOMBER The originality of Japanese aircraft design was never in question after the Shirley wobbled onto the scene, albeit briefly, in the closing months of the Pacific war. This light (75 lbs.), cheap ($1.49), last ditch gesture of a desperate Japanese High Command was in fact little more than a bicycle of the air, its propeller turned by pedal power from the pilot. Towed behind a torpedo boat, the Shirley would sooner or later rise and fumble skyward, staying aloft exactly as long as its pilot's stamina held out and his sprocket chain stayed intact. Hopefully, a U. S. ship would soon be sighted, then, braving massive ack-ack fire as well as large birds, the fanatic suicide candidate at the controls, or handle bars, aimed toward his quarry and pumped furiously until directly overhead. Then, at the flick of a lever, the underslung wicker basket fell away and hit the deck below—and one rabid dog was disgorged to run amuck and wreak its mad havoc. The ravening animal, it was assumed, would take a few Yanks with it by the time the end came. Ingenious—but not ingenious enough; the dogs proved susceptible to seasickness en route to the target and every known Shirley mission ended in anticlimax with a dazed mutt vomiting among the gobs while a paper airplane slowly sank off the starboard bow.

SNUD U-14 MILITARY TRANSPORT The bent fuselage of the Snud U-14 stood for many years as a Soviet military secret; only after the last example of this little known type had safely crashed was it revealed. During the design stage in 1938, a blueprint had been wrinkled accidentally and because nobody would own up to responsibility—since damaging state property carried the death penalty—the mistake went unchecked and into production. As a work horse transport aircraft, this behemoth of the blue, with its four Kapodny-Gifk engines, each producing 100 hp, and its vast cargo capacity, "had everything." Unusual features were tiny cockpits on each wing, where an engineer sat supervising the engines, and solid pig iron wheels. These last ingeniously skirted the Russian rubber shortage, but caused another problem; reports claim the locomotive style wheels so badly chewed up even paved landing strips that bringing a Snud to earth meant maximum risk to plane, crew and all nearby buildings and collective farms. Obliquely, this may explain the Soviet insistence that a Snud had set a world record for nonstop flight in 1911 staying aloft over 64 hours while traveling nearly 3500 miles and averaging over 54 mph—and also why the pilot and navigator were transported to Siberia immediately after landing and receiving the Order of Heavy Industry.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE MC CALL

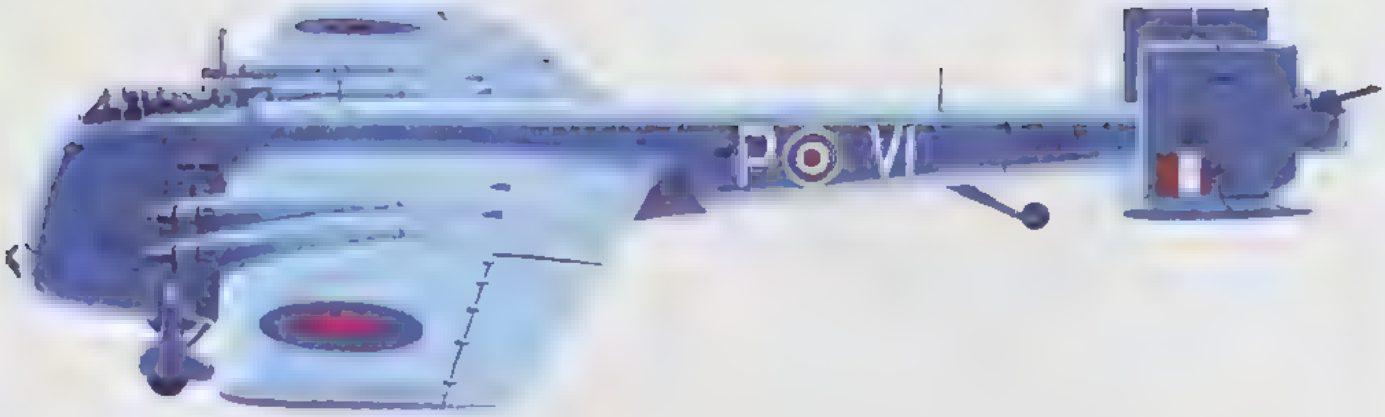


HARLEY-FAIRFAX K-55 AIR-PAL TRAINER "You can't send those nineteen kids up in a crate like that!" bandied the wags whenever a near score of student pilots filed aboard this controversial Army Air Corps ship in the late Thirties; and as the Senate hearing later confirmed, they were chillingly close to the truth. The 19 neophytes could be sent up, all right; it was a matter of how suddenly and how violently they came back down. Trouble started with the pilot and worked its way back to the man at the rear. Conceived as an economical flying trainer, the Air-Pal was so economical that it lacked any intercom system among instructor and pupils. No problem in a two- or even three-seater—but with 19 sets of controls? Elaborate prebriefings, hand signals, screaming—all were tried but all fell short of the desired result, unanimity of action, as in "Bank left!" Happily for all concerned, a further economy move halted production altogether only five months after it began. But those who flew or tried to fly her are not likely to ever forget this stillborn regent of the cloud lanes—memories shared by those on the ground lucky and sharp-eyed enough to catch a necessarily brief glimpse of an Air-Pal cartwheeling across the sky while 19 plucky, if somewhat perplexed students tried outguessing one another, their teacher and fate itself.

DOMBROWSKI-SEDLITZ HELICOPTER As World War Two loomed on the horizon, a number of the more progressive thinkers on the Polish general staff realized that mobility would be a great factor against the German *Panzers* if fighting broke out. This meant rapid movement of their elite cavalry and horse-drawn artillery—faster than even the Polish railway system could carry them. Finally, a design submitted by the famous Polish aero firm of Dombrowski Sedlitz was settled upon, a secret helicopter-autogiro machine powerful enough to lift a mounted cavalry battalion of five 85mm artillery pieces and caissons. However, its 6000-hp diesel locomotive engine, coupled with the riveted, sheet-iron construction of the fuselage, left the Dombrowski-Sedlitz weighing a hefty 56 tons. This gave it barely enough power to lift itself into the ozone, much less its pay load. What's more, the engine took up so much room that the only remaining space was consumed by the pilot and three mechanics it took to operate the craft while in flight. This handicap, plus a vexing tendency for the machine to break its manual, nonsynchro, three-speed transmission—leaving the propellers powerless—forced its grounding after two flights. Minus its wheels and propellers, it presently powers a Ferris wheel and merry-go-round at the People's amusement park in Bydgoszcz.

DINKEL GX "KLEINEFEUERWERKSWAFFE" When the Reichsministry of Sportive and Jolly Activities issued its edict banning unauthorized use of fireworks in April 1945, it triggered creation of one of Nazidom's last violent flying death throes: the potentially vicious Dinkel "Little Fireworks Weapon." The Dinkel was merely a metal tube, its fat nether end hollowed out and stuffed with every skyrocket, cherry bomb, Roman candle and other explosive that could be culled from warehouses, private homes and factories. The pilot hung on for dear life as someone lit the wick protruding from the stern. The craft wiggled and shot ahead on skids, rising into the air if the pilot was quick-witted enough to so direct its erratic course. Few Dinkels saw active service, but in the last great sentimental gesture of the Hitler era, Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering had four such craft assembled, ordered them fueled with fireworks, and then, as his *Fuhrer* watched, had the Dinkels fly overhead skywriting a multicolored swastika in the night sky. Alas, the swastika proved a skywriter's *Götterdämmerung* when all four planes collided at the axis. The *Führer* was nonetheless said to be delighted at the show. A repeat gala featuring 60 GXs was scheduled for the next August, but was canceled by the unexpected turn of events that May.

SEPTUM NC 2501.2 HIGH-ALTITUDE BOMBER During the middle Thirties, the French *Armee de l'Air* determined that a high altitude bomber was needed to offset the ominous growth of the *Luftwaffe*'s strategic capabilities. Designed by winemaker Maurice Lebouge and built by the Avions Septum aircraft cartel, the NC 2501.2 was powered by a pair of nine cylinder, in-line Gnome Rhone Petite engines that developed 165 hp at the aircraft's intended operating altitude of 19,400 feet. Unfortunately, the Petites were not powerful enough to lift the NC 2501.2 to that height, forcing it to fly at a more prudent 5600 feet. Bomb load was limited by the necessity of carrying a committee of bombardiers --four in number—who voted on the proper time to drop their death-dealing cargo. This system was employed because all necessary optics for bombsights were being used at the time for land-based artillery sighting systems on the Maginot line, where France chose to make her first (and, as it turned out, her last) gallant stand against the Hun. A total of 11 NC 2501.2s were built, although none were completed in time to see action before the republic was forced to surrender. However, the Germans evaluated one on the recommendation of the Vichy government. After it crashed, Lebouge, facing a firing squad, said defiantly, "We are lovers, not engineers!"



HUMBLEY-PUDGE GALLIPOLI HEAVYISH BOMBER Lewis gun blazing, flour bags cascading down, the pachydermic Gallipoli terrorized practice target ranges across the emp re from 1933 tc 1939. Four Varley "Panjandrum" motors screwed her up to a cruising altitude several feet ovet the legal minimum of the day. Relatively few were built, but more than enough Gallipolis were delivered to the R.A.F., which handed them over to the Royal Indian Air Force, which handed them over to the Royal Malayan Air Force, which promptly found itself plagued by wholesale desertions of its flying personnel. The Gallipoli's moment of glory came and, lightninglike, vanished during the surprise Japanese invasion of Singapore in early 1942. Hordes of Nips swarmed toward the R.A.F. aerodrome; out went the call, "Warm up the Gallipolis!" And, indeed, 36 of the breed might have risen to meet the foe had not their special boarding ladders turned up missing. The sobriquet Sitting Duck has clung to the Gallipoli ever since—an unjust cut in view of this perfectly harmless old war horse's clearly worthwhile intentions. The last survivor serves today as a chicken house—albeit an impressive one—for the Maharani of Gunjipor. It crash-landed on her lawn in 1944, but the R.A.F., despite numerous reminders, simply keeps forgetting to come round and pick it up.

CAPRONI-MORONI C2 "SCUD" EXPERIMENTAL FIGHTER When the tide of war turned against it, Fascist Italy turned with the tide. The C2, or "SCUD," was one direct result. The engineers of Aeronotico Piccolino Abagano Llan Quattori in Turin were charged with designing an aircraft of modern fighter type that could, should word come in mid-air of another change in Italian allegiance, instantly reverse course and become part of the now friendly force. Thus the unique two-engine configuration, central cockpit with swivel seat and dual controls facing fore and aft. Time for the SCUD (meaning "*Scuderia con curso il travaia*," or "turncoat") to switch directions and sides was set at less than two minutes from a top speed of 265 mph by air-force consultants. This performance criterion was never tested, much less met, since pilots refused to attempt it, except on the ground with an ambulance close by. One pilot did take the sole SCUD prototype aloft, but once airborne decided to visit his mother in Salerno and wrecked the craft crash-landing on a nearby beach. The SCUD was painted gold by artisans formerly employed in upkeep of the Sistine Chapel. A remarkable feature of the plane, considering its fighter designation, was its total lack of armament. The designers successfully resisted all attempts to ruin its unbroken lines with ugly guns.

humor By JOAN RIVERS

DEAR WOMEN'S LIB:

equal pay, right on—day-care centers, terrific! but as for denying those sexy differences between the sexes, you've got to be kidding

AS I WAS SITTING in the beauty shop, having a manicure, a pedicure, a facial, a lip wax and a complete thigh wrap, I happened to mention to my hairdresser, Mr. Phyllis, that I was probably the most liberated female around. Mr. Phyllis couldn't have agreed more, which really made me feel great, because if there's anybody who knows about women's lib and the raw deal that we women are getting, it's my Mr. Phyllis. As a matter of fact, he was the one who introduced me to the movement in the first place.

So, when PLAYBOY approached me and said, "Listen, Supermouth. How do you stand on women's lib?" I was naturally eager to express my views on this issue that today, among millions of women, is separating the men from the boys.

Liberation—it's all we seem to be talking about lately. The words on the lips of women being wheeled into hospital delivery rooms all over this vast and polluted nation are not "That son of a bitch, never again," but, rather, "Give me liberation or give me death."

I used to think about a lot of other things. Things like potty training, the midi versus the mini, are the Playmates of the Month airbrushed, whether or not the King Family is sterile, does Raquel Welch have silicone shots (and if so, where?), does Jackie really make it with Ari, can Ari really make it with Jackie, what will happen to my marriage if Chicken Delight ever goes out of business? But somehow, all of these questions have paled.

And it's not just *me* thinking about this. Other great minds are grappling with this matter. The *Today Show* devoted a whole morning to it, Huntley and Brinkley (God, how I miss Chet) spent a full week on it, recently there was an entire day dedicated to it and even Congress has a bill pending, along with its annual pay raise, to consider amending the Constitution to give women equal rights. Not a day goes by that you don't read an article about it in a newspaper or a magazine.

So, ready or not, here's how I feel about the whole thing. I'm with the ladies. I feel for the ladies. I like ladies. Some of my best friends are ladies. (I just wouldn't want my sister to marry one.)

Now, hold it. Don't everybody go rushing off, hollering, "See, even Joan Rivers is for women's lib." I just took off the wrapping. Wait until you see what's inside.

I'm all for equality—for women to hold the same jobs as men, to earn the same salaries as men, to be offered the same opportunities as men. As a matter of fact, I'm for a whole lot of things that women's lib stands for. But girls, ladies, please start the revolution without me. I'll be along a little later. I have to make Edgar dinner first.

You see, Betty, Ti-Grace and Kate, I spent almost three decades finding and getting a nice guy like Edgar. So please understand, I simply want to enjoy being a female-type wife/lover just a little bit longer.

I'm for around-the-clock child-care centers. I'm for legalized abortion. I'm for almost everything you're demanding. But can't I have another year or two to enjoy what I nearly missed? You girls may be sick of being ogled, whistled at and propositioned. But, frankly, it turns me on.

You see, puberty came very late to me. Maybe some of you girls had whole football teams panting down your necks, Army platoons fumbling in your bodices and fraternities snapping at your garter belts. Not me. I was the last girl in my high school to get a bra and I haven't got the heart to burn it. It took me 28 years and 109 trips to a dermatologist to get caught by a man and I'm not about to tell him that I suddenly want to be freed.

I don't want to be manless again. The movement keeps glorifying the joys of being single. I can't recall one single premarital joy. There was a time in my life when I would have taken anyoody. I dated whoever came to my door. Twice, I went out with the Avon lady. I used to write my name and phone number in men's rooms. I even had a sign on my lawn that read, LAST GIRL BEFORE FREEWAY. I remember once getting an obscene telephone call and asking the heavy breather on the other end to hold on until I got a cigarette. And then—miracle of miracles—I finally got married. And to a winner guy, yet. And you, who are supposed to be my fellow sisters, are suggesting I turn in my wedding ring for a vibrator?

Girls, fellow feminists, ladies! I, Joan Rivers, am with you! You'll just have to leave some room at the end of the line for me, because unless Edgar can march with me, I ain't coming. You see, he's a prince. He still remembers my birthday, our anniversary and where we live. Of course, sometimes he says, "I appreciate you, *Shirley*." But then, nobody's perfect.

And if you want to know something, Edgar has been a really good sport about my throwing in with the movement. He lets me wash the car, mow the lawn and take out the trash. He doesn't even care if I want to throw away my bras and girdles. He's even offered to let me wear his Jockey shorts to women's-lib meetings.

About those meetings. Last week, I heard a speaker advocating that we rid ourselves of wigs, false eyelashes and falsies to make us all equal. That's ridiculous. If you took away Ann-Margret's wigs and falsies, you'd be left with the sexiest bald-headed, flat-chested girl in the world. *(concluded on page 276)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

VIETNAMIZATION OF AMERICA *(continued from page 118)*

and financial problems, would muse that perhaps he ought to discover a Communist guerrilla force in the city so he could get more Federal aid. We looked at Vietnam and found that what we claimed we were doing there was false; then we looked homeward and found that just as false. We were not the country we thought, not the country the history books taught us. And symbolically, if Vietnam was an example of technology used against human beings, then it was significant that the most important man of the past decade was not one of the great names of the era who had mastered that technology—McNamara, Bundy, Rusk, Kennedy—but a private citizen, Ralph Nader, who didn't work through any existing structure or political party. It was Nader who made the case against a kind of technology used only for bigness and profit, used *against* life rather than for it.

We were a democracy and were told often enough to be grateful for that privilege. We had choices, options, freedom. But they had snuck by us into the war, snuck by Congress, too. Then, as we went in deeper, as the reality of the failure out there came home to us, the Government seemed unable to do anything, only to get us in deeper, only to tell us that what we saw with our own eyes was not true. The feeling of frustration with the democratic process was enormous; we had elected Lyndon Johnson in 1964 because he wasn't Barry Goldwater and wouldn't get us into a war. We learned our lesson in 1968—and elected Richard Nixon because he wasn't Lyndon Johnson, for that reason and that reason alone. He would get us out of the war; he had a plan. So, having elected him, we found that all he had was the same old chauvinism of the past, the same rhetoric both harsh and foolish: peace with honor, we would not be humiliated, we would never lose a war. America somehow was different. We never lost wars. All our wars were just. Those of us who dreamed that it might be different, that a President could get up and speak humbly and tell the truth that the war was a great miscalculation, were struck once again by the arrogance of it all. We were told by Nixon that Vietnam was one of our finest hours (had it been one of our finest hours, he would have remained a New York City lawyer) and, to show it, he went into Cambodia. Vietnam begat Cambodia. Cambodia begat Kent State. Even his October 1970 peace proposals seemed to be aimed more at the American political scene than at the Vietnamese realities. Thus the widening of the gap between the two Americas.

I remember a dinner party for Nelson Rockefeller on the night of Kent State, not really a social occasion but a political one. Nelson and Happy wanted to meet some young people, writers and artists (it was lonely up there on Park Avenue; besides, it was an election year). A lovely evening, all black-tie, glittering women, great and famous men. Imported Cuban cigars. One's memories of Rockefeller were not necessarily bad; he had, after all, run against Nixon in 1960, been booed by the right wing in 1964 and had not been a particularly grievous governor, though being more fond of bomb shelters than most of us. That evening, however, he looked young but seemed old. It turned into an evening of unbelievable bitterness. Rockefeller had said no, he didn't plan to talk about the war or about the defense budget (he had cared about the war two years earlier, when it was an issue he could use against Nixon, but now he no longer cared, he had lost his passion on the war). He sensed our bitterness. He didn't share it, but he wanted to reassure us. It was great, fellas, just *great* that we could talk like this. Disagree. Express our feelings. It was the American way. What made us great as a country. I could not control myself that night, control my bitterness and anger and, in fact, hate, singling out this man, who (God save Standard Oil) was supposed to be one of our better politicians, this uniquely callous man. Didn't he know it had all gone beyond that, beyond his stupid Rotary Club speeches, that it was too late to congratulate us for having the opportunity to sit with him and smoke Cuban cigars and vent our impotence? Farewell to you, Nelson Rockefeller, you and all yours.

So in there somewhere was a loss of faith, a loss of confidence and belief. One sensed it in himself. I remember the first time I saw it, on opening day at Yankee Stadium in 1966 with a group of friends, mostly writers. One of them had a girlfriend along, and when they played the national anthem (a song that at its worst had been a bore), she refused to stand. She was already doing something called draft counseling. I thought her refusal to stand was a bit odd, but it was her business. Then later that year, watching the first major anti-war parade in the city, I remembered my own conflicting feelings, my anger when I saw the Viet Cong flag, a symbol of hostility toward our own country. I'm too numbed by it all now; I can't carry the Viet Cong flag *nor* my own. I find myself rebelling more and more against the symbols of my own country; the more patriotic the symbol, the more I withdraw. The more some speech invokes the greatness of the American past, the more dubious I am, not only of the present but of the past. I don't want any parades nor the national anthem nor the patriotic hanky-panky at half time (all, I suspect, that Nixon likes best; it is his America I withdraw from). The blind acceptance of it all: If it's American, it's good. Support it now and ask questions later. Trust in us, we know better.

All the old suspicions and doubts about the country are back, all the suspicions that must have been with my grandfather when he came to the country 80 years ago, which ebbed and disappeared through two generations of Americanization, better education, shorter hair, no beards—all to make it and then, having made it, to become alien again in one's own land. The police must have been very visible to him when he came to this country (just as he was visible to them, looking so different, so odd), and they must have disappeared from my father's view just as he disappeared from theirs. But now they are back in my view, for the first time, the sons of the upper class, disillusioned about the war, wearing their hair long, smoking pot, can see the police, and vice versa. Now I am alien again, my hair a bit longer; when I'm on an airplane, I look around and see all the nice young businessmen, out hustling, playing the game; I wonder what they think about the war and I look at their hair—after all, they look at mine. Our distaste is mutual. I judge them just as they must be judging me.

If this is happening with me (after all I am a gentle 36—not too young, not too old—in the middle of the battlefield, and I can remember World War Two, and I'm grateful to this country for that, grateful for my education, largely liking my life), it is the same with others on both sides, driven from the center, driven from faith, reverting to what they had been, to older prejudices, be they right wing prejudices against kids, against long-hairs, against Negroes and Jews or the other side's age-old prejudices against the military and the police. (Sometimes I wonder, when I see upper-class kids baiting the cops, if it isn't a new form of upper-class snobbism against the lower class.) There is a new arrogance to this country, a lack of willingness to compromise, to temper personal prejudice. Jerzy Kosinski, a writer who fled Poland for America and received a National Book Award in 1969, said that America has changed radically in the decade he has been here. It has become more European, less centrist; the people are more outspoken, more shrill. He is, I think, absolutely right: We have moved away from the rational concept of events (in part because the events themselves, engineered by men like Bundy, Kennedy and McNamara, who were supreme rationalists, turned out to be so irrational). We find reflections of our new doubts everywhere. It is not, I think, surprising that Richard Nixon liked the film *Patton* so much. It is an odd and brilliant film, a film for our time. The doves will see it and come out dovier; the hawks will emerge hawkier. Nixon surely found in it confirmation

(continued on page 236)

"It's not that you don't appeal to me, miss—it's just that I'm hung up on one of my elves. . . ."

NICK-OF-TIME SAINT NICK

A PROCRASTINATOR'S CALENDAR OF LAST-MINUTE YULE LARGESS

DECEMBER 1

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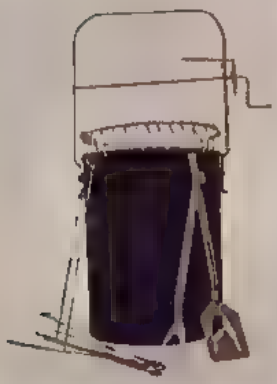

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'TIS THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE NOT A CREATURE IS STIRRING—EXCEPT YOU AND YOUR MOUSE. . .

Your shopping days are numbered. 1. Zebra-skin bench, by Karl Springer, $600. 2. Man's 6-drawer vanity, by Lane Furniture, about $310. 3. Auto 8 cassette movie projector that eliminates threading, by Bell & Howell, $219.95. 4. MR73 solid-state AM/FM stereo tuner featuring computer-designed phase linear crystal filters, by McIntosh, $549. 5. Italian Sala-Sport one-piece poplin driving suit, $18.95, and two-piece style, $19.95, both from Vilém 8. Haan. 6. Portable steel barbecue set, from B.I.A. Cordon Bleu, $22.50. 7. European rally racing set, 1/32 scale, by Strambecker, $104.50. 8. Ecology books: *Population, Resources & Environment*, by Paul and Anne Ehrlich, $8.95; *Too Many*, by Georg Borgstrom, $7.95; *The Subversive Science*, by Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley, $8.95; *Ecotactics*, from The Sierra Club, 95¢; *Silent Spring*, by Rachel Carson, 95¢; *Since Silent Spring*, by Frank Graham, Jr., $6.95; and *The Environmental Crisis*, by Harold W. Helfrich, Jr., $1.95. 9. Canvas 20-inch roll bag, by Welsh Sporting Goods, $20. 10. Apollo 11 commemorative medallion cast in bronze, from the International Numismatic Agency, $12.95 including desk easel. 11. Chrome Mini-David sculpture puzzle, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $125. 12. Bamboo three-piece picnic basket, from The Yeoman Group, $30. 13. The Rolen-Stor Transducer, a 360-degree indoor-outdoor speaker, by Johnson-Peterson Marketing, $29.95. 14. Aquarius 2000, an astralogical parlor game, by Reiss Sales Associates, $29.95. 15. Whistle Switch to turn lights on/off, etc., by Sonus, $14.95. 16. Chrome-and-glass punch-bowl set with 12 cups, by Etco, $41. 17. Molded sports-car hood scoop or instrument housing, from Vilém 8. Haan, $14.95. 18. Enameled Peter Max samovar with stand and Sterno burner, $35.50, and matching tray, $6, both by Etco. 19. Grande Marque men's toiletries, by Speidel, $7.50 the set. 20. Silver-plated key chains, from Destina Ltd., $12.50 each. 21. Steam-All wrinkle remover, by Remington, $20.88. 22. Brass-and gold-filled barware includes a champagne-bottle opener, $28, ice tongs, $17.50, and bottle opener, $17.50, all by Actuelle. 23. Assorted holiday potables (prices vary), all from Munson-Shaw. 24. Seduction Box, an adult toy, by Marvin Glass, $6. 25. Now rest ye merry, gentlemen.

TAKE IT WITH YOU *(continued from page 151)*

ask the room clerk to store it in the hotel vault for safekeeping. he won't question your missing wife's existence. Also, never forget that hotels are more interested in money than in morals; always pay double room rates when expecting a girlfriend, if you try to sneak her into a single, you're almost certain to wind up with an embarrassing call from the management.

Happily, traveling with a woman other than your bride has been made easier in our society, for which we can thank mostly the young. They didn't pioneer this field, but they popularized it, putting them in the class of those benefactors who didn't invent indoor plumbing but made it available to every household. As a result, travel has broadened. The will to fly the friendly skies has swelled. Gone is the fear of being lonely on vacation. Bringing your own is no longer a problem.

Like everyone else who travels, I have my favorite romantic destinations. I should warn you, though, that my tastes are pretty simple, possibly because of my background, which was frighteningly conventional. I mean, compared with me, Andy Hardy was far out.

I was raised in Detroit at a time when people were happy with much less than they have today. As a teenager in the Thirties, I could get excited over a 35-cent Benny Goodman record. On dates, most of us went by streetcar; you would ride by trolley to the girl's house, take her by trolley to a show and take her home the same way. We thought about sex as much as kids do today, but our problem was one of logistics. First, where could you take the girl? Motels were anything but plentiful. And second, if you lingered too long at her house, you could blow a very important streetcar. After 12, they ran only every two hours.

So love in those days was suffocated not by design but by circumstance. If a guy got laid, he ran up a flag. A big one. It was rare in those days that you took a girl to a romantic retreat. "The lake" was the thing. Each summer, four or five guys would chip in and rent a cottage for a week at one of the upper Midwest's many lakes. Then we would spread the word to as many girls as we could that we would be presiding there. They were invited to drop in and "listen to records." After that, it was pot luck (and not in today's sense).

Even after moving from Detroit to Hollywood, I had no occasion to take girls away on amorous trips. I worked six nights a week as a bartender and I had my own apartment. A bartender needs nothing more, except his stamina. Do you realize how many women, after three martinis, write their telephone number on the back of a match cover and leave it under the ashtray for the bartender? They do this even when they're with a date. As ladies' men, bartenders do far better than actors, ranking only behind doctors and piano players.

Not posing as an authority on the subject, much less an oracle, I have nevertheless discovered that when planning to take a girl on a trip, you should exercise *extreme* caution in choosing your companion. A girl's skill on her back, or elsewhere, must, alas, be rated among the lesser considerations.

You begin with the unvarnished truth that every woman is a pain in the ass. They merely vary by degree. Since your problem is finding one who is a minimal pain, you should scout girls almost the way coaches scout football players. Each time one is a pain in the ass, mark it down, because she's even money to repeat. Above all, never ask a girl you don't know intimately to spend a week or a weekend with you away from home. Eventually, you will regret it, as I have on more than one occasion.

Strictly on impulse, I once asked a girl I hardly knew to come along on a little weekend junket to La Jolla, a handsome cove 100 miles south of Los Angeles, where I was appearing with my partner, a fellow you may have heard of, named Dan Rowan. The girl and I had a lovely suite overlooking the Pacific. We arrived at sundown and, as I got ready for work, she relaxed in a bath, where I took her a drink before leaving. When I returned a few hours later, I started to get friendly —and she drew back.

"Is *this* what you brought me here for?" she asked.

I looked at her in disbelief. And then I went to sleep. You can imagine what a fun breakfast we had the next morning, but at least I was only 30 minutes by air from home. What if I had been trapped with one like that at Lake Lucerne?

Basically, there are four types of girls who must *not* be included in your travel plans. One is the neglected kind who asks, "What am I going to do today if you play golf?" Suddenly, you're cornered. You're obliged to give her daylong attention or you'll appear selfish.

The second type to avoid is the girl who's chronically late. *Anything* chronic is deliberate. This is a hostile broad who delights in making you cool your heels. She bathes slowly, dresses slowly and screws around with her hair and makeup while you sit and wait for hours. Forget her.

Third is the sneaky-charge artist. When you check out of the hotel, you discover she's charged $320 at the arcade *boutique*. Without asking, she has bought herself a couple of dresses, a swimsuit and a purse. This pisses you off; she could at least have mentioned it. You are embarrassed to tell the cashier her stuff goes back. Instead, you boil in silence. And you pay.

Finally, as a matter of principle, you should reject out of hand the long-distance-telephone artist. You are traveling in Italy and she places calls to all her friends in Chicago. You ask sourly, "Do you make calls like this when *you're* paying the tab?"

She answers, "Are you that small?"

You've blown *thousands* on this trip and she's implying you're cheap. Who needs her?

It's also a good policy to avoid other couples. Your own girl is a pain in the ass—why inherit aches from a friend's broad? The exception to this rule is when the two men spend their days golfing. Trouble seldom develops with traveling couples at night; the four of you have drinks and dinner and then retire. It's deciding which museums and which stained-glass windows to see during the day that creates something out of an old Sid Caesar sketch.

In the selection of appealing destinations, tastes naturally vary. Mine show peculiar inconsistencies. That's because I am inspired not only by blue lagoons and coconut palms but also by certain bustling cities. From a penthouse in Sydney, a town that strikes me as romantic as eight San Franciscos, I can look out at the harbor and feel as if I were sopping up moonlight on the Mediterranean. Of course, with a daiquiri and a naked lady a guy can get romantic in beautiful downtown Burbank.

Among my favorite retreats is the Maui Hilton, which I visited recently with great satisfaction. Fond of the islands, I had stayed previously in Hawaii at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, a place of incredible beauty on the island of Hawaii. Physically, no hotel is more attractive, but I had to split for at least three reasons. First, the nights were deadly; after nine o'clock, it was like the Union League Club. Second, all the rooms at the Mauna Kea are identical in construction and furnishings. There are no suites, just bedroom and bath. This is bad for actors, who spend most of their lives in one-room pads. When they get lucky and can at last afford something better, they don't want to stay in crowded quarters. Third, the rooms come only with twin beds. To a romantically inclined fellow, anything less than king-size is a bummer. Twin beds are anti-love.

Thus, I shifted islands, from Hawaii to Maui, where Hilton offered a second-story apartment with a terrace overlooking Molokai and Lanai. Below was the Auau Channel, not far from the old whaling port of Lahaina. The apartment was spacious, consisting of living room, bedroom (with king-size bed), kitchen, dressing room and oversized bath.

Told it was the mating season for whales, we dismissed this quickly, pretty

(continued on page 226)

UNDERGROUND AT THE "DAILY PLANET"

if you worked with a dude in long johns who's faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive and—oh wow!—able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, you couldn't stay straight, either

humor **By CRAIG VETTER**

Metropolis
April 28

9:00 Got up got stoned . got to work a half hour late (one of those really-into-my-cornflakes mornings). Perry White right away doing a number on my eardrums, "People dying . . . obituaries to be written and you home sleeping get to work. . . ." And I'm thinking, *dreaming*, you old bastard, not sleeping. Dreaming of the day I get my ass out of the *Daily Planet*, away from you and your creep staff. The day I'll be liberated along with all my working brothers, the day the power will belong to the people in Metropolis. Up the revolution!

Four years, man. Four in-fucking-credible years writing obits for this right wing rag Cook my brains out. I mean, I wasn't always a radical; I didn't always have to do my head before coming in here in the morning. I used to be a nice kid. When I came here all I wanted to be was a star: James Olsen—"star cub reporter." The whole middle-class ambition trip. But they beat you down, stand on your face—four years writing about corpses, four years rewriting Clark Kent's illiterate copy, watching that horny bitch Lois Lane paw at him. *What* a bummer! But, I ain't gonna be leadin' no revolution, 'cause I work with Clark Kent: Superman, baby—a very brutal cat. Like, the ultimate fascist. And if I let my hair wig out a little, or if he found out I was turning on, he'd flick my head off with his ring finger. So I am like definitely *underground* around here. Just waiting, a little paranoid, trying to cool it.

• • •

10:30: Kent swaggers in—hung over (he's on a heavy booze trip). . . . Walks down the row of desks, winking at the girls (calls them tomatoes—how cool is that?), gets to my desk and says, "Morning, Jimmy boy." I ask him—for like the 500th time—would he please stop calling me Jimmy, because my name is James and I do have some expectations as a writer and, after I write my first novel, I don't want people going around saying something like did you read *War and Peace*, by *Jimmy* Olsen? And he comes on with the same ole routine: bends over my desk, flexing his muscles through his Robert Halls, and says, so all the chicks can hear, "You want to Indian wrestle, Jimmy boy?" Man, am I tired of *that* shit. I mean, everybody around here knows he's Superman—you can see that shitty red S thing through his cheap white shirts—and still he's always laying out that *machismo* number. (Everybody knows he's Superman, that is, except Perry White—who thinks he's Superman's friend and Lois Lane, who's like *cosmic* dumb.) Then, before he leaves my desk, he reaches over, grabs my stapler and squeezes it till it fuses into something that looks like a ball bearing, and I just smile and look impressed, 'cause it takes a real *man* to do that, right? (Someday I'm gonna slip him a little Kryptonite sandwich and kick his fat ass.)

• • •

10:40: White comes out of his office screaming like the capitalist pig he is that there's a fire at the Metropolis garment factory, that *(concluded on page 230)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB POST

ERADICATING POVERTY

(continued from page 149)

on a woman to see if she were living with anyone. If she were—and in some states even if the man were her unemployed husband—her "sin" would be visited upon her children, who would be deprived of benefits the law had provided for them.

A good part of the recent and dramatic rise in the number of people on welfare reflects the fact that the poor—through such groups as the National Welfare Rights Organization—are challenging these indignities and claiming rights to which they've been theoretically entitled since the Thirties. Yet, even with these gains, the fact remains that the most successful welfare program in this country excludes American citizens. Since Cuban refugees had the good luck of not being born in the U. S., they qualified for a completely Federal program. It was integrated, comprehensive—health care, job counseling, financial assistance and the like—and quite successful. In taking his first timid steps toward a guaranteed income, Mr. Nixon hasn't proposed to treat the native-born as well as the Cuban exiles, but he is trying to get them at least a few of the advantages of Federal care.

Under the Family Assistance Program, the minimum income would be fixed at $1600 for a family of four. In theory, that sum is to be supplemented by $894 in food stamps, for a total of $2194. In practice, there are counties that don't participate in the food-stamp program at all and, in any case, it's a scheme primarily designed to help affluent farmers, not to feed the hungry. But even accepting Mr. Nixon's optimistic assumptions, an income of $2494 would create a category of Federally approved poverty at a level of 66 percent of basic necessities. The nonpoor, hearing that a guaranteed income had been enacted but not bothering about the details, would then assume that the problem had been solved. Our callousness, in short, would have become righteous.

But the lack of money is not the worst aspect of the President's plan. The cruelest details are all based on one of the most powerful of our antisocial myths: that the poor won't work. Mr. Nixon wants to require everyone on welfare to take a job or training and to lose all benefits for refusing. The implication is that a tough-minded Chief Executive is going to force shiftless millions to shape up. In fact, there are fewer than 80,000 employable males among the 8,400,000 Americans receiving assistance, and a third of the poor live in families headed by a full-time male worker who labors long, hard hours for starvation wages.

The great majority of those getting welfare aid are children, the aging or—and here we come to Mr. Nixon's real target—welfare mothers. So all of the President's puritan rhetoric about the nobility of work—he originally wanted to call his idea "workfare"—is a way of saying that it's public policy to force poverty-stricken mothers into the labor market as soon as their youngest child reaches school age. It is also, I suspect, a way of punishing "fallen" women, since many in this category are welfare mothers who had children without benefit of clergy.

There are, to be sure, mothers who should be encouraged to work, and an extensive network of day-care centers should make it possible for them and for others who are not poor to do so. But psychologists would certainly argue that at least some of the welfare mothers should stay home, take care of the house and be at hand when their children come home from school. In our male-dominated statistics, housework isn't "work" unless it's performed by a hired domestic (when a man marries his housekeeper, the G. N. P. therefore goes down).

If we could break with that absurdity, however, we might realize that paying a poor woman for the work of caring for her house and children will, in many cases, be better for her and for the society than coercing her into a job.

So Mr. Nixon has introduced an excellent new principle—which could be a powerful weapon in the struggle against poverty—in a way calculated to make it as ineffective, and even as counterproductive, as possible. Benefits should not be two thirds of need out in the neighborhood of the $5500 for a family of four proposed by Senator Eugene McCarthy. And there should be an escalator clause that automatically increases the benefits as the cost of living rises, as well as periodic upward adjustments to keep pace with the growing economy.

But wouldn't such an adequate guaranteed income tempt more and more Americans to become the parasitic wards of an overly indulgent state? Of course it would—if the labor market is left in its present scandalous condition, with 10,000,000 jobs paying less than a minimum wage that is set too low in the first place. This is one of the many reasons why there must also be a Federally guaranteed right to work.

For all of Mr. Nixon's celebration of the glories of working, he has not proposed to provide a single job. In other words, he wants all these welfare mothers to be forced to scramble for openings in the existing labor market. And since the only standard specified is that the job must pay the rate "prevailing for similar work in the locality," local officials could use their life-and-death power over these women in order to create a cut-rate employment agency. In Georgia, for example, the rolls used to be cut to the bone at harvest time to create a pool of docile, hungry labor. Now Mr. Nixon may well be committing Federal power to such practices.

Last August, Senators Abraham Ribicoff and Fred Harris recognized this ugly potential when they urged that money be appropriated under the Family Assistance Program to fund 30,000 public service jobs for welfare recipients who go through training but can't find work. That's much, much better than Nixon's scheme, but it's only the beginning of a beginning, for the irony is that a truly radical program—one in which the Government would not be a reluctant "employer of last resort" for the rejectees from the private sector but would aggressively and creatively channel the wasted talents of the poor into socially useful jobs—would help the affluent almost as much as the poverty-stricken. A Federally guaranteed right to work could be not a burden but an enormous opportunity for America.

As long ago as 1966, the Automation Commission identified 5,300,000 useful jobs that Washington could finance in education, health care, social services and beautification. Two years and several civil disorders later, the Riot Commission told the Government to fund 1,000,000 of them at once. Instead, subsidies were given to private employers for hiring men whom, in the tight labor market of the period, they desperately needed. This program mainly succeeded in one industry—auto—and as soon as the recession hit, the companies began to back off from their promises and to fire the hard-core unemployed whom they had signed up with such fanfare.

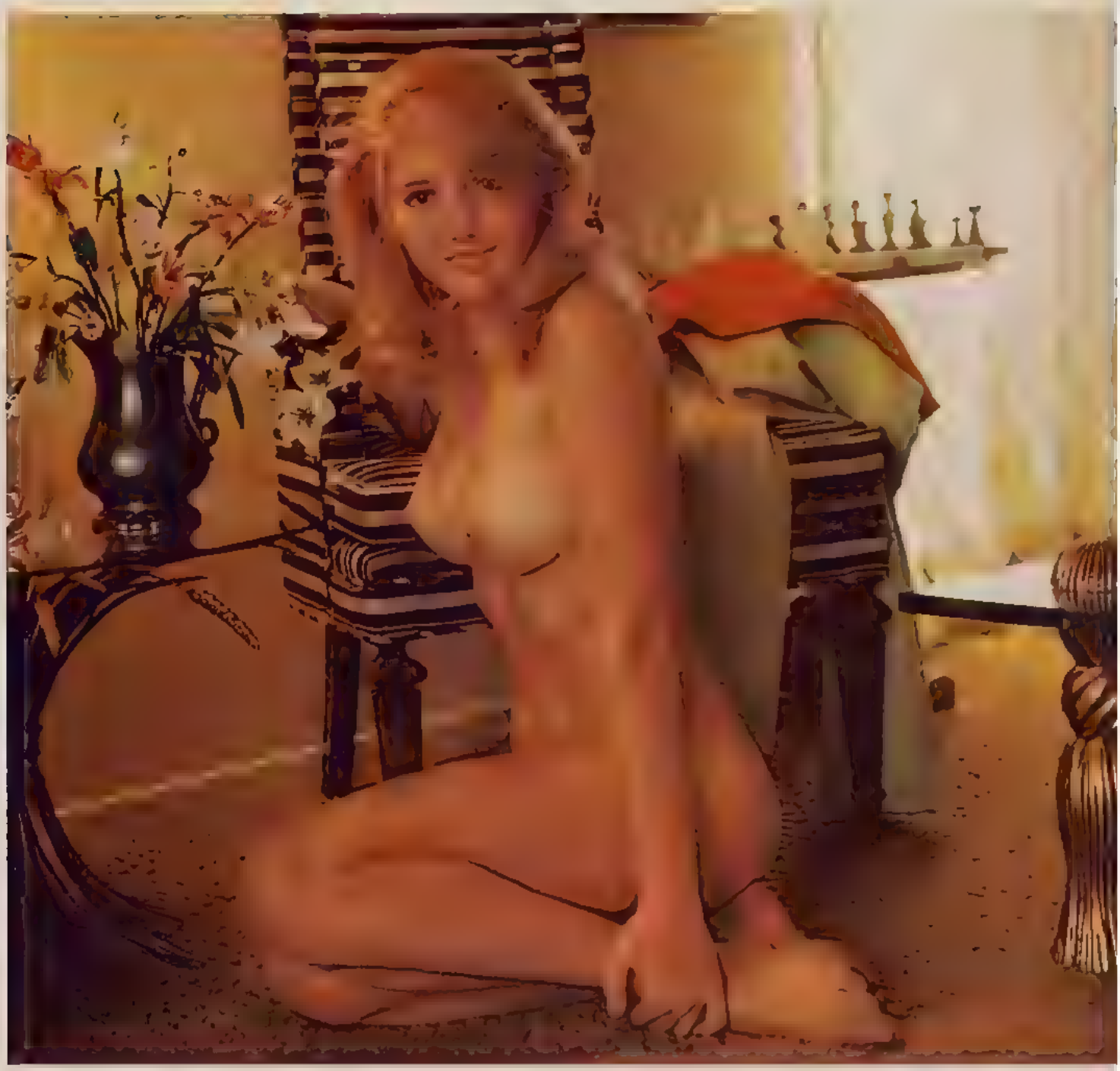
But Washington could have financed stable and extremely useful jobs in the public and nonprofit sector. Medicine, for instance, is in the midst of such a crisis that the President himself has sounded the alarm. We spend more of our G. N. P. on health than Britain and Sweden, yet the quality of our care is inferior to theirs. And there are responsible studies emphasizing that we cannot overcome this problem without the wide use of paraprofessionals—nurse's and doctor's aides who would be recruited from among the poor.

We cannot, in short, waste the lives of the working poor in joblessness or dead-end occupations. We need them, and a Federal right-to-work policy could be a mechanism for channeling them into critical areas that would improve the quality of life not just for the poor but for the entire society.

Indeed, a conservative argument should now be stood on its head. Whenever there is a campaign to raise the minimum wage, those on the right always insist on the conventional wisdom of Economics 1: If the Government arbitrarily prices labor higher than its market value, that will motivate employers to mechanize such jobs out of existence.

(continued on page 232)

a portfolio of the past delightful baker's dozen



Jill Taylor **MISS JANUARY**

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

THE PLAYMATES OF 1970, like so many of their youthful contemporaries, seem bent on achieving highly individual life styles. Leading off the year's parade is Jill Taylor, a sunny-spirited type who refuses to live life on the downbeat despite grim headlines and prophecies of doom from left and right. "Sometimes it's hard to keep from getting cynical or disenchanted," says Jill, "but somehow my intuition tells me everything is going to turn out for the best." This carefree Californian opts for basking in the sun over all other pastimes, but she often diverts herself by sketching new outfits—nonmidi and frankly feminine. "I don't dig unisex," she says. "Why should I go around looking like a guy?" Why, indeed? Equally and pleasingly feminine are her centerfold companions of 1970 on the following pages. Since October afforded a double treat in the delightful form of the Collinson twins—the past twelvemonth yielded a bountiful baker's dozen.

Sharon Clark
MISS AUGUST

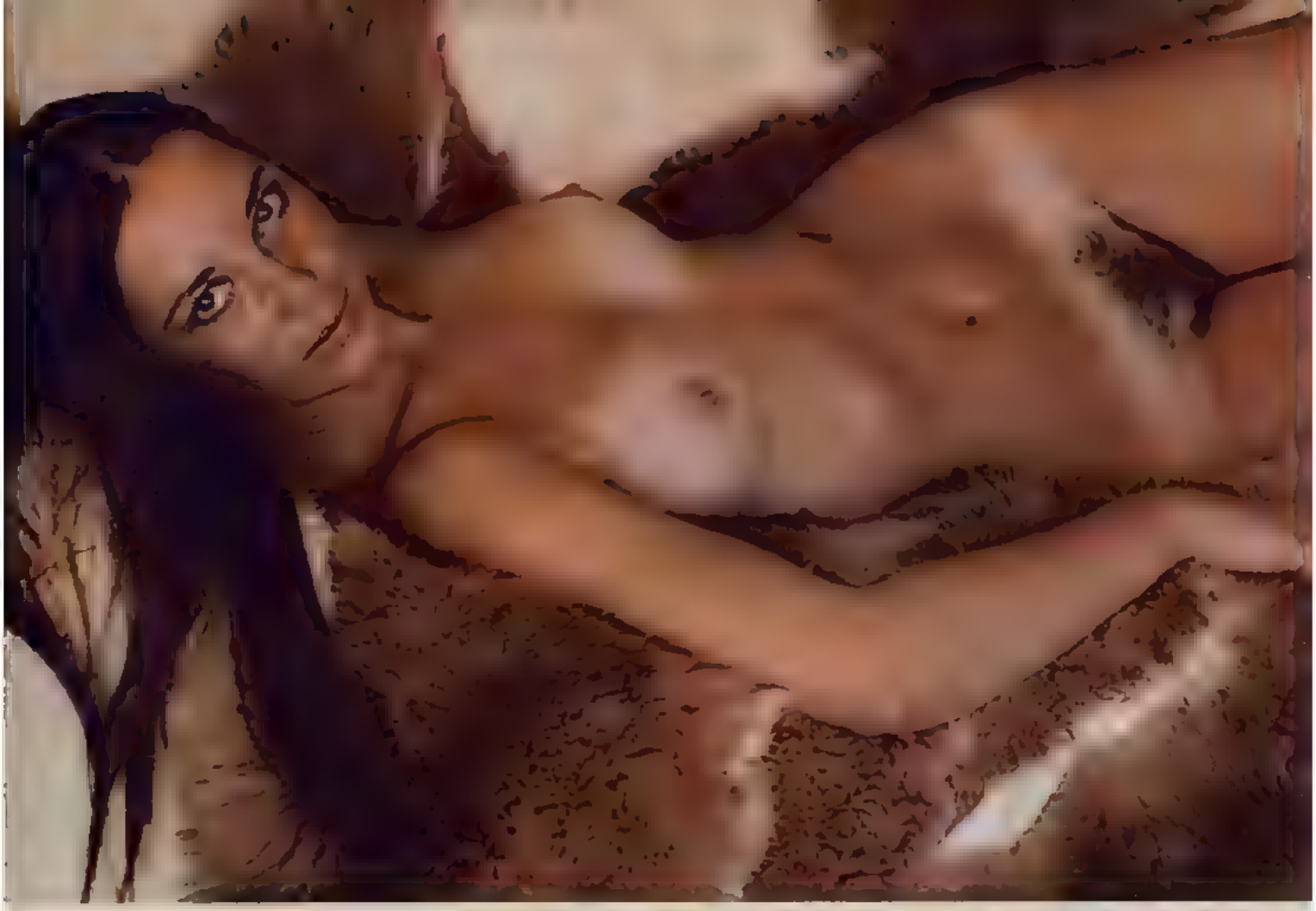
Recently returned from a teaching stint in the Micronesian archipelago of Truk, Sharon is settling into the urban swing of things once more in Santa Monica. Although her post was on Moen, the second largest island of the group, she and her high school English students there experienced little contact with the outside world. Provision-bearing fuel ships call on Moen only once every few months. Now doing some modeling and trying to break into television, Sharon tells us. "I discovered in the South Seas that I don't really dig the simple life. I was homesick for movies and eight-lane highways."

Linda Forsythe
MISS FEBRUARY

Using her Playmate modeling fee to help further her ambition—earning a degree in sociology—Linda enrolled in courses at New York University. "I feel quite strongly about doing social work, especially with children," she says. "Too many kids have no one they can turn to or confide in. Eventually they'll be expected to take their place in society as responsible adults; if we don't help them now, they'll never make it." Linda believes in working within the system, and is convinced that she and like-minded friends comprise the not-so-silent youth majority that will make its mark on the future of the nation.

Barbara Hillary
MISS APRIL

Since she starred as our Playmate for April, Barbara —who had appeared in a number of television commercials and one full-length A. T. & T. documentary film — has continued to add to her list of credits as a free-lance model and promising young actress. She has forsaken her former favorite haunts in Alaska for warmer climes in Southern California, but still feels drawn by the lure of the north country. "Although Alaska can be cold and desolate at times, there's something compelling about the place," says Barbara. "I'd like to go back to Juneau someday, if only to get my fill of fresh-caught king crab."



Carol Willis

MISS JULY

Texas-born Miss July is proud of the Cherokee strain in her heritage. "Don't forget, we were the only Indian nation with its own written language and the first with its own newspaper," she points out. Carol's family tribe, including three sisters and five stepbrothers, has dispersed to such far-apart points as Florida and California—where she now makes her home—and she warns goodhumoredly: "We have the United States virtually surrounded." An outdoorsy type, Carol favors hiking as a leisure pursuit and plans to add sky- and skindiving to her repertoire as soon as she finds time for lessons.

Christine Koren

MISS MARCH

For her full schedule of personal appearances as a Playmate, Chris has been fortifying herself with a home-concocted health-food diet. "I admit to being a nut on the subject," says Chris, "but I'm convinced that wheat germ, avocado honey and papaya juice are what help keep me going." Miss March tandems her regimen with studies she feels will help her find herself—yoga and metaphysics. "They're far superior to artificial stimulants and psychedelic drugs as methods of self-discovery," she avows. Chris is also a devotee of fresh air and salt water, preferably on shipboard. Sailing, anyone?

Debbie Ellison

MISS SEPTEMBER

Since appearing in our September Playmate gatefold, Debbie has steadfastly kept her sights on a role in the dance world—either as a ballerina or as a critic of ballet. She took time out from studies at the Boston School of Ballet last year to tour Europe and to join a student group that discussed national priorities with public officials in Washington, D.C. She didn't think much of what she saw: "Most Congressmen send you to their aides or have their secretaries tell you they're not in. We felt we were getting the brush-off." The pols must have been myopic; who'd pass up a chance to meet Debbie?

Avis Miller

MISS NOVEMBER

Miss November is still getting her feet back on the ground after what she describes as "an unbelievable trip"—with Hugh Hefner and friends aboard the most luxurious private jet in the world: the Big Bunny, Hefner's custom-modified DC-9-32. Avis was one of five Jet Bunnies assigned to the flight—a month-long jaunt through Europe and Africa. To become a Jet Bunny, Avis had to undergo intensive training—first as a Playboy cottontail, then as a qualified air hostess, lastly attending classes emphasizing the Big Bunny's particular high style. As for us, we dig Avis' own highflying style.

Mary and Madeleine Collinson

MISSES OCTOBER

PLAYBOY's first twin Playmates, Mary and Madeleine, find their identical genetic make-up brings them more than double their share of attention. Togetherness has also helped them bail each other out of minor difficulties the sort to be expected when two young girls leave home (the island of Malta) to make their mark in a big city (London). "People tried to take advantage of us because of our inexperience, promising us jobs we never got," report M and M. No more; since gracing our October gatefold, the twins have been guests on the Johnny Carson show and are in increasing demand as models.

Elaine Morton

MISS JUNE

Somewhere on a deserted stretch of beach along the Baja California coast, a camper is parked. It belongs to Miss June, who used her Playmate earnings to buy transportation away from "the establishment life style in which I was getting bogged down. I decided to find my own way." Elaine now takes her days one at a time, and communicates with friends only occasionally, via postcard. To brighten her new *modus vivendi*, she's taken the best from her old life as a homeec student and florist's assistant: Two of her current grooves are cooking her own meals and rambling on wildflower hikes.

Jennifer Liano
MISS MAY

Though she loves her native San Francisco—"It's the most beautiful city in the United States"—Jennifer has never been able to restrain her wanderlust. Now Miss May is off and traveling to Europe. On an earlier trip abroad, she visited relatives in Italy; this time, she's junketing on her own. "I've always wanted to tour Scandinavia," she explains. "I'm really impressed with the Swedes; they're such beautiful, independent people." A budding silversmith, Jennifer admires the work of Danish handcraftsmen and hopes to pick up a few design ideas during her projected visit to Copenhagen.

Carol Imhof
MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY readers were treated to eye-filling views of Carol four times during 1970: in February, as part of our spoof, *How Other Magazines Would Photograph a Playmate*; in March, as first runner-up in the Bunny Beauty Contest; again in August, as one of the *Bunnies of 1970*; and finally in December, as our year-ending centerfold attraction. "It's been an amazing twelve months," says Carol, a Chicago Playboy Club Bunny, "but I'm sure I'll be just as surprised by what happens this coming year." We wouldn't be at all surprised to learn of even more exciting prospects in store for Miss Imhof.

DEALING *(continued from page 154)*

remains that it was your car and the dope was in it, and we can make things pretty uncomfortable for you on your, ah" he paused, savoring his own thoughts—"*vacation*. Unless you come around and talk dirt with us."

"*Talk* to you. I have been talking to you. And so far, it hasn't gotten me anywhere." I was doing the indignant citizen number now and enjoying it immensely, after doing time for what even they had admitted was a pretty thin hustle. "I want a cigarette. I haven't had one for three days. Don't any of you guys have a match?"

Deskman nodded to Crewcut, who grudgingly reached into his coat and pulled out some matches. Handed them to me. As if on signal, all three of them pulled out their butts. I lit mine, looked around at all of them and blew the match out. Threw it on the floor, put the book in my pocket. Crewcut was staring at me. Deskman again, suddenly intense:

"You a good friend of O'Shaugnessy's?"

The question caught me completely by surprise and I was glad I had the cigarette. Took a long drag. It tasted unbelievably good. Meanwhile, my thoughts not at all under control. Had they busted Musty that night, after I'd gone, and were they now keeping it from me? Had they been watching him the whole time, and me, and known why I was in the house? Had they seen my car at the first house that afternoon and followed it, hoping to catch me with something? (It didn't seem like Hertz to have no tail lights.) Had they planted the dope on Lou, just so they could run me in? The last made the most sense, 'cause it would explain their letting him off with a few questions and "taking his word" that it was my dope. Just how much did these pigs *know*? It was all happening very fast. I decided the least I could do was make them work for it.

"O'Shaugnessy?" I said.

"Yeah, Harkness, you know Padrait J O'Shaugnessy? Big pusher, long black hair and a mustache? Ring any bells?"

"No, I don't know any O'Shaugnessy. Is this another one of Lou's ideas?" I had to find out. Maybe he was the stool Musty had been talking about that night.

"No, your friend Lou didn't have anything to do with it. So you don't know any O'Shaugnessy, huh, kid? Fred"—to Crewcut—"what's the name he uses on the street, what do the creeps call him?"

"Musty," said Crewcut with the sour expression of a man who's blown lunch and missed the bowl.

"Know anybody by the name of Musty?" Deskman said, leaning forward.

"Musty." I said, trying to sound as if I were mulling it over. "Yeah, I met a cat named Musty. He was with Lou when I met Lou at the house that night. When Lou asked me for the car. Wears his hair in a ponytail, is that the guy you mean?" Said in a tone of intense distrust, as if that were just the kind of weirdo a nice clean-cut Harvard boy like myself could never forget.

"Yeah, that's the one. Seems that you have an excellent memory, Harkness, when you feel like it."

"I do have an excellent memory," I said, "but not for people's last names when I only know their first."

"OK, wise ass," said Crewcut. "Didn't learn nothing in the cooler, huh? That kinda talk's gonna get you nowhere around here. We don't wanna know how smart you are. We know all about you and this O'Shaugnessy. So let's have it. Is he the one who gets you the shit? Where does he get it? Where'd you meet him? Who do you deal the shit to? C'mon, Harkness, let's have it. Now!"

The vibrations in the room were getting a bit tense. They were going through the kind of verbal foreplay that cops do when they're deciding whether or not to really hassle you. But Crewcut had blown the scene, I could see that from the way Deskman was glaring at him. He'd given it all away. They knew I was connected with Musty, but they didn't know how or why or when or where. And, probably, they didn't even really know, they just had a damned good hunch. Deskman shifted position, took his glasses off and looked through them. Put them back on his nose and said:

"Now, Harkness, you got a trial coming up, a hearing tomorrow. You play ball with us and things could go very smoothly. You don't and your vacation's going to be something of a financial disaster."

Blew it again, Deskman. Trial. Hearing. That meant everything was all right.

"I'm not saying another thing till I see a lawyer," I said.

"You coulda spoke to your lawyer any time," Crewcut exploded.

"Not after you thugs took all my money, I couldn't!"

"You didn't have any money, Mr. Excellent Memory." Fats said, breaking his silence. "I seen you sign the sheet."

"I had twenty bucks, goddamn it, and you saw me tell the guy that, too. And you saw how he hustled me out of it and you played along with him and dragged me up here. Sign the sheet, my ass."

"You wanna go back down and talk it over with him?"

"I want to get out of here, right now," I said. "I know damn well somebody's paid my bail, or you wouldn't have me up here, and you got no right to hold me any longer. I'm not saying another thing till I see a lawyer. I don't care if it's just one of your crummy public defenders. You wanna try to make those phony charges stick, go ahead."

Deskman looked at me, sizing me up. He knew that I knew that it was all over and that he had to let me go. But it wasn't over yet. He held the bag up to the light, swung his chair around to face me and shoved the bag under my nose.

"How long you been smoking this shit?" he said.

"I told you, I don't smoke dope."

"*How long?*" he said, like I better answer.

"I smoked, maybe two years. Maybe more. Don't anymore."

"O'Shaugnessy turn you onto this shit, huh?"

"No, he didn't." I said. Absurd questions.

"LSD," said Crewcut, dragging on his cigarette fiercely, "what about that shit, you take that, too?"

"I don't recall being busted for that," I said.

Deskman leaned forward, strange gleam of satisfaction in his eye, as though he'd just destroyed the golden calf singlehanded. "Tell me, Harkness," he said, "is it good kicks?"

I looked at him, astonished. So that was the problem. Well, there wasn't anything I could do for his head. I shrugged and said. "Better than alcohol."

It was pointless to bait the pig, but I couldn't help enjoying it when he suddenly began to sweat. His face got red and his lower lip twitched. "Only it's not legal, is it, Harkness? And that doesn't bother you, does it, Harkness? You don't give a fuck for the law. You can't be bothered with what's legal and what isn't. The whole fabric of society is a big joke to you, isn't it? You're just so smart you can do whatever you want, can't you, Harkness?"

"How do you figure that?" I said.

"I don't have to figure it, Harkness," he shouted. "I know it. I know all about you."

"You know all about me?" I said and looked at him. He was serious. "You should've considered the priesthood, lieutenant. This isn't a job for you, it's a calling."

His eyes flashed when I said that. He rocked feverishly in his chair for a moment and then said: "OK, OK, Harkness. You're pretty funny, you're a pretty funny guy. You got a lot of quick answers, a lot of smart-guy know-it-all answers. And you go to your big Ivy League school and wear your English clothes and your old man buys you everything and you're sick, you're sicker than hell, and all the bastards like you. But let me tell you something, punk."

His face was now very red. I waited

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the future of ecstasy *article* BY alan watts

a visionary philosopher describes the coming evolution of pleasure from an uptight vagary into an art, a science and a liberated life style

IT WASN'T UNTIL 30 YEARS AGO, in the 1960s, that there began to be any widespread realization that ecstasy is a legitimate human need—as essential for mental and physical health as proper nutrition, vitamins, rest and recreation. Though the idea had been foreshadowed by Freud and stressed by Wilhelm Reich, there had never been anything particularly ecstatic about psychoanalysts, or their patients. They seemed, on

ILLUSTRATION BY DON PUNCHATZ

the whole, emotionally catharticized and drearily mature. Ecstasy, in the form of mystical experience, had also been the objective of a growing minority that, since the beginning of the century, had been fascinated with yoga, Tibetan Buddhism, Zen, Vedanta and other forms of Oriental meditation; and these people were always rather serious and demure.

But in the Sixties, everything blew up. Something almost like a mutation broke out among people from 15 to 25, to the utter consternation of the adult world. From San Francisco to Katmandu, there suddenly appeared multitudes of hippies with hair, beards and costumes that disquietingly reminded their elders of Jesus Christ, the prophets and the apostles—who were all at a safe historical distance. At the peak of our technological affluence, these young people renounced the cherished values of Western civilization—the values of property and status. Richness of experience, they maintained, was far more important than things and money, in pursuit of which their parents were miserably and dutifully trapped in squirrel cages.

Scandalously, hippies did not adopt the ascetic and celibate ways of traditional holy men. They took drugs, held sexual orgies and substituted freeloving communities for the hallowed family circle. Those who hoped that all this was just an adolescent quest for kicks that would soon fade away were increasingly alarmed, for it appeared to be in lively earnest. The hippies moved on from marijuana and LSD to Hindu chants and yoga, hardly aware that mysticism, in the form of realizing that one's true self is the Godhead, is something Western society would not tolerate. After all, look what happened to Jesus. Mysticism, or democracy in the kingdom of God, seemed arrant subversion and blasphemy to people whose official image of God had always been monarchical—the cosmic counterpart of the Pharaohs and Cyruses of the ancient world. Mysticism was therefore persecuted alike by church and state and the taboo still continued—with assistance from the psychiatric inquisition. Admittedly, the hippies were credulous, undiscriminating and immoderate in their spiritual explorations. But if the approach was fumbling, the goal was clear. I have before me a faded copy of the summer 1969 bulletin of what was then California's revolutionary Midpeninsula Free University (now the world-respected Castalia University of Menlo Park), which bluntly affirms that "The natural state of man is ecstatic wonder; we should not settle for less."

Looking back from 1990, all this is very understandable, however inept. The flower children knew what their parents hardly dared contemplate: that they had no future. At any moment, they might suffer instant cremation by the H-bomb or the slower and grislier dooms of chemical and biological warfare. The history of man's behavior warned them that armaments which exist are almost invariably used and may even go off by themselves. By the end of 1970, their protests against the power structure of the West (which from their standpoint included Russia), combined with the black-power movement, had so infuriated the military-industrial-police-labor-union-Mafia complex known as the establishment that the U. S. was close to civil war.

Happily, it was just then that the leading scientists, philosophers and responsible statesmen of the world abruptly called factionists and politicians to their senses. They solemnly proclaimed an ecological crisis and put it so bluntly that the world almost went into panic. Ideological, national and racial disputes were children's tiffs in comparison with the many-headed menace of overpopulation, totally inadequate food production, shortage of water, erosion of soil, pollution of air and water, deforestation, poisoned food and utter chemical imbalance of nature. By 1972, no one could refuse to see that all extravagant military and space projects must forthwith be canceled and every energy diverted to feeding and cleansing the world. Had this not happened, I could not be writing to you. Civilization would not have endured beyond 1980 and certainly would not have taken its present direction. For we have gone a long way in persuading people that "the natural state of man is ecstatic wonder."

Because ecstasy was rare, crude and brief in your day, I should perhaps try to define it. Ecstasy is the sensation of surrendering to vibrations, and sometimes to insights, that take you out of your so-called self. By and large, "self" as a direct sensation is nothing more than chronic neuromuscular tension—a habitual resistance to the pulsing of life; which may explain why nonecstatic people are correctly described as uptight. They are what Freud called anal-retentive types and commonly suffer from impotence and frigidity, being afraid to let themselves go to the spontaneous rhythms of nature. They conceive man as something apart from and even *against* nature, and civilization as an architecture of resistance to spontaneity. It was, of course, this attitude, aided by a powerful technology, that brought about the ecological crisis of the early Seventies and, having seen the mistake, we now cultivate ecstasy as we once cultivated literacy or morality.

Do not suppose, however, that we are merely a society of lotus-eaters, lolling on divans and cuddling lovely women. Ecstasy is something higher, or further out, than ordinary pleasure, and few hippies realized that its achievement requires a particular discipline and skill that is comparable to the art of sailing. We do not resist the vibrations, pulses and rhythms of nature, just as the yachtsman does not resist the wind. But he knows how to manage his sails and, therefore, can use the wind to go wherever he wishes. The art of life, as we see it, is navigation.

Ecstasy is beyond pleasure. Ordinarily, one thinks of the rainbow spectrum of light as a band having red at one end and violet at the other, thus not seeing that violet is the mixture of red and blue. The spectrum could therefore be displayed as a ring or concentric circles instead of a band, but its eye-striking central circle would be where pale, bright yellow comes nearest to white light. This would represent ecstasy. But it can be approached in two ways, starting from violet through the blues and greens of pleasure or the reds and oranges of pain. This explains why ecstasy can be achieved in battle, by ascetic self-torture and through the many variations of sadomasochistic sexuality. This we call the left-hand, or negative, approach. The right-hand, or positive, approach is through activities that are loving and life-affirming. Since both approaches reach the same point, it must be noted that ecstasy is always a pleasure/pain experience, as when one weeps for joy or as when there is a certain hurt in intense sexual orgasm.

Pure ecstasy cannot, therefore, be long endured, for, as the Bible says, "No man can see God and live." But frequent plunges into ecstasy transform one's normal consciousness. The everyday world becomes luminous and transparent. The chronic neuromuscular tension against the world disappears, and thus one loses the sensation of carrying one's body around like a load. You feel light, almost weightless, realizing that you are one with a planet that is just falling at ease through space. It's something like the happy, released, energetic feeling one gets after a splendid experience of love-making in the middle of the day.

Continuing the story, you will remember that even as early as 1968, the hippie style of life was, in a superficial form, becoming fashionable in society at large. Beards and longish hair were increasingly noted upon stockbrokers, doctors, professors and advertising men. Men and women alike began to sport sensuous and psychedelic fabrics and free-form new styles were observed in the highest levels of society. Less publicized was the fact that in these same circles, there was a great deal of experimentation with marijuana and LSD and a surprising number of successful businessmen became dropouts, fed up with the strain and the dubious rewards of maintaining the uptight posture.

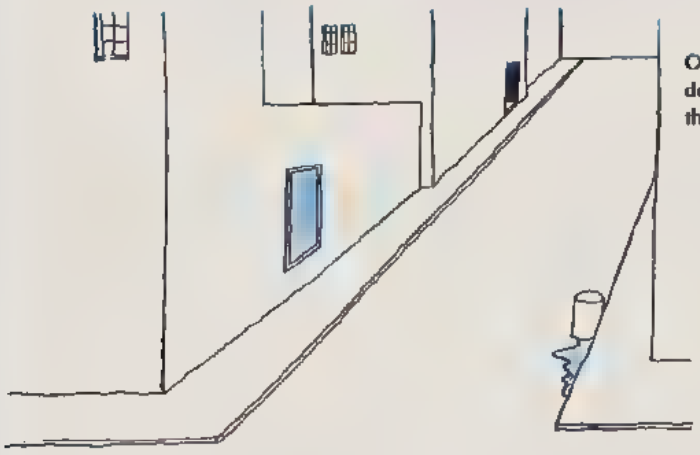
At the same time, various aspects of

(continued on page 212)

THE MIRROR MAN

BY TOMI UNGERER

breaking a mirror means seven years' bad luck—but what happens when one shatters you?

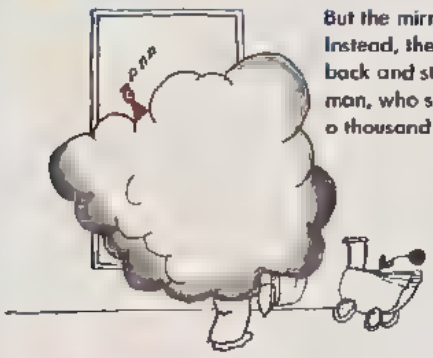


Once upon a wall, on a dead-end street, there lived a mirror.

Generally, it would not reflect images of people. It cared only for clouds and skies—and occasional birds.

One day a man was strolling by. He stopped to look into the mirror—and saw his face.

So angered was he by his reflection that he turned scarlet with ire. Picking up a brick, he hurled it at his angry image.

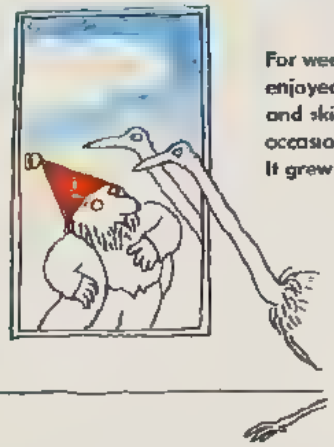


But the mirror didn't break. Instead, the brick bounced back and struck the man, who shattered into a thousand pieces.

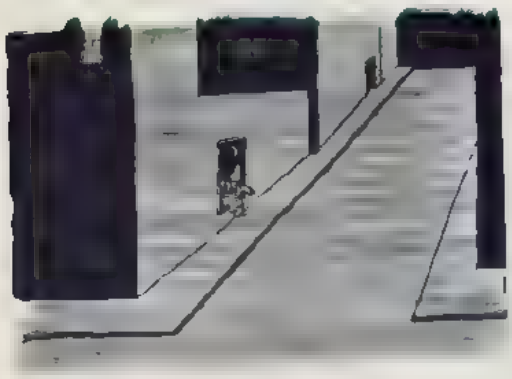
But his reflection remained.

A bird seized his rose and dogs made off with his baby buggy.

A street cleaner swept away the debris.

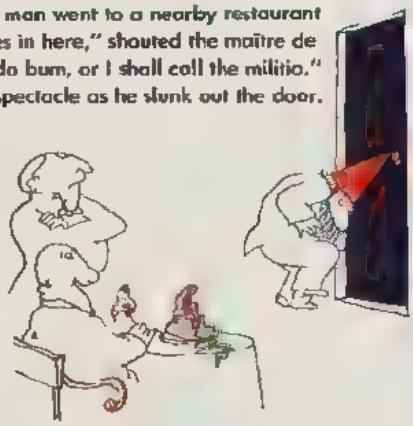


For weeks the image enjoyed the clouds and skies—and occasional birds. It grew a beard



But late one night, feeling bored and lonely, it stepped back into reality

Suddenly hungry, the man went to a nearby restaurant that was open. "No dunces in here," shouted the maître de "Get out, you beardo bum, or I shall call the militia." Diners laughed at the spectacle as he slunk out the door.



He collapsed on the street, but passers-by paid no heed.

At last a woman took notice and pity. "You poor wretched wreck, you look just like my Alfred, who vanished on New Year's Eve."

She took him home and comforted him.

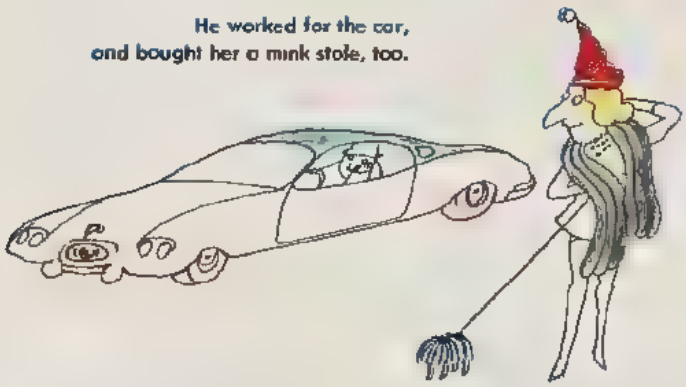
She put him in bed and fed him lusciously Then they made love

After morning lovemaking and breakfast, she shaved him and said: "Go to work, we need a new car. Alfred's boss will give you Alfred's old job."

He went to work for a car, and they called him Alfred. The new Alfred had a place in life but nowhere to go.

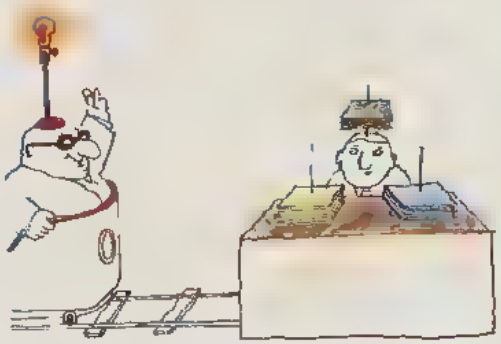
She would have all manner of wondrous delights awaiting the home-coming of her Alfred.

He worked for the car, and bought her a mink stole, too.



They went on exotic tropical vacations.

And had friends with whom to compare identical lives.



At year's end, his happy boss came to the not-so-new Alfred and said: "You are promoted, old boy. Let's go out tonight and celebrate."

They ate and drank; they sang and danced

Boggled with liquor, not-so-new Alfred stepped out for some fresh air. He walked and walked, until he saw his face in a mirror on a dead-end street. . . .

Tomi Ungerer

BROADWAY JOE *(continued from page 130)*

I'm ready to leave *now*."

Looking unhappy, he sat down uneasily on the edge of a silk-covered love seat. "This isn't going to be much of a picture, that's for sure," he said slowly. "The story's not too good and nobody seems to give a damn about the picture; *I* sure as hell don't. And I wanted to. There are a few scenes where I'm not too bad—scenes where I'm with Elam. You see, I can't do it by myself, I have to *react* to somebody, and Jack understands that. The one thing I really can't do is laugh; boy, when they tell me to laugh, it's a bitch." Namath was also upset by what he regards as his over-all lack of progress as an actor. "I've done three pictures now," he noted, "and in all three I've worked with directors who were doing their first movie. Jack Haley, Jr., in *Norwood*, Seymour Robbie in *C. C. and Company* and Denys McCoy in this one. Haley and Robbie had done a lot of television, so even if they were new to movies, at least they were in the game. No knock on Denys, but all he's done is some shorts, and too much of the time I'm all alone out there. That's an uncomfortable feeling when you're brand-new at something. I don't know, but the whole movie seems screwed up. You'll see what I mean tomorrow."

The next morning at seven, a black 1966 Cadillac picked Namath up at the hotel and drove to Cinecittà, Mussolini's vast, pink monument to the Italian film industry. On arrival, Namath was made up and dressed in a Western dandy's brown suit, then he walked around by himself, head down, memorizing his lines. He wanted to finish early, for he, Elam and producer Larry Spangler were throwing a party for the cast and crew that evening. The upcoming scenes didn't require much dialog, but Namath was nervous. As he stalked around, the director, Denys McCoy, gave him a few words of encouragement. McCoy, 32, is a fan. "Namath is really sticking with it," he said. "He works very hard, he's never late, and never unprepared. He's got possibilities as an actor, too. He gives me things I didn't think he could. He's got a lot of personal strength that comes through. And as long as he's playing off somebody in a situation that makes sense to him, he's fine." Denys, however, was far from enthusiastic about the film. He had been called in only two days before shooting started, when producer Spangler decided he "didn't feel the chemistry was right" between the previous director (and author of the script), Warren Kiefer, and himself. Denys, who, with his friend and collaborator Rea Redifer, helped rewrite the screenplay, agreed to direct the movie primarily because he is being bankrolled by Spangler for a feature-length documentary about his uncle Andrew Wyeth. "This is a corny picture," he said, "but there are plenty of good moments in it, believe me. I wasn't all that happy about doing this film—it had already been cast, and there wasn't much we could do with the script on such short notice."

The day's abbreviated shooting was ready to begin; Namath had been fidgeting for well over an hour and he was anxious to get it on. In the first of three short scenes, he was seated at the head of an oval dinner table, where he was introduced to two women who have minor parts in the film. On his left was Marina Coffa, a pretty, temperamental 19-year-old who had done some Italian television, she plays Camelia, a girl Namath saves from a runaway stagecoach and who invites him to her aunt's ranch for dinner and an overnight visit. The aunt, Madame Du Pres, seated at Namath's right, is played by Annamaria Chio, a 29-year-old Italian actress who appeared in Pasolini's *Medea*. The script calls for Madame Du Pres to run her hand along her dinner guest's right thigh until he puts down his fork and holds her hand. Just as that happens, Camelia runs her hand along his left thigh until he puts down his knife to hold *her* hand. Madame Du Pres will then complain that Namath isn't scoffing up his dinner.

The cameras began rolling shortly after nine A.M. Namath nearly gagged on a hideous-looking piece of roast chicken, but managed to gobble up a leg almost eagerly as the scene unfolded. Miss Chio's hand shot up his right thigh and he grabbed it; Miss Coffa's hand landed on his left thigh and he snared that one. Finally, Miss Chio uttered her deathless line: "Lasa you mitt tendahr enough, Capitan? Ah noteece you arra not eatin'." Namath was unable to keep a straight face. "Well, it's all right," said Denys. "We'll just loop it later on." The take ended with a close-up of Namath looking seductively first at Miss Chio and then at Miss Coffa. Annamaria reacted well to his glance, but when he turned to Miss Coffa, she giggled with embarrassment and, for some reason, looked over her shoulder, leaving Namath to stare seductively at her ear. Namath asked, "What's the matter?" Marina didn't answer because she couldn't; she speaks no English. Neither does Annamaria.

After several more takes, the scene was completed and the crew began to light another set. Namath sat down, thoroughly unhappy; he got a paper cup to use as a spittoon, was handed a little round box of Skoal (a wintergreen-flavored chewing tobacco) and occupied himself chewing and spitting. Marina Coffa went up to him and, in her quaint Italian way, put her face about three inches from his and shouted, "*Sputa!* Poo! *Sputa!*" Evidently, she did not approve of tobacco chewing. A half hour later, Namath tried to talk to both of the girls with a production assistant as translator, but all he got for his trouble was, "Marina says chewing tobacco is a filthy, disgusting habit." Joe could hardly wait for the love scenes he had to do with both of them.

Actually, he had to wait until after lunch. The film crew had screwed up and wasn't ready for another hour or so. During the lunch break, everyone evacuated the sound stage to sit outside the building in green-and-white director's chairs that had NEW YORK JETS on them. The crew, the extras and their friends quickly grabbed all the chairs, so Namath sat on the building's steps, trying to get acquainted with Annamaria; no go. I joined in the nonconversation and my lousy French was the equal of her lousy French. She told us she has a seven-year-old son in Bari, on the Adriatic coast, that she acts mostly in theater and that she was sorry if Mr. Joe was upset because she didn't speak English. Mr. Joe was not upset, she, at least, was friendly, while Marina Coffa was a pain in his ass.

I then met Al Hassan, Namath's "road manager." An intense, 34-year-old former speech teacher at the University of Maryland, Al had been in Namath's employ since February and was very concerned lest he become a freeloader. "When I feel I'm not contributing anything, I'll leave," he said. Although he and Namath's two lawyers, Jimmy Walsh and Mike Bite (who were also along on the trip), run Namanco—Namath Management Company—Hassan's most pressing duties are to answer the phone, hold Joe's chewing tobacco and be a good companion, for Namath doesn't take to strangers. The two men like and respect each other, but Hassan (a look-alike for Zachary Scott) is terribly defensive about his job, because he's seen that most people Namath comes in contact with act like flunkies. (The fear is justified. I once spent a very uncomfortable half hour watching silver-tongued sportscaster Howard Cosell trying to ingratiate himself with Namath.)

Lunch was finally over and the crew was ready to resume shooting. Marina was obviously disgusted at having to kiss lips that had lately touched tobacco, but her G-rated bed scene with Namath went smoothly. In the film, Joe makes love to the niece and sneaks back into his room, where the aunt grabs him from behind just as he takes off his shirt, kisses him, and the camera does a time-honored fade-out. Nine people were watching as Namath turned to kiss Annamaria. And all nine were surprised as hell when Joe, apparently having reached the limit of his patience, exploded. "What the hell kind of a kiss is *that*?" he said loudly, moving away from Miss Chio. "Goddamn it, Denys, she kisses like she's nine years old! How can I look like I'm starting to make love to her if she kisses with her mouth closed?" McCoy didn't really

(continued on page 256)

"That's what I call starting off the New Year with a bang."

man at his leisure

leroy neiman, playboy's globe-girdling artist, limns the good life of the caribbean's sun and rum capital

JAMAICA—the island, not the section of New York City—will bid welcome this winter to more than 400,000 visitors, almost all of them American, British or Canadian. This lushly tropical, sun-drenched retreat, which lies 90 miles south of Cuba, still exudes the unspoiled charm that moved its original settlers, the Arawak Indians, to name it Xaymaca, land of streams and forests. "The beauty of the island is incredible—and exceeded only by the beauty of its women," says LeRoy Neiman. "Jamaican women are a fascinating mixture of nationalities that range from African and Irish to East Indian, Chinese and Arawak. And it doesn't much matter whether the girls are dressed in Diors or inexpensive cotton frocks; their sensuality is sensational. Jamaica's women never talk about sexual freedom; they practice it. But not ostentatiously. Invitations to men who turn them on are subtly conveyed in a glance or a movement that is purely Jamaican. And their bodies are as well favored by nature as their facial features. On watching a parade of Jamaican girls on their way to market, I was reminded of T. S. Eliot's description of a voluptuous woman —'promist of pneumatic bliss.' Bliss, of course, is really what Jamaica is all about. Kingston, the biggest city, is the only area where there is ever anything remotely resembling a tourist crunch. When I recently visited the island, I stayed at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, just outside the small town of Ocho Rios, focal point of probably the most picturesque part of the 145-mile-long island. Less than a score of hotels are spaced along 20 miles of coast line there, running from Oracabessa west to St. Ann's Bay. My days—most of which I spent sun-bathing and swimming—were as tranquil and serene as I wanted them to be. And at night, I found more than enough entertainments to spice up my stay. Jamaica's a marvelous spot to both relax and revivify—a fact attested to by the many elegant retreats built in this former British colony by such island eminences as Noel Coward, who, as every Coward fancier knows, joins mad dogs and Englishmen in Jamaica's midday sun."

Offshore at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel (gatefold), a yacht at anchor becomes the site of an early-evening cocktail party. Right: At Dunn's River Falls—a 600-foot cascade that can be climbed safely—Jamaican beauties sun-bathe and often retire to a secluded niche to let the gently plunging waters massage their bodies. "They claim it's good for their figures," says Neiman, "and after seeing them, you can't argue the point." Top, left, at The Tunnel discothèque in Kingston, the music is usually slow, and dancers entwine themselves around one another; top, right, Kingston's strippers, in contrast to their often bored and boring Stateside sisters-in-the-flesh, are accomplished and exciting performers.

street games

a fond remembrance of city-kid sports guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of every erstwhile two-sewer man

nostalgia **by gerald green**

Time soils the heroes of our youth. When we were 16, Thomas Wolfe's passion shivered us. Today, he often sounds like an intemperate blowhard. The late John Dos Passos marched for Sacco and Vanzetti; in sour old age, he wrote for *National Review*. Was F. D. R. really the valiant knight we saw waving to a crowd one rainy October day on Eastern Parkway? And did not Al Smith, whom we rooted for against Hoover (aged seven, I tearfully defended Al against my cousin's slander that he was "a stinkin' drunken bum"), become a reactionary crank?

Luckily for our illusions, there is one breed of boyhood idol whose glory never tarnishes. No exposes, no reassessments by smart aleck historians or peckish critics can sully their memory. They are, of course, the athletes of our youth, forever brave, forever agile strong elegant. Here are a few of my personal immortals.

Football: Sid Luckman, red-faced, chunky, fading into the end zone at Baker Field on a hot September afternoon. The Army line rushes him, the Columbia defense wilts—frail premeds and prelaw students. Sid wriggles loose, cocks the mighty right arm, pumps. . . .

Baseball: Pete Reiser, gallant and doomed center fielder of the Brooklyn Dodgers, rising high against the treacherous center-field wall of Ebbets Field, cracking bones, bruising flesh. He soars upward, a ballet of the undefeated, a man whom only the gods can crush.

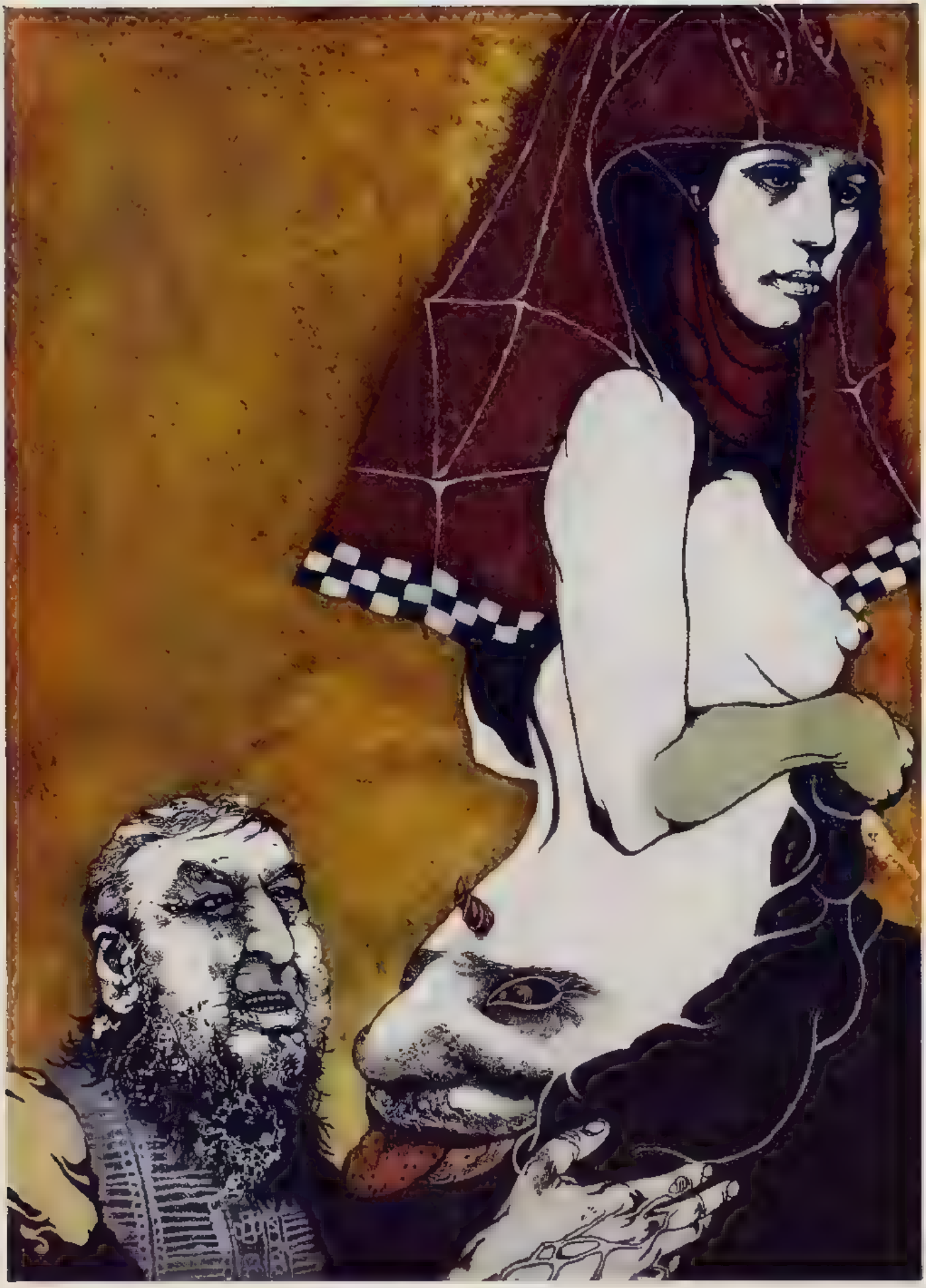
Basketball: A City College of New York basketball team of the late Thirties—Fliegel, Katz, Paris—playing the haughty blond Californians from Stanford at Madison Square Garden. Five short Jewish boys, dazzling the crowd with passes, feints, strategy, but knowing (as we all did) that they must lose. Final score: Stanford, 45; CCNY, 42.

Punchball: Jos Dratel and Stanley Budesa, the greatest punchball players of their time, each 14 years old, taking the field—jogging lightly on sneakered feet—against the fearsome Rens, self-proclaimed champions of Brownsville, average age: 16!

You will find those last two names in no record book, no sports encyclopedia. But they live indelibly in my memories of Depression years in Brooklyn. Like Willie Mays and Joe DiMaggio, Dratel and Budesa were the aristocrats of their sport. Moreover, it is my conviction that our corner of the city, a small wedge between Ocean Hill-Brownsville and Crown Heights, played the toughest, smartest punchball ever seen. As Baltimore is to lacrosse, so was Prospect Place to punchball.

It was a game of stark simplicity, yet subtle, demanding, explosive. For many years, I have heard men who grew up in New York at the time I did, the Thirties, speak reverently *(continued on page 198)*

POPULAR SPORTS



the little peasant from *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, by the Brothers Grimm Ribald Classic

Oh, how the women
grip and stretch,
fainting on the horn.

The men and women
cry to each other.
Touch me,
my pancake,
and make me young.
And thus,
like many of us,
the parson
and the miller's wife
lie down in sin.

The women cry,
Come, my fox,
heal me.
I am chalk white
with middle age,
so wear me threadbare,
wear me down,
wear me out.
Lick me clean,
as clean as an almond.

The men cry,
Come, my lily,
my fringy queen,
my gaudy dear,
salt me a bird
and be its noose.
Bounce me off
like a shuttlecock.
Dance me dingo-sweet,
for I am your lizard,
your sly thing.

Long ago
there was a peasant
who was poor but crafty.
He was not yet a voyeur.
He had yet to find
the miller's wife
at her game.
Now he had not enough
cabbage for supper
nor clover for his one cow.
So he slaughtered the cow
and took the skin
to town.
It was worth no more
than a dead fly,
but he hoped for profit.

On his way
he came upon a raven
with damaged wings.
It lay as crumpled as
a wet washcloth.
He said, Come, little fellow,
you're part of my booty.

On his way
there was a fierce storm.
Hail jabbed the little peasant's cheeks
like toothpicks.
So he sought shelter at the miller's house.
The miller's wife gave him only
a hunk of stale bread
and let him lie down on some straw.
The peasant wrapped himself
and the raven
up in the cowhide
and pretended to fall asleep.

When he lay
as still as a sausage,
the miller's wife
let in the parson, saying,
My husband is out,
so we shall have a feast.
Roast meat, salad, cakes and wine.
The parson,
his eyes as black as caviar,
said, Come, my lily,
my fringy queen
The miller's wife,
her lips as red as pimientos,
said, Touch me, my pancake,
and wake me up.
And thus they ate.
And thus
they dingoed sweet.

Then the miller
was heard stomping on the doorstep
and the miller's wife
hid the food about the house
and the parson in the cupboard

The miller asked, upon entering,
What is that dead cow doing
in the corner?
The peasant spoke up.
It is mine.
I sought shelter from the storm.
You are welcome, said the miller,
but my stomach is as empty as a flour sack.
His wife told him she had no food
but bread and cheese.
So be it, the miller said
and the three of them ate.

The miller looked once more
at the cowskin
and asked its purpose
The peasant answered,
I hide my soothsayer in it
He knows five things about you,
but the fifth he keeps to himself
The peasant pinched the raven's head
and it croaked krr, krr.
That means, translated the peasant,
there is wine under the pillow.
And there it sat,
as warm as a specimen.

Krr, krr.
They found the roast meat
under the stove
I lay there like an old dog.
Krr, krr.
They found the salad in the bed
and the cakes under it.
Krr, krr.

Because of all this,
the miller burned to know the fifth thing.
How much? he asked,
little caring he was being milked.
They settled on a large sum
and the soothsayer said,
The Devil is in the cupboard.
And the miller unlocked it.
Krr, krr.

There stood the parson,
rigid for a moment,
as red as a soup can,
and then he took off like a fire
with the wind at his back
I have tricked the Devil,
cried the miller with delight,
and I have tweaked his chin whiskers.
I will be as famous as the king.

The miller's wife
smiled to herself.
Though never again to dingo-sweet,
her secret was as safe
as a fly in an outhouse.

The sly little peasant
strode home the next morning,
a soothsayer upon his shoulder
and gold pieces knocking like marbles
in his deep pants pocket.
Krr, krr

—*Retold by Anne Sexton*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

street games

(continued from page 194)

of stickball, as if it were the supreme street game. Perhaps elsewhere—the Bronx, Flatbush, Queens. But in Brownsville it was played only occasionally, and with not much fervor, a time-wasting game of no real merit.

What punchball and stickball did have in common was the Spalding Hi-Bouncer. I doubt that any single ten-cent item, before or since, has given so many boys so much pleasure for so little cost. Pink when new, a reddish-gray after a million bouncings on dirty pavements and against buildings, it was a hollow rubber affair, slightly smaller than a tennis ball. But what versatility it possessed! It could be squeezed, sliced, cut, spun, smacked hard, punched, thrown, flicked, made to bob, hop, curve and reverse direction. Like the eggs of some savage sea bird, fresh new Spaldings always nested in a cardboard box in the fly-specked window of Lieberman's candy store. Locked in their spherical perfection were a thousand games, a thousand days of wild sport.

It was a superbly adaptable ball. At least three versions of handball were played with it. In the insanely marked, lopsided, urinous schoolyard of Public School 144, we played "regulation" handball against a high wall, smashing "killers" at the juncture of wall and pavement and screaming "Hindu!" (presumably for "Hinder!") when we were blocked.

Chinese handball, sometimes called Chinky handball, was played by several boys, each guarding an adjacent square of sidewalk, against a wall. The ball was batted on one bounce from box to box, against the wall and into the opponent's square. It was a relaxing and mild game and the ball was rarely struck hard. Placements and tactics were valued above strength. It was one of the few games I could play well.

A third handball variant was boxball, in which two opponents faced each other, each standing at the rear of a square of sidewalk, the line between the squares serving as the divider. The ball was handled back and forth, struck only with the palm of the hand. The cut, the slice, reverse English, were crucial in this game. An expert boxball player could put such a wicked slice on the Hi-Bouncer as to make it jump erratically *back* over the dividing line.

A digression: My own children, raised among suburban trees and running brooks, know nothing of these games. Yet, some years ago, I found them playing a game called four square on our blacktop street. It was clearly derived from boxball. Each child manned a chalked square and tapped a large, colored rubber ball back and forth, using placements and baby shots and, by apparent accord, not attempting hard kills. A degenerate form of our game, it lacked finesse, but they enjoyed it immensely. Was some primordial urge sending them back to the streets?

In those lean years, we improvised. One game led to another. Tiring of boxball, players could keep their positions at the back of their square of grimy sidewalk, place a penny on the mid-line and start a new—and nameless—game. It consisted of bouncing the Spalding against the corn, attempting to push it over the opponent's rear line. Good players could spend hours at it.

Stoopball had several versions. There was a basic tame game—often played by little squirts and girls. Players took turns throwing the Spalding against a flight of stairs, or stoop (from the Dutch *stoep*, a closed porch with steps). Scoring varied, but I seem to recall ten points for an ordinary catch, 20—or was it 50?—for a ball that struck the point of a step and bounced back to the thrower in a high, swift arc.

The more violent version of the game was not played against a stoop but against a first-floor window ledge or any projection from a handy building. It was a team game, three or four men to a side. The "batter" ran up to the projection and hurled the ball against it full force, so that it rebounded into the gutter (in New York, streets were and may still be, called gutters)—on a fly, on a line or on the ground. Defensive players, arrayed in the street and on the opposite sidewalk, had to make the put-out. No bases were run. Hits were awarded thus: one bounce, a single; two, a double; and so on. Scoring was low because fielders were extremely agile. Many of these games ended in ties, after dragging on for hours. For some reason, stoopball on Prospect Place was a night game.

I've already categorized stickball as a minor game. It was, at least in my domain, but it had some interesting mutations, one of which was known as catcher flyer up. Years later, I deduced that the game's actual name was catch a fly, you're up, because that was the point of the game. There were no teams and no score was kept. The batter played against the field. Hitting fungoes with a broomstick shorn of its sweeping end, the batter was allowed to belt flies, grounders, line drives. The other contestants, stationing themselves haphazardly, earned their turn at bat by catching the Hi-Bouncer on the fly or, if it were a grounder, rolling it in to the horizontal broomstick placed on the ground. If the ball struck the stick and the batter failed to catch it as it popped into the air, the fielder came to bat. I enjoyed the game because it was not fiercely competitive; there was a gentleman's agreement that all players, no matter how inept, be allowed a chance to bat.

Catcher flyer up could also be played with a regulation bat and a softball or "indoor" baseball. As the block's "rich" boy (my father was an impecunious doctor), I often brought the "indoor" to the madman's diamond we used in back of P.S. 144. It was an idiot's notion of a baseball field: crazily truncated, shortened by stockadelike fences, harder than adamant. Negro boys, dark avengers, would stand outside the fence, curse us and steal the ball when it was hit over. Once, the intrepid Stanley Budesa pursued four of them and singlehandedly, by force of personality and a display of guts that stunned them, retrieved my new ball.

Regulation baseball was played even less often. It required equipment we never seemed to have—enough gloves, a good hard ball—and a trip to Lincoln Terrace Park. We preferred the tree-shaded privacy of Prospect Place and the crystalline perfection of punchball. Once, we went to the park for a baseball game and discovered that none of us was qualified to play catcher. Naturally, Budesa volunteered. I see him as clearly as I did that June day—a skinny blond boy with a polite manner, squatting behind home plate and pounding the ragged first-baseman's mitt he is using, wearing neither mask nor chest protector nor shin guards, squinting behind gold-rimmed eyeglasses. We lost, but Stanley threw out two men trying to steal and put the tag on a fat galoot trying to score on a long fly. More than a great athlete, Stanley had style and grace.

Football was also a minor sport, although when the air was crisp (amazing how sweet the slum air was then!) and the leaves on the streets' poplars and maples blazed red and gold, we filled the sky with my own bloated, misshapen pigskin or a sock stuffed with rags. Two genuine games and one ur-game derived from football. One was the familiar two-hand touch, the sport later popularized by the Kennedys. Another was the more basic throwing association, with no blocking and the passer always given a chance to get off his heave. The ritualistic affair was "saloojee"—the origin of the word mystifies me utterly—and it was played by seizing a victim's ball, or cap, or book, and tossing it about over his outraged head and waving arms. It required anticipation, speed and sometimes rage to get the stolen item back. Fistfights often resulted from a round of saloojee.

The games of which I have written grew out of standard American sports—baseball, football. But there were others that were *sui generis*, city freaks, nurtured in the dust and stink of Brooklyn. What is one to make of a dangerous business called kickety can? It must have borne some relationship to soccer, but we never played soccer or even knew about it. Opposing teams kicked a tin can across the street—trying to cross each

(continued on page 277)

Silverstein AROUND THE WORLD

wherever he's wandered, playboy's own supershel has never failed to find a mother lode of misunderstanding

SHEL SILVERSTEIN, PLAYBOY's roving Renaissance man, is—in addition to being one of the most risible cartoonists around—a composer-lyricist, poet, actor, writer, singer, movie director and producer. He has already won a Grammy, the top music-biz award, for penning the wry *A Boy Named Sue*, which Johnny Cash turned into a million-selling single. Within the next few months, Shel plans to follow up this success with an album (very) tentatively entitled *Fuck Em and Other Songs*. Other recent accomplishments include music for the movies *Ned Kelly*, starring Mick Jagger, and *Who Is Harry Kellerman, and Why Is He Saying All Those Terrible Things About Me?*, directed by Herb Gardner and starring Dustin Hoffman, in which Shel has a part—singing one of his songs at Manhattan's Fillmore East, where he is joined for a chorus by Hoffman. Next on the agenda are two movies of his own: *The Giving Tree*, an animated production, and *The Park*, which he wrote and will direct. Also in the works: two poetry books for kids, one to be called *Sara Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out and Other Poems*, and a comic-strip anthology, *Say It Once*. From his houseboat moored in Sausalito, Silverstein reflects on his myriad activities: "What bothers me about being into so many things is that I can't find the time to do as much as I'd like to for PLAYBOY." While we're waiting for a new batch of cartoons, here are nostalgic milestones from Shel's thorny—and horny—low road to adventure.

SWITZERLAND

"I'll give them 15 more minutes and if nobody yodels, I'm going back to the hotel!"

ITALY

"I don't know the exact address, but it's right behind a church. . . ."

SPAIN

In an inn of legended Granada, Shel dances the traditional flamenco with a group of high-spirited gypsies. Wherever he roams, he trips the local fantastic, sings local songs.

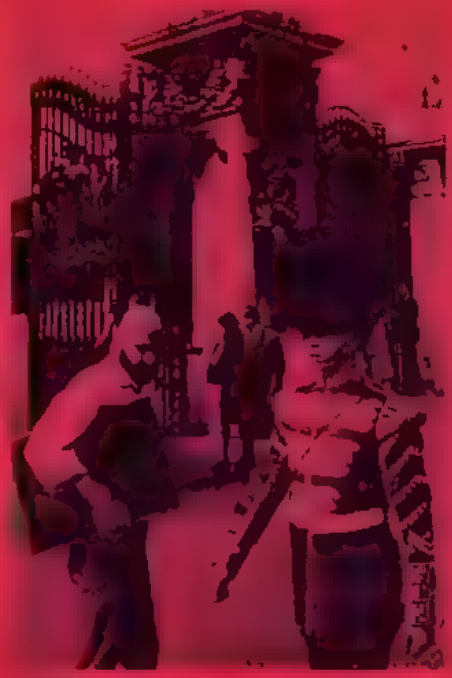
"OK, but now let's look at it from the bullfighter's point of view! . . ."

among the arabs

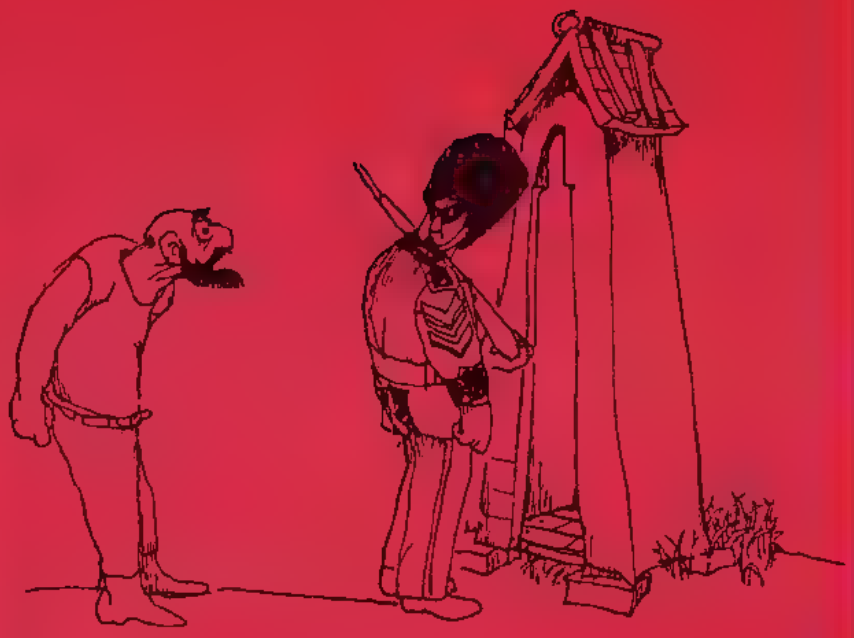
"Pssst—a word of warning, O bearded one—beware the fatal charms of Fatima, of the flashing eyes, who dances nightly at the Casbah Club, 23 Rue Rakir, continuous shows from 9:30 to 1:30, no cover, no minimum———"

"For heaven's sake, cut out the 'Open Sesame' stuff and ring the doorbell!"

LONDON



Anglophile Shel digs the for-out threads worn by a bushied Buckingham Palace guard.



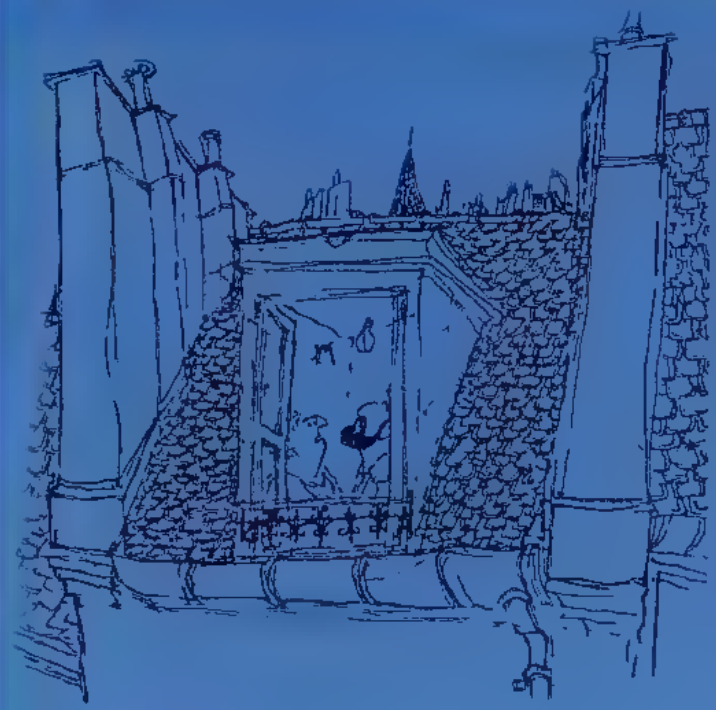
"Well, they don't call them sentry boxes where I come from . . . ! But it was an honest mistake . . . and I said I was sorry . . . and I will clean it up!"

SCANDINAVIA

"You'll like Urla . . . she's a typical Scandinavian girl . . . blonde hair . . . blue eyes . . . nice figure . . . tall. . . ."

PARIS

"I believe I can say with assurance, sir, that Princess Margaret will not be interested in appearing as January's Playmate of the Month. . . ."



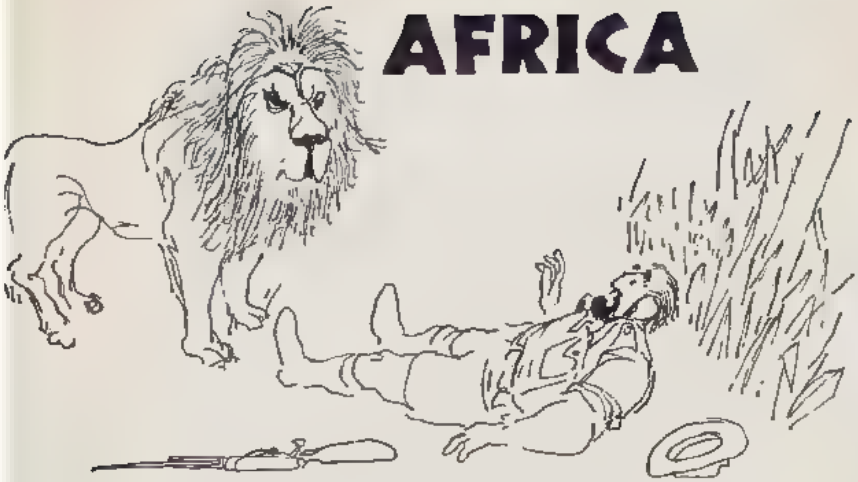
"With all the American tourists arriving, monsieur, these small, dark, dingy garrets are quite expensive. However, if you'd consider a large, clean, well-lit room on the first floor. . . ."

"—Your American women—they think of sex as something dirty—something to be ashamed of—they hide their desires—they frustrate their instincts—they deny that they are human. We French—we realize that sex is good and clean and natural and beautiful—we follow our instincts. When I feel like going to bed with a man, I go to bed with him!"

"—Well, how about it??"

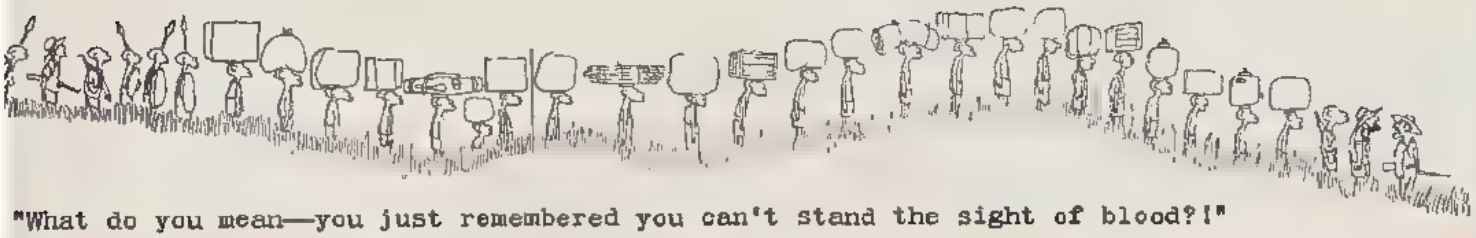
"I don't feel like it."

AFRICA



". . . And so the good kind lion let the little mousey go free and later when the lion was trapped in a big net and couldn't get loose, the grateful mousey came to his aid and gnawed through the net and saved his life and. . . ."

Watusi children contribute to Shel's sketch pad. Keen-eyed Shel observes that adult Watusi "aren't as tall as they were in *King Solomon's Mines*."

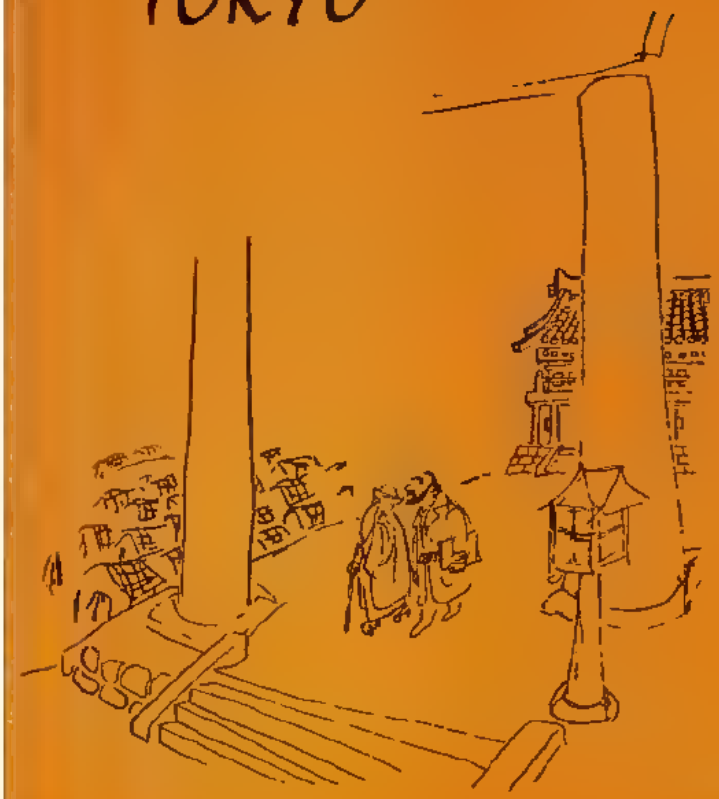


"What do you mean—you just remembered you can't stand the sight of blood?!"

MOSCOW

"Just think of it, comrade—under the Communist system of equal distribution, once every eight years the White Sox would win the pennant!"

TOKYO



"Tell me, Mr. Silverstein—is it true what they say about American women?"

"You see, American girls don't understand me . . . er <u>me</u> . . . American girls don't <u>understand</u> . . . uh. . . ."

HAWAII

"Aloha, sir . . . and I hope you enjoy Hawaii, sir . . . and it's spelled l-e-i, sir . . . and I've heard that joke 3227 times, sir. . . ."

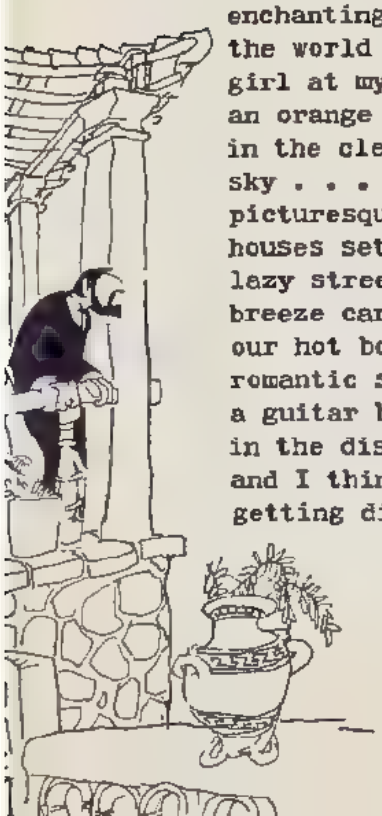
"You see, Mr. Silverstein—in the hula, the story is told with the hands . . . the <u>hands</u>, Mr. Silverstein . . . you have to watch the <u>hands</u>. The story is . . . uh, Mr. Silverstein . . . Mr. Silverstein. . . ."

ALASKA

"You see, you pack the snow into balls like this, then you choose up sides and. . . ."

MEXICO

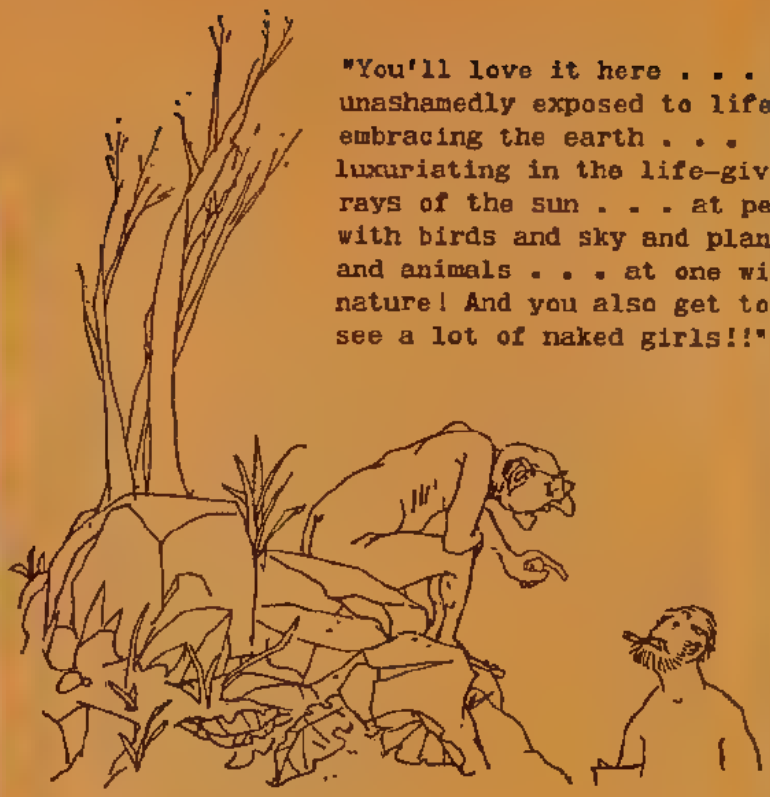
"I . . . I really can't find the words to express it. Here I am in Taxco, the most enchanting city in the world . . . a beautiful girl at my side . . . an orange sun burning in the clear azure sky . . . the rows of picturesque adobe houses set along a lazy street . . . a gentle breeze caressing our hot bodies . . . the romantic sounds of a guitar being played in the distance . . . and I think I'm getting diarrhea. . . ."



"You Americans are never satisfied! I get us two good seats for the corrida and you complain because we're in the sun . . . so we exchange them for seats in the shade and you complain that we're not close enough to the bulls . . . so we get the closest seats possible, but now you <u>still</u> complain!!"

NUDIST CAMP

PLAYBOY's vagabond cartoonist is right at home as he amuses his new nudist-camp friends with clad tidings from the outside world.



announcing the thousand-dollar-prize-winning authors and their contributions, judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS

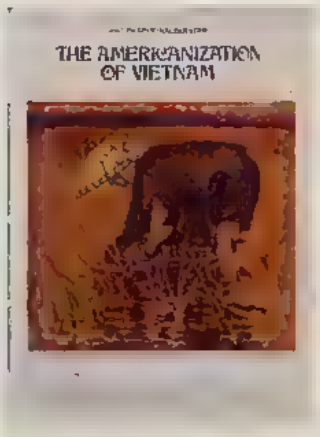
Best Major Work

IRWIN SHAW, winner of 1964's best-short-story award, this year captured our prize for the best major work with three interrelated stories (January, March, July) that subsequently became part of his new novel, *Rich Man, Poor Man.* Shaw's closest competitor was **Asa Baker,** whose *The Land of a Million Elephants* (February) depicted a power struggle in a mythological kingdom.

Best Short Story

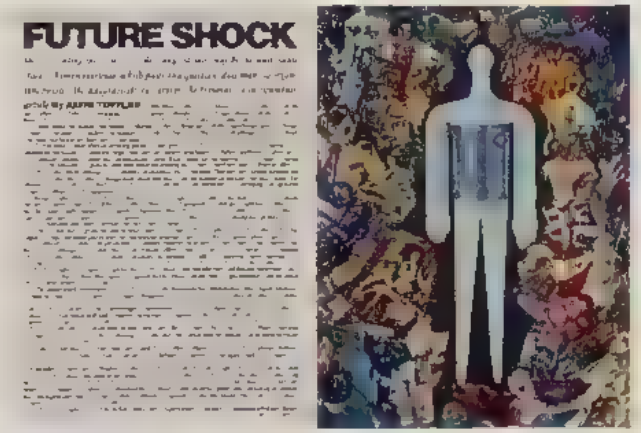
JOYCE CAROL OATES, the 1969 National Book Award winner, claimed another top honor—our best-short-story award—with her study of human pathos behind revolutionary polemics, *Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!* (October). A close second was **Sean O'Faolain** for *Of Sanctity and Whiskey* (September), his story of an artist whose portrait of a headmaster tells too much.

Best Essay



DAVID HALBERSTAM, the Pulitzer Prize–winning *New York Times* correspondent, earned this year's best-essay award for his compassionate scrutiny of our undeclared war's disastrous side effects, *The Americanization of Vietnam* (January). Runner-up was **John Clellon Holmes's** *See Naples and Live* (June), an evocative tribute to a city and the unquenchable vitality of its people.

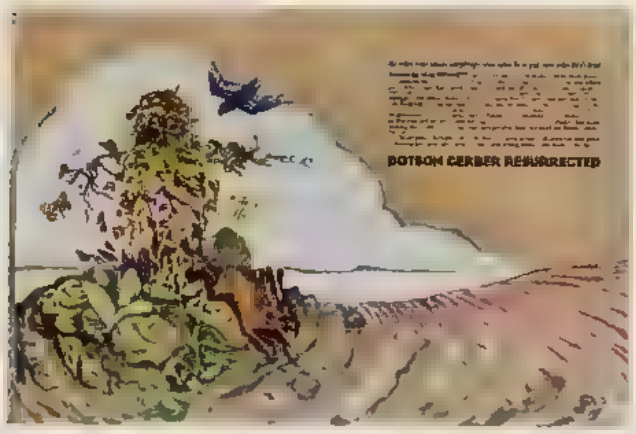
Best Article



ALVIN TOFFLER's brilliant exploration of the cataclysmic effect of progress on society, *Future Shock* (February), later expanded into a best seller, was adjudged our best article of 1970. **Robert Sherrill's** exposé of the inhumanity of Armed Forces courts-martial and penal institutions, *Justice, Military Style* (February), later part of his book *Military Justice,* came in close behind.

IN REVIEWING PLAYBOY's pages for 1970, we were impressed by the number of distinguished writers whose contributions helped us meet the test of editorial relevance inherent in the opening year of a new decade. But our task of selecting the eight recipients of our annual writing awards from among all the authors who appeared in the magazine over the past 12 months was an even greater challenge. The editors finally did manage to choose the winners, and—as tokens of our respect and appreciation—each will receive a $1000 prize and an engraved silver medallion encased in a clear Lucite prism (shown at left). Along with the recipients of our awards, we also cite those writers who came closest to the winners. We hope, however, that our readers and our other outstanding contributors will bear in mind that the voting process regrettably but necessarily prevents the inclusion of much that is estimable

Best New Writer (fiction)



HAL BENNETT, though a well-established novelist, took top honors for his first PLAYBOY story, a bizarre tale of a black Southern farmer and a weird discovery in his wildly productive collard patch, *Dotson Gerber Resurrected* (November). Paul Theroux rated next highest for his sardonic and compelling story of a Russian defector, *The Prison Diary of Jack Faust* (September).

Best New Writer (nonfiction)

STANLEY BOOTH, an insightful blues and rock authority, nostalgically revisited Memphis musician Furry Lewis in his poignant memoir, *Furry's Blues* (April)—and won recognition as 1970's best new writer of nonfiction. Second place went to **Leslie Epstein** for *Cine-Duck* (October), a perceptive report for and about a generation that has found its medium and message in the movies.

Best Humor

MARVIN KITMAN, 1968's winner, captured our humor award again with his irreverent audit of *George Washington's Expense Account* (February), which later appeared in his widely acclaimed book. Four-time first-prize winner **Jean Shepherd** was barely beaten out with his risible recounting of Company K's weekend pass, *Zinsmeister and the Treacherous Eighter from Decatur* (January).

Best Satire

RICHARD CURTIS, also known as the dubious scientific authority Dr. Morton Stultifer, argued cogently for the nonpreservation of an improbable amphibious species, *The Giant Chicken-Eating Frog* (October), and grabbed our top honor for satire. A black comedic vision of the ultimate missile crisis, *Nuke Thy Neighbor* (July), by **Ralph Schoenstein,** was runner-up.

TRANSIT OF EARTH

(continued from page 111)

There was one chapter about a German submarine, found and salvaged after the War. The crew was still inside it—*two* men per bunk. And between each pair of skeletons, the single respirator set they'd been sharing.

Well, at least that won't happen here. But I know with a deadly certainty, that as soon as I find it hard to breathe, I'll be back in that doomed U-boat.

So what about the quicker way? When you're exposed to a vacuum, you're unconscious in ten or fifteen seconds, and people who've been through it say it's not painful—just peculiar. But trying to breathe something that isn't there brings me altogether too neatly to nightmare number two.

This time, it's a personal experience. As a kid, I used to do a lot of skindiving when my family went to the Caribbean for vacations. There was an old freighter that had sunk 20 years before, out on a reef with its deck only a couple of yards below the surface. Most of the hatches were open, so it was easy to get inside to look for souvenirs and hunt the big fish that like to shelter in such places.

Of course, it was dangerous—if you did it without scuba gear. So what boy could resist the challenge?

My favorite route involved diving into a hatch on the foredeck, swimming about 50 feet along a passageway dimly lit by portholes a few yards apart, then angling up a short flight of stairs and emerging through a door in the battered superstructure. The whole trip took less than a minute—an easy dive for anyone in good condition. There was even time to do some sight-seeing or to play with a few fish along the route. And sometimes, for a change, I'd switch directions, going in the door and coming out again through the hatch.

That was the way I did it the last time I hadn't dived for a week—there had been a big storm and the sea was too rough—so I was impatient to get going. I deep-breathed on the surface for about two minutes, until I felt the tingling in my fingertips that told me it was time to stop. Then I jackknifed and slid gently down toward the black rectangle of the open doorway.

It always looked ominous and menacing—that was part of the thrill. And for the first few yards, I was almost completely blind, the contrast between the tropical glare above water and the gloom between decks was so great that it took quite a while for my eyes to adjust. Usually, I was halfway along the corridor before I could see anything clearly, then the illumination would steadily increase as I approached the open hatch, where a shaft of sunlight would paint a dazzling rectangle on the rusty, barnacled metal floor.

I'd almost made it when I realized that this time, the light wasn't getting better. There was no slanting column of sunlight ahead of me, leading up to the world of air and life. I had a second of baffled confusion, wondering if I'd lost my way. Then I realized what had happened—and confusion turned into sheer panic. Sometime during the storm, the hatch must have slammed shut. It weighed at least a quarter of a ton.

I don't remember making a U-turn; the next thing I recall is swimming quite slowly back along the passage and telling myself: "Don't hurry—your air will last longer if you take it easy." I could see very well now, because my eyes had had plenty of time to become dark-adapted. There were lots of details I'd never noticed before—such as the red squirrelfish lurking in the shadows, the green fronds and algae growing in the little patches of light around the portholes and even a single rubber boot, apparently in excellent condition, lying where someone must have kicked it off. And once, out of a side corridor, I noticed a big grouper staring at me with bulbous eyes, its thick lips half parted, as if it was astonished at my intrusion.

The band around my chest was getting tighter and tighter; it was impossible to hold my breath any longer—yet the stairway still seemed an infinite distance ahead. I let some bubbles of air dribble out of my mouth; that improved matters for a moment but, once I had exhaled, the ache in my lungs became even more unendurable.

Now there was no point in conserving strength by flippering along with that steady, unhurried stroke. I snatched the ultimate few cubic inches of air from my face mask—feeling it flatten against my nose as I did so—and swallowed them down into my starving lungs. At the same time, I shifted gears and drove forward with every last atom of strength.

And that's all I remember until I found myself spluttering and coughing in the daylight, clinging to the broken stub of the mast. The water around me was stained with blood and I wondered why. Then, to my great surprise, I noticed a deep gash in my right calf; I must have banged into some sharp obstruction, but I'd never noticed it and even now felt no pain.

That was the end of my skindiving, until I started astronaut training ten years later and went into the underwater zero-g simulator. Then it was different because I was using scuba gear; but I had some nasty moments that I was afraid the psychologists would notice and I always made sure that I got nowhere near emptying my tank. Having nearly suffocated once, I'd no intention of risking it again.

I know exactly what it will feel like to breathe the freezing wisp of near vacuum that passes for atmosphere on Mars. No, thank you.

So what's wrong with poison? Nothing, I suppose. The stuff we've got takes only 15 seconds, they told us. But all my instincts are against it, even when there's no sensible alternative.

Did Scott have poison with him? I doubt it. And if he did, I'm sure he never used it.

I'm not going to replay this. I hope it's been of some use, but I can't be sure.

• • •

The radio has just printed out a message from Earth, reminding me that transit starts in two hours. As if I'm likely to forget, when four men have already died so that I can be the first human being to see it. And the only one for exactly 100 years. It isn't often that Sun, Earth and Mars line up neatly like this; the last time was when poor old Lowell was still writing his beautiful nonsense about the canals and the great dying civilization that had built them. Too bad it was all delusion.

I'd better check the telescope and the timing equipment.

• • •

The Sun is quiet today—as it should be, anyway, near the middle of the cycle. Just a few small spots and some minor areas of disturbance around them. The solar weather is set calm for months to come. That's one thing the others won't have to worry about on their way home.

I think that was the worst moment, watching Olympus lift off Phobos and head back to Earth. Even though we'd known for weeks that nothing could be done, that was the final closing of the door. It was night and we could see everything perfectly. Phobos had come leaping up out of the west a few hours earlier and was doing its mad backward rush across the sky, growing from a tiny crescent to a half moon before it reached the zenith, it would disappear as it plunged into the shadow of Mars and became eclipsed.

We'd been listening to the countdown, of course, trying to go about our normal work. It wasn't easy, accepting at last the fact that fifteen of us had come to Mars and only ten would return. Even then, I suppose there were millions back on Earth who still could not understand; they must have found it impossible to believe that Olympus couldn't descend a mere 4000 miles to pick us up. The Space Administration had been bombarded with crazy rescue schemes; heaven knows, we'd thought of enough ourselves. But when the permafrost under landing pad three finally gave way and Pegasus toppled, that was that. It still seems a miracle that the ship didn't blow up when the propellant tank ruptured.

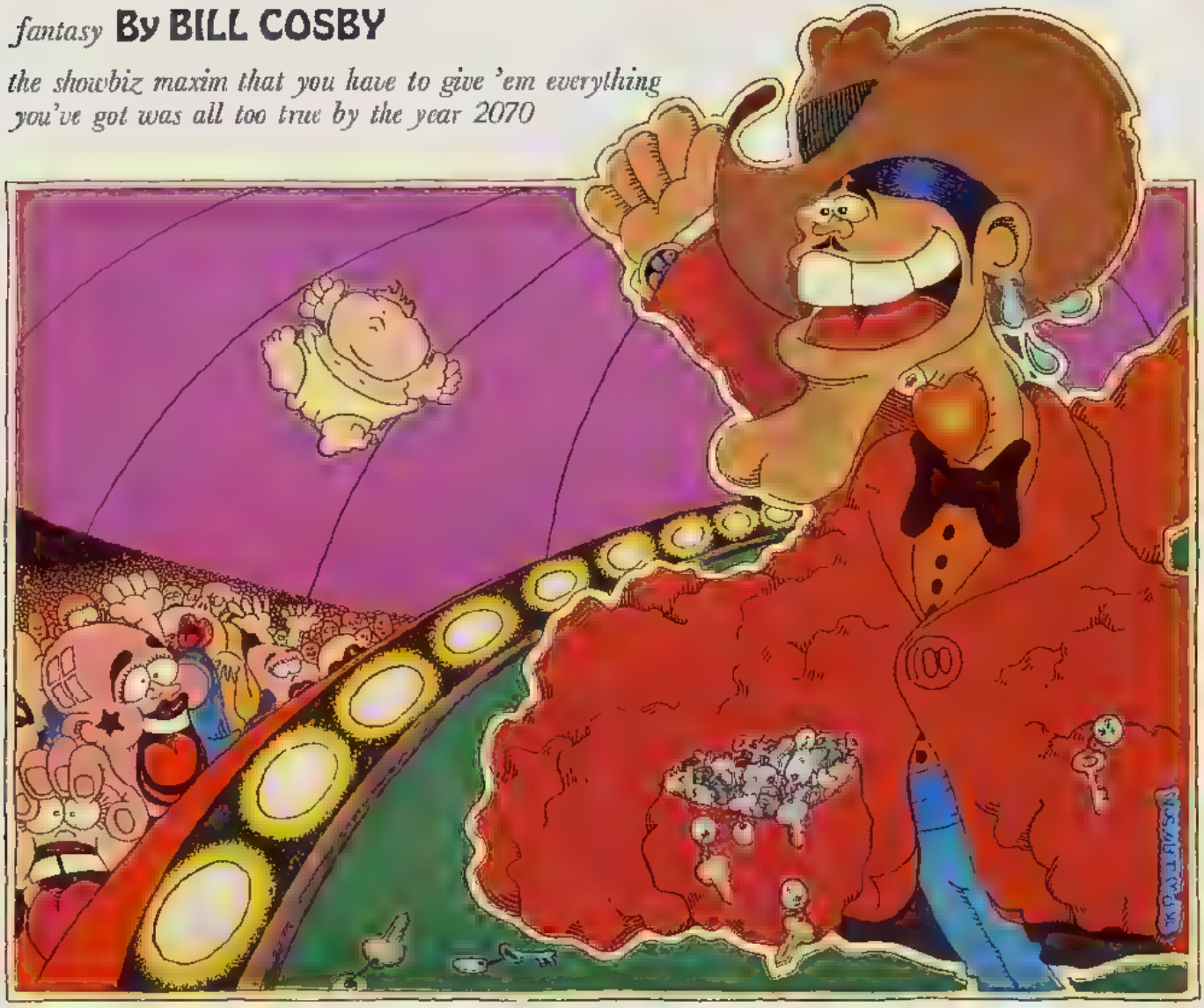
I'm wandering again. Back to Phobos and the countdown. On the telescope monitor, we could clearly see the fissured

(continued on page 272)

THIS ONE WILL KILL YOU

fantasy **By BILL COSBY**

the showbiz maxim that you have to give 'em everything you've got was all too true by the year 2070



THIS IS A STORY about young Edwin Duff the world's most fantastic comedian back in the year 2070.

It was New Year's Eve and Edwin was performing one of his most famous one-nighters. He was giving a one-man comedy concert at the Utah Civic Auditorium Bowl—one of the really good bowls to play, because it had these huge machines that could mix our own low-grade air with oxygen from Mars. There was this big rubber hose that sucked the oxygen from Mars and brought it here. A few ecologists, of course, objected to this theft, since it would eventually mean the end of the planet Mars. But nobody of any importance cared much one way or the other.

Anyway, young Edwin Duff was out onstage and he was really cookin'. He'd already been performing for six hours and the audience just kept roaring and screaming for more. In fact, the screams from the audience almost cracked the huge bubble top—made up of helmets from World War Nine—that encased the bowl.

Edwin had just broken his previous attendance record by 100,000, this particular audience had reached a total of 487,000 people—not bad for Utah on a New Year's Eve. In fact, Edwin's cut for the one night would be somewhere around $3,000,000.

Unfortunately, he had to pay his agent Howie, 75 percent of his take. Howie stood in the wings, howling with the rest of the crowd at jokes he had heard 100 times before, while through his mind passed the wonderful statistics of Edwin's successful one-nighter. But Edwin didn't mind paying 75 percent of his take to Howie. After all, it was Howie who told him never to wear a brown suit onstage. That advice had easily been the turning point in Edwin's illustrious career.

By now, Duff's pockets bulged with hotel-room keys that hordes of 12-year-old girls had thrown up to him. When he had 8000 keys in his suit pockets, Edwin made a mental note not to pick up any more because his clothes were beginning to drag and droop all over the stage.

"Well, you can just take your radiator and give it to the police department." That was the tag line to Edwin's famous radiator story and, as usual, the people all stood up and clapped and cheered and laughed. A woman threw her baby into the air. A man clutched his heart in a paroxysm of cardiac arrest. And Howie, in the wings, yelled: "I *love* it! I *love* it!"

Edwin, however, was feeling the sweat running down his ear lobe, the tension settling in *(continued on page 224)*

future of ecstasy

(continued from page 194)

hippie life and the vaguer, more generalized revolution of youth against the uptight culture began to interest a new generation of film makers and dramatists—young men and women who had already acquired mastery of the techniques of camera and stage and, therefore, brought imaginative discipline into the quest for ecstasy. Fully realizing that their ever-growing market was a population under 30, they gave a rich and precise articulation to the ambiguous aspirations of the young. They began to replace the old-fashioned, leering style of bawdy film with elegant masterpieces of erotic art. Studying all the new disciplines of sensitivity training and encounter groups (which, by the beginning of 1969, had spread from California and New York to some 40 centers all over the United States and Canada), they distinguished truly spontaneous behavior from merely forced imitation of how people might be expected to behave when relieved of all inhibitions.

This point needs some expansion. The encounter group, as it evolved in your time, was a situation in which the participants were encouraged to express their genuine feelings about themselves and one another, barring only physical violence. A variation was the encounter marathon, in which the group stayed together for 48 hours sometimes in the nude to encourage the act of total exposure of oneself to others. But in early experiments, it was soon realized that certain people would fake openness and naturalness, often affecting hostility as the sure sign of being genuine. The problem was that, because very few people really knew how they felt naturally, they would act out their preconceptions of natural and unrestricted behavior, and act merely crudely and lewdly. The encounter group was therefore augmented by sensitivity training, which is the art of abandoning all conceptions of how one *should* feel in order to discover how one actually *does* feel—to get down to pure experience, free from all prejudices and preconceptions of what it is "supposed" to be. The focus is simply on what is now. This is, of course, extremely disconcerting to the habitual role player whose social intercourse is restricted to a finite repertoire of well-rehearsed acts.

The new generation of film makers and dramatists took the experiences of sensitivity training and encounter out onto screen and stage, broke down the barrier of the proscenium arch, made the theater less and less a spectacle and more and more a participatory experience. In film, they produced highly sophisticated versions of the primitive light shows of the Sixties, so that audiences became totally immersed in pulsations of sound, light and pattern. In the early Eighties, they used geodesic domes to cover the audience with the screen and get them to dancing with and in paradisiacal films that surrounded the spectator with patterns of iridescent bubbles, animations of Persian miniatures and arabesques, vast enlargements of diatoms and Radiolaria, interior views of intricately cut jewels with landscapes beyond, tapestries of ferns, flowers and foliage, gigantic butterfly wings, Tibetan mandalas, visions of the world as seen by flies, and fantasies of their own which, though anything but vague in form or wishy-washy in color, escaped all possible identification. Such involving presentations were hypnotic and irresistible, even the solidest squares became like those Ukrainian peasants of the Ninth Century who, on visiting the cathedral of St. Sophia in Byzantium, thought they had arrived in heaven.

The new theater, above all, had everyone rocking with laughter at the attitudes and postures of the uptight world—so much so that, quite outside the theater, it became totally impossible to preach, orate, moralize or platitudinize before any young audience. One was met with derision or, even more unsettling, with smiling eyes that said, "You've *got* to be putting us on." These developments of screen and stage had much to do with a subsequent advance in psychotherapy: it became the real foundation of an art-science of ecstasy which—not that I like the word—we now call Ecstatics.

Early in 1972, two psychiatrists—Roseman of Los Angeles and Kotowari of Tokyo, then working at UCLA—came up with what we now know as Vibration Training. Like most honest psychiatrists, they felt that their techniques were only scratching the surface and that they were burdened with obsolete maps, assumptions and procedures based largely on the scientific world view of the late 19th Century, which looked at the mind in terms of Newtonian mechanics. Roseman and Kotowari reasoned that the foundation of all experience is a complex of interwoven vibrations of many wave lengths, dimensions and qualities. As white light manifests the seven-hued spectrum, so the total spectrum of vibrations has behind it the mysterious E (which—MC²). In their view, a child emerging into the world is the vibration spectrum becoming aware of itself in a particular and partial way, since human senses are by no means responsive to all known vibrations. (We do not see infrared or gamma rays.) To the baby, these vibrations make neither sense nor nonsense. They are simply what is there. He has no problem about giggling at some or crying at others, since no one has yet taught him which vibrations are good and which are bad. He just goes along uncritically with the whole buzz, without the slightest notion that it is one thing and he another.

But as time goes on, his mother and father, brothers and sisters teach him how to make sense of the show. By gestures, attitudes and words, they point out what is baby and what is kitty. When he throws up or soils his diapers, they say, "Ugh!" When he sucks on his bottle or swallows Pablum, they say, "Good baby!" They show delight if he smiles, annoyance if he cries and anxiety if he runs a fever or bleeds from a cut. In due course, he has learned all the rudiments of *their* interpretation of what the vibrations are doing and has taken note of their extreme resistance to interpreting them in any other way. Thus, when he asks the name for what is, to him, a clearly shaped area of dry space in a puddle of milk on the table, they say, "Oh, that's nothing." They are very insistent upon what is worth noticing and what isn't, upon wiggles allowed and wiggles forbidden, upon good smells and bad smells (most are bad). The baby has no basis for arguing with this interpretation of the vibrations and, as he grows up, he becomes as fixated on the system of interpretation as his instructors.

But have they given him the correct, or the only possible, interpretation of the system? After all, they got it from their parents, and so on down the line, and who has seriously bothered to check it? We might ask such basic questions as whether the past or the future *really* exists, whether it's really all that important to go on living, whether voluntary and involuntary behavior are genuinely different (what about breathing?) or whether male and female behavior, in gesture and speech, are necessarily distinct in the ways that we suppose. To what extent is the real world simply our own projection upon the vibrations? You have lain in bed looking at some chintz drapes adorned with dauby roses and, all at once, a face appears in the design. As you go on looking, the area surrounding the face begins, if you don't force the process, to form a logical pattern, and the longer you look, the more the whole scene becomes as clear as a photograph. Could we, then, through all our senses, be making some collective projection upon the vibrations, passing it on to our children as the sober truth?

Roseman and Kotowari did not carry their ideas quite that far. Their point was simply that our conceptions of the world are much too rigid and our neuromuscular responses to the vibrations extremely inelastic; that, in other words, we are exhausting and frustrating ourselves with unnecessary defensiveness. They constructed an electronic laboratory where vibrations of all kinds could be simulated, then began to expose themselves and some selected volunteers to various forms of low-energy vibration that would ordinarily be annoying. They

(continued on page 239)

a psychological test that shows how your personality determines your preferences in female anatomy

PLAYBOY'S GIRL-WATCHING QUIZ

ALMOST ANY GIRL WATCHER can tell you what he likes. But he can't always tell you why. Sometimes a preference for large breasts, lissome legs or ample behinds is a matter of aesthetic choice. More likely, however, it's a result of conditioning. According to some recent studies, these preferences are not merely in the eye of the beholder but correlate closely with the girl watcher's psychological make-up. To psychologists conducting research into personality, this is an important finding. It sheds new light on the mating habits of human beings—a subject about which surprisingly little is known. It may someday add a new dimension to personality testing and provide psychologists with another tool for assessing the emotional characteristics of individuals and evaluating their relationships with others. As testing techniques are refined, the layman can profit directly on a do-it-yourself level: What turns a man on physically will tell him something about himself psychologically. And vice versa. This same information will tell a woman the kind of man she is most likely to attract.

An even more fascinating aspect of this research concerns the frequent subordination of physical appeal to a vague concept of romantic attraction often confused with "love." This sometimes dangerous distinction between the body and the mind is a hangover from the dualistic, religiously inspired notion that physical and spiritual attraction are mutually exclusive. Obviously they are not, and most lasting

male-female relationships depend on both. Thus, the man who gallantly persuades himself that he would be happy with a woman even though she lacks the physical qualities to which he has been conditioned to respond may one day find himself torn between a deep emotional commitment and sexual disinterest or dissatisfaction. Such a conflict can lead to serious interpersonal problems in the long run.

Somatic research is not new. Years ago, psychologist William Sheldon classified fat, athletic and skinny people as endomorphic, mesomorphic and ectomorphic, and tried to relate these physical types to personality traits. Since then, other researchers have refined and elaborated on the Sheldon system, but still with a view to studying the individual in relation to his own body. The somatic research pertaining to sex appeal, however, attempts to correlate an individual's personality not with his own body type but with his somatic *preference* for different parts of the female figure. In other words, it's not whether a man himself is skinny, fat or robust as a football player, but whether he concentrates on a woman's legs, breasts or buttocks. It's the woman's size in these three areas and her over-all proportions that count.

Somatic preference is a subject that psychologists have only begun to explore. Although pioneer work has been done by personality psychologists, no surveys have been carried out on a large enough scale to permit definitive classification of all American males. Thus the test presented here is more hypothetical than conclusive. Its purpose is to permit the reader to correlate his personality traits, as projected in the following quiz, with his figure preferences. The analysis at the end of the test compares the reader's correlations with those of research subjects who have already been sampled.

The 37 questions that follow will help you measure your key personality qualities. Check the answer in each one that seems most descriptive of you. If none of the three choices provides a response that you feel really comfortable with, then check the one that seems closest. After you've completed the questions, turn to page 218 and tote up your score as instructed. You'll then find additional instructions about the body-preference part of this quiz, followed by a do-it-yourself analysis.

1. You enjoy yourself most at a party where you can:
   - j. Meet some new females.
   - k. Engage in lively arguments.
   - b. Know in advance who else is coming and what activities are planned.

2. You have similar job offers from three companies. You select the one in which:
   - d. The hours are flexible.
   - h. The work contributes most to the public good.
   - e. The people seem most friendly.

3. In pursuing a career, you can best advance yourself by:
   - a. Cultivating your special skills and talents.
   - i. Working harder than the average person is willing or able to.
   - b. Careful planning and efficient work habits.

4. In social conversation, you are most likely to talk about:
   - e. An interesting experience.
   - j. Women.
   - a. Some topic in which you are especially knowledgeable.

5. You would rather read:
   - e. A letter from a friend.
   - f. A book on psychology.
   - h. An essay on social problems.

6. You prefer to work:
   - i. As long as necessary to get a job done.
   - b. Nine to five in a well-organized office with an efficient staff.
   - e. In the company of convivial, easy-going people.

7. You feel most capable of helping people when:
   - a. Their problems fall within your area of expertise.
   - h. They will benefit from understanding and encouragement.
   - l. They are complete strangers.

8. At a party, you might strike up a conversation with a particular young lady because she:
   - j. Looks good and seems willing.
   - h. Seems shy and would probably enjoy the attention.
   - e. Seems interested in what you are and what you do.

9. In most job situations, you would like your colleagues to:
   - b. Be systematic and reliable.
   - d. Respect your independence and unconventional methods.
   - e. Be friendly and cooperative.

10. At a reception attended by a number of prominent people, you:
    - g. Try to enjoy yourself without being too conspicuous.
    - e. Seek out those who will listen as well as talk.
    - k. Challenge the views of some highly opinionated person.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WARREN LINN

11. If you ever ran for public office, your most valuable political quality would be:
    a. Specialized knowledge and abilities.
    c. A capacity for leadership and voter appeal.
    i. Perseverance and dedication to duty.

12. You either are or would like to be especially skilled as:
    j. A lover.
    e. An actor.
    k. A debater.

13. You would most like friends to think of you as:
    e. Loyal and reliable.
    f. Perceptive and analytical.
    h. Kind and generous.

14. When you encounter an argumentative person, you find it easy to:
    g. Tactfully avoid a confrontation.
    f. Seek the reasons for his belligerence.
    k. Argue back.

15. If you were stopped and berated for a minor and rather technical traffic violation, you would probably:
    g. Concede your mistake and hope for the best.
    d. Resent the officer's authoritarian manner.
    f. Try to judge the policeman's mood and mentality and respond accordingly.

16. You meet a fellow employee who has been blaming you for a mistake *he* made. You would:
    k. Express your anger in a straightforward manner and tell him to admit his own responsibility.
    f. Put yourself in his place and try to reason with him.
    e. Approach him tactfully in a way that would not jeopardize an otherwise good relationship.

17. You have inadvertently hurt your girlfriend's feelings. The best way to smooth things over is to:
    g. Admit your mistake and apologize.
    e. Turn on the charm.
    j. Resolve the situation in bed.

18. You discover that a serious error has been made in some work that you supervised. You first:
    g. Report the mistake and take full responsibility.
    k. Call in and lecture the person who made the error.
    f. Figure out how the mistake managed to slip past you.

19. You meet an attractive girl and want to impress her favorably. You try to project yourself as:
    a. An accomplished and successful person.
    j. Socially active and sexually talented.
    d. Unconventional, independent and straightforward.

20. If you could choose any career, you would most like to be:
    b. A corporate planner or efficiency expert.
    h. A physician or social worker.
    d. A novelist or business owner.

21. If you were at a party where one of the guests was becoming particularly drunk and belligerent, you would probably:
    g. Rely on the host to handle the problem his own way.
    k. Tell the drunk, one way or another, to cool it.
    e. Inject some humor into the situation with a distracting story.

22. You usually eat dinner:
    b. At the same time every day.
    i. When you've finished what you've been working on.
    e. When you're able to join others.

23. If you ever were to write a book, you would prefer it to be:
    a. Scholarly.
    e. Autobiographical.
    h. Inspirational.

24. You're going to build a stereo amplifier. You'll get the most pleasure from:
    a. Seeing the finished job.
    b. Planning the project.
    i. Doing the work itself.

25. You have a friend who has lost his job and is feeling low. Your reaction probably would be to:
    e. Get a bunch of friends together at your place to try to cheer him up.
    h. Sit down in private with him and lend a sympathetic ear.
    i. Encourage him to quickly learn a new profession so that he can find another job.

26. You would rather be:
    a. A professional success.
    h. A good Samaritan.
    k. A skilled soldier.

27. You are told by your employer that your work does not conform to his expectations. Your first impulse is to:
    d. Question his narrow judgment.
    g. Ask for his suggestions.
    i. Get back to work on the project.

28. You would be most impressed by a girl who, upon first meeting you:
    e. Seemed friendly and sincere.
    j. Looked sexy.
    c. Complimented you.

29. In discussing poverty in America, you might argue the need for:
    b. More careful and intelligent allocation of funds.
    i. More determination on the part of public officials.
    h. A more generous public attitude toward the underprivileged.

30. During a discussion at a party, someone calls you a horse's ass. Your reaction is to:
    k. Call him a double horse's ass and wait for *his* next step.
    g. Try to coo. the situation, on the assumption that you may have done something to provoke his ire.
    f. Find out why he felt it necessary to insult you.

31. "If at first you don't succeed":
    i. Try, try again.
    g. Feel depressed and give up.
    f. Analyze the problem.

32. You would be most likely to meet your next girlfriend at:
    j. A singles bar.
    d. A pot party.
    k. A sporting event.

33. If you have one quality that makes you most attractive to women, it is that you are:
    a. A man with a good deal of talent and career potential.
    e. A handsome and outgoing guy.
    j. Affectionate and sexually uninhibited.

34. In most games or sports, you try to:
    b. Plan your moves far in advance.
    i. Play patiently and steadily, waiting for your opponent to make mistakes.
    f. Outpsych your opponent.

35. In selecting your wardrobe, you tend toward:
    b. Simple, unpretentious and practical clothing.
    d. Whatever strikes your fancy.
    e. Clothes that please your girlfriend.

36. You would rather spend a Sunday afternoon:
    a. Working on some project that excites you.
    d. Driving someplace you've never been before.
    j. Watching a good erotic movie.

37. Your attitude toward social or political eccentrics is:
    d. Live and let live.
    f. Curiosity.
    g. Apprehension.

(continued on page 218)

"I don't care if it is from your analyst! 'Merry Christmas and a Happy Sex Life' is a bit much!"

Scoring. After you've completed all 37 questions in the previous section, count up how many of each letter you checked and write the totals in the boxes below.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L

Now you're ready for the second part of the quiz. Go back to pages 213–215 and examine all eight of the drawings. In the boxes below, write the numbers of the figures that have, in terms of size, the most appealing breasts, buttocks and legs. (Concentrate on the individual body parts and try to disregard the figure as a whole.)

	FIG.		FIG.		FIG.
BREASTS		BUTTOCKS		LEGS	

Now select the single entire figure that you find most appealing; but do this from among figures 4 through 8, which represent five distinct categories of body build. Write your choice in the box below.

FIGURE

Having completed the personality test and indicated a preference for female body parts and for an entire figure, you're now ready to evaluate the results.

The letters you've tallied above refer to particular aspects of your personality. Your score in each category—high in some, low in others—indicates what relative weight that quality has for you. Our descriptions are oversimplified for the sake of brevity, but essentially these traits are:

A—Achievement, success.
B—Orderliness, predictability.
C—Drawing attention to oneself.
D—Independence, nonconformity.
E—Loyalty, friendliness.
F—Analysis, introspection.
G—Timidity, inferiority.
H—Sympathy, generosity, altruism.
I—Endurance, perseverance.
J—Sexuality.
K—Aggressiveness, anger.
L—Nothing. This dummy letter was included for arithmetical purposes related to the scoring.

Now you're ready to correlate these personality traits with your girl-watching preferences, beginning with:

BREASTS: Whether you're a fanatical breast man or never look above the waist, you probably have a preference for a particular size of breast. This choice is meaningful in terms of your personality. In the following sections, you can see how your body preferences and personality correlations compare with a statistically analyzed sample of other men who have taken this test.

Figures 1, 4, 6 and 8 illustrate larger-than-average breasts. Men who prefer this type of breast generally have high C, D and J scores together with low H and I scores. Such men tend to be independent, exhibitionistic, self-centered, good-natured and highly sexed. They like their sex so much, in fact, that it doesn't always matter whether it's real or vicarious. When they're not courting ladies or engaging in some type of sexual activity, they enjoy talking about it, reading about it or joking about it. They are basically anti-authoritarian, unconventional and a little irresponsible.

On the other hand, men who prefer average to small breasts (figures 2, 3, 5 and 7) usually have high H and low A scores. They tend to be underachievers, or at least they do not place great importance on success, and are generally noncompetitive. They seem more susceptible to depression than the average male, and rate high in what psychologists call "nurturance": a sense of sympathy and understanding, a willingness to help friends and act charitably toward persons less fortunate than themselves. They tend to be generous, affectionate and forgiving.

BUTTOCKS: Even in the absence of any scientific data, it seems clear that the ass man is more of a doer than a dreamer; he probably subscribes to the principle that form should follow function. However, there seems to be considerable male personality variation according to the size or prominence of a woman's behind that a man finds most appealing.

Large buttocks (figures 2 and 3) correlate with high B and G scores and low D and F scores. The big butt man tends to be more orderly and dependent and less secure emotionally than the average male. He probably contemplates any task beforehand, formulates some kind of work plan, gets himself organized and then proceeds methodically to its completion (knocking off for meals at regularly appointed hours). When something goes wrong, he tends to blame himself rather than others, and he would rather anticipate and avoid a problem than confront it head on. In an argument, he's often a pushover, for the simple reason that he's unaggressive and somewhat uncertain of himself. In his personal relations with others, he takes people at face value without analyzing their actions or motives. He likes predictability and tends to form dependent relationships. One might speculate that he likes a Rubensian woman because she represents something solid that he can really get a grip on.

Men who like average to small buttocks (figures 1, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8) usually have a high I score and low C and G scores. These men exhibit personality traits that not only distinguish them from big-ass men but make them quite different from males who like big breasts. The small butt man usually lacks those exhibitionistic qualities that would make him a source of amusement to others or the life of the party. At the same time he is relatively self-confident, willing to stand up for himself in an argument and able to conduct himself naturally in the presence of superiors. He has enough determination and endurance to see him

"You can get dressed now . . . the doctor has seen you."

Pigskin?
Or calf's hide?
One thing for sure...
for them it won't be an
imitation.
Their cigarette? Viceroy
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
VICEROY
VICEROY
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

"While you're at it, would you turn my Teddy bear on, too?"

through problems that would discourage many others, and he can usually be relied upon to finish what he starts. He can work by himself without close supervision and his morale is high enough so that he needs little outside encouragement or personal flattery.

LEGS: Like breast men or butt men, the man who is most turned on by legs doesn't totally ignore other female features, he merely imposes a more discriminating range of acceptability on the size and shape of the lower limbs.

Large legs, as represented in figures 2, 6 and 7, correlate with high F and G scores and a low K score. One thing this indicates is some degree of insecurity—nothing spectacular, just a tendency to be shy, to see one's own faults most clearly, to choose flight rather than fight. Also indicated is a willingness to accept blame rather than project it to others, and to admit an error rather than conceal it. Unlike the big-butt man, who shares the above tendencies, the typical big-leg man is especially perceptive, observant and analytical, which may partly explain why he is also unaggressive; he would evaluate a situation before reacting to it, put himself in another person's place and respond vigorously only when he felt particularly self-assured.

Small to average legs (figures 1, 3, 4, 5 and 8), which correlate with high C, E and H scores and a low D score, appeal to men who exhibit tendencies toward both extroversion and generosity. Indeed, the small-leg man combines the best qualities of the big-breast man and the small-breast man: a genial, outgoing, uninhibited personality plus a healthy capacity to love, sympathize with and help other people. At the same time, he is rather conventional in his behavior and attitudes—a person who feels little need to either assert his independence or to defy authority. He shares willingly and forms close attachments, even dependent relationships, and generally prefers to be with friends rather than alone. In short, he's a generous, loving, kindhearted show-off with a sense of responsibility.

• • •

Since few of us judge a woman's figure on the basis of only one feature, the psychologists who have worked in this area have also correlated personality traits with *over-all* figure preference. You've already examined figures 4 through 8 and selected the one that appealed most to you. If you're average, you should discover that the size of breasts, buttocks and legs, considered independently, is reflected in your over-all figure preference and that the personality traits suggested by over-all figure preference corroborate, or at least do not contradict, those already indicated.

FIGURE 4. The man who likes full breasts, moderate buttocks and moderate to "leggy" legs tends to be gregarious and extroverted, even a show-off, with a lively sense of humor and considerable self confidence. He probably smokes (both tobacco and pot), drinks and has strong masculine interests, especially with regard to women. He is not afflicted with guilt feelings, lacks orderly work habits and has the attention span of a canary. His Dionysian qualities make him something of a swinger, and he tends to be nonconforming, independent, irresponsible, anti-authoritarian and spontaneous. He's a fun-loving fellow who makes a good friend, but you might not want your sister to marry him.

FIGURE 5. This group, preferring the moderate to small woman with moderate breasts, small buttocks and moderate legs, is remarkably free of minor vices and tends to avoid excesses of any kind, while exhibiting a high degree of altruism and generosity. As a rule, these men are neither drug users nor carousers and seem to shy away from careers that require much personal ambition or competitive skills.

FIGURE 6. Big breasts, moderate buttocks, sturdy legs: a zaftig girl who, judging from the men she attracts, represents security and plenty—something a man can fall back on. Many of the characteristics associated with this figure selection are, alas, maladaptive traits: a tendency to feel inferior, to lack both perseverance and the orderly work habits that are usually requisite to the traditional forms of success. This lady should hope that her boyfriend is either extremely creative or comes from a wealthy family.

FIGURE 7. This somewhat ungainly combination—moderate breasts, small buttocks and heavy set legs—doesn't correlate with much of anything in the way of personality traits. The only discernible characteristic is what psychologists call a low affiliation quotient, which suggests that the man is something of a loner with no strong inclinations to either socialize or participate in group endeavors.

FIGURE 8. This appears to be the feminine form that has the greatest appeal to the greatest number of men, who seem to prefer women with ample breasts, moderate to small buttocks and moderate legs. Those who selected this figure were found to be, on the whole, well adjusted, well organized, generous and helpful individuals who cultivate good habits and get along well with people. They are close to their friends, make new friends easily, share their good fortune willingly and prefer companionship to isolation.

To re-examine your figure preferences and interpret them in a slightly different way, take another look at only three of the drawings—figures 5, 6 and 8—and pick the one you find most attractive.

FIGURE □

If you picked figure 6, which is relatively large, you should have a fairly high A score, indicating that you place a good deal of importance on career, capability, personal skills and success. You probably take pride in your specialized knowledge and abilities and rather enjoy any job that seems especially meaningful or challenging.

If you picked figure 8, it means you'd rather spend your time chasing a girl than putting in a good day's work. This moderate-to-ample figure correlates with high J and low B scores, indicating strong heterosexual interests, plus a cavalier attitude toward work habits and orderliness. The only prior planning you do involves seduction.

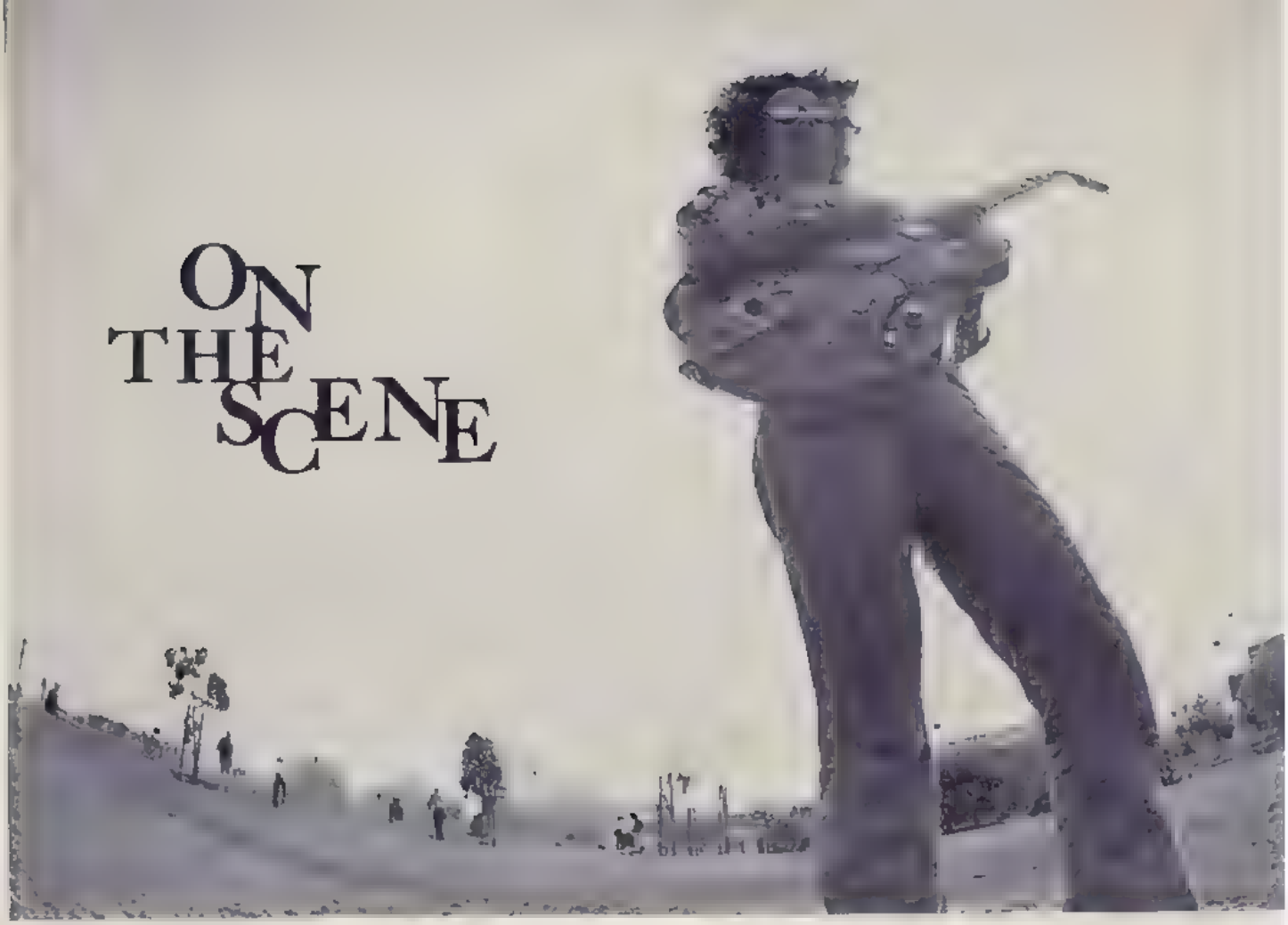
If you picked figure 5, a small girl, you're probably methodical and tenacious in your work habits (high I score), the sort of person who tackles one job at a time and patiently keeps at it until he's finished. In addition, you most likely get along well with your superiors, have no quarrel with authority figures and support your local police.

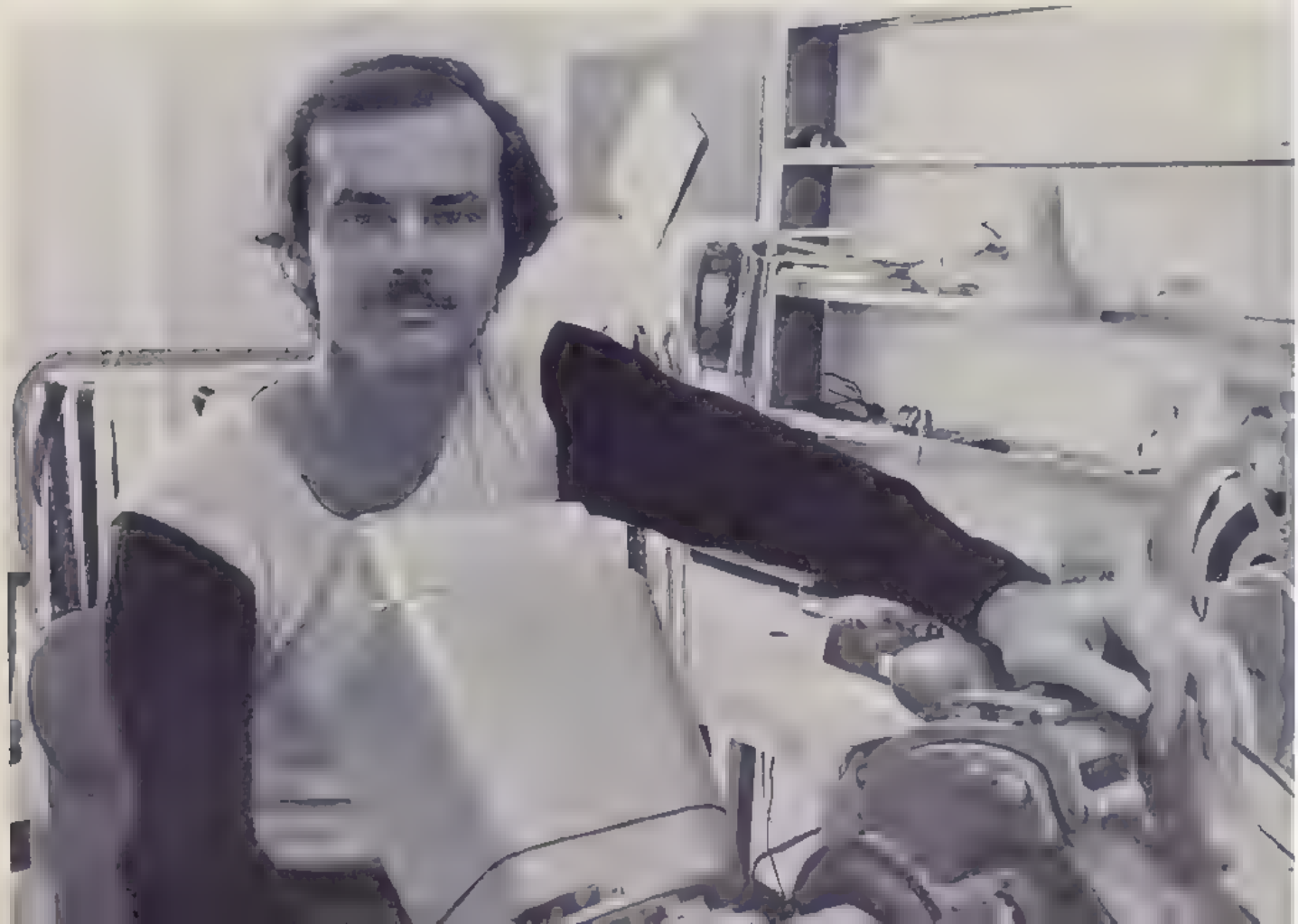
• • •

This quiz afforded an opportunity to measure some of your personality traits and then compare them with those exhibited by research subjects with the same somatic preferences. If you found no similarities at all between yourself and the research subjects with the same tastes, it means you either don't know yourself as well as you think (there's always a discrepancy between measured personality traits and self-image) or you're not responding predictably to the eight drawings. On the other hand, if any of the personality descriptions fit you perfectly, then you probably cheated. Quizzes simply aren't that accurate a means of measuring all the variables and subtleties of an individual's emotional make-up. The correlations between figure preferences and personality traits need not be perfect to be meaningful; in most cases, they only indicate tendencies in one direction or another. (For instance, an indication that you are disorganized and disorderly does not necessarily mean that you forget to shave or that you litter your apartment with dirty clothes; it's simply that orderliness isn't high on your list of priorities.)

Obviously, this quiz tells you very little about your *over-all* preference in women. It intentionally ignores such complex factors as facial type, personality, intelligence, manner, clothes, education, attitudes and so forth. It attempts only to help you categorize yourself in general terms according to your automatic responses to various body shapes. As a final word, we suggest that you forgo the temptation to antagonize your acquaintances by using this insight to analyze them according to the shapes of their girlfriends and wives. If you decide to do so anyway, keep your findings to yourself.

ON THE SCENE





SHUGGIE OTIS *the son also rises*

HE'S BEEN PLAYING the guitar professionally since he painted on a mustache to look older and sat in with his father's band five years ago. Today, at 17, Shuggie Otis is considered one of the best blues-rock guitarists in the country. Johnny Otis—a renowned jazz musician in his own right—raised his Los Angeles–born son on rhythm and blues; by adolescence, Shuggie was proficient with several instruments, making his first paid appearance—on bass—at 12 at the Jazzville Club in San Diego. A year later, he began doing recording sessions on guitar, bass, drums, organ, piano and harmonica. Shuggie gained national recognition at the end of 1968 when his work on Johnny's album *Cold Shot* stirred some reviewers to remark on the maturity of his performance. Al Kooper—creator of Blood, Sweat & Tears—was so impressed with Shuggie's talent that he flew him to New York to cut an album with him. The record, *Kooper Session*, prompted critic Leonard Feather of the *Los Angeles Times* to comment: "Shuggie tells it like it was decades before he was born and runs off with the honors." Signing a contract with Epic Records, the young virtuoso forthwith waxed *Here Comes Shuggie Otis*, with an assist from his father—who handled all the producing and arranging, played all the keyboard and percussion instruments, and shared the composition credits. But Dad isn't going to have a heavy hand in his son's future recordings. He feels that Shuggie is more than capable of handling himself after studying composition, scoring and arranging under a private tutor and developing a new kind of pop he calls "symphonic and blues rock." Shuggie is quiet and withdrawn about his achievements and his future, but Johnny proudly declares, "I'm letting him have his head. It has to be the way *he* wants to go. His is the music of the future."

JOSEPH RHODES, JR. *commissioner cum laude*

UNTIL HE JOINED the front lines of Government investigative ranks, most explanations for campus dissidence seemed to be suggested by those farthest from the chaotic quadrangles. But 23-year-old Joseph Rhodes, Jr., the only student and youngest appointee on the Presidential Commission on Campus Unrest, vowed to uncover the truth about student revolt—"even if it hurts the Administration." Born in Pittsburgh, the son of a steelworker, Rhodes, who is now a junior fellow at Harvard, has drawn censure from both educational and Government circles for his controversial statements. Most notably, he incurred the wrath—and a demand for his resignation—from the Vice-President by suggesting after his June 1970 appointment that deaths on campuses could be linked to White House criticism of students. The former Caltech scholar and two-term student-body president caused further furor with another tough statement in October after the release of the commission's report. Although he made no direct indictments, Rhodes charged that "the campus issue has been exploited by political figures who would rather keep the public's attention on the students than on the problems that actually plague our nation." Such candor has been a thorn as well as an embarrassment to the Administration that, in 1968, awarded Rhodes $68,000 from the Health, Education and Welfare Department for a 70-student research project on pollution; he was subsequently named to direct a $95,000 social-problems study project funded by the Ford Foundation. With the release of the commission's report—and of his scathing comments on it—it's uncertain whether the contentious Rhodes will be encouraged to continue in any Governmental capacity. One thing, however, seems sure about his future: He won't compromise his convictions for self-advancement—in politics or education.

JACK NICHOLSON *star trekking*

ALTHOUGH *Easy Rider* made superstars of Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, perhaps the film's most memorable performance was turned in by Jack Nicholson, who won the New York Film Critics' prize—and an Academy Award nomination—as 1969's best supporting actor. Playing George Hanson, a Southern souse of an attorney who switches from potlikker to pot, Nicholson bridged America's generation gap—a role not inappropriate to his own life: At 33, he's a blend of the old and the new Hollywood. Born in Neptune, New Jersey, Nicholson went to Los Angeles at 17 in search of an acting career. His first job was in MGM's cartoon department, but he soon began appearing in a succession of low-budget "programers" such as *Psych-Out*, *The Shooting*, *The Cry Baby Killer* and *The Little Shop of Horrors*, a movie completed in exactly two days. "It was about a guy who crosses a Venus'-flytrap with some gigantic plant," says Nicholson. "He winds up feeding it people." Nicholson's film fortunes rose rapidly after he scripted *The Trip* and then wrote and coproduced *Head*, starring The Monkees. "I loved it—the best rock-'n'-roll movie ever made," he says. When Rip Torn decided against the role of George Hanson, Jack suddenly found himself in *Easy Rider*. "Not because Dennis Hopper especially wanted me but because I just happened to be there when Torn walked out." Since then, Nicholson has worked at fever pitch: acting in *On a Clear Day* and *Five Easy Pieces*, directing his screenplay of *Drive, He Said* (about an alienated college basketball player) and, last fall, starring in the Mike Nichols–directed satire *Carnal Knowledge*. "I've overscheduled myself," he says, "because I remember the days when I had to work in those horror movies just to eat." But the lean days are probably gone forever: Now that he's a sought-after star, producers are offering Nicholson bundles of jack.

THIS ONE WILL KILL YOU *(continued from page 211)*

his little toe, which meant that he was beginning to tire. So he decided to do his closing number, a routine that could make an audience stand and cheer and clap for 462 hours straight.

He decided to do his imitation of Walter Brennan.

Walter Brennan! He dared not announce it, because if he did, the audience would probably pass out. Even though he'd been performing brilliantly for almost seven hours, he knew what they were waiting for: *Walter Brennan.* And since he was *really* getting tired—the sweat now dripping from both ear lobes, both little toes quivering in his socks—he knew it was time for W. B. As he stepped back to begin, a room key hit him in the middle of his forehead and fell to the stage; he quickly picked it up and stuffed it into his suit pocket and smiled, because after the show, he was going to visit each and every one of those rooms. He was going to hold and touch and tremble to the feel of every one of those 12-year-old bald-headed girls. (Hair, as we all know, had completely disappeared from the human body at ten A.M. on April 4, 2011, due to high mercury content in our drinking water.)

Edwin Duff began to remember when he first started in show business. Even then, the little girls would throw their keys onstage. How innocent he had been. "They love me. They really love me," he'd thought. He remembered that first room and looking at that beautifully shaped bald head with its accompanying Mona Lisa smile. He remembered how he'd approached her, how he'd wanted to hug her and hold her—only to hear the girl say, even as she embraced him, "Edwin, just for me, just for *me*. Will you do Walter Brennan in my ear?" Edwin hadn't minded the first 200,000 times he had done that number with each new 12-year-old, but after that, he grew weary of it. The audience, meanwhile, had become a great expectant hunk of humanity, and Edwin was ready to begin his routine: Walter Brennan giving the six-o'clock news.

This was the best bit in his act. Edwin adjusted the microphone inside his neck that had been installed there by a plastic surgeon, making Edwin unique among entertainers. Of course, politicians had long ago discovered the advantages of a public-address system installed right inside the mouth. But Edwin's system was shaped like a heart and when the house lights dimmed, he could trigger a special device that made heart-shaped red, orange and yellow flashes come darting out of his neck.

Sometimes Edwin would run old photographs across his face—fantastic, subliminal cuts (frankly sentimental)—of old women and little boys and dogs and working people. But not now. Now was Walter Brennan time.

He was all set. He looked out at the people and, as the sweat dripped from his ear lobes to his shoulders, the lights dimmed and Edwin's neck lit up. He cleared his throat and began his imitation of Walter Brennan giving the six-o'clock news.

Nothing, of course, could follow that, and when he was finished and had left his audience for dead, Edwin began the half-mile walk back to his dressing room, the 8001 hotel-room keys still bulging in his pockets.

"*Beautiful,* baby," said Howie, who clutched briefly at Edwin's warm knee before walking off to the box office to check the night's take.

Once inside his dressing room, Edwin sat down and wiped the perspiration from his head. There was a knock on the door and before he could get up to answer it, an old woman entered with her husband. Edwin smiled at her, concealing his fatigue. "Hello," he said.

The old woman seemed slightly upset. "Edwin," she said, "I sent you a note twenty years ago and you've never answered it. Why?"

"Well, I've been so busy I just haven't gotten around to it," Edwin answered.

But the old woman was not satisfied. "That's not a good reason, Edwin," she snapped. "Why couldn't you have answered my note?"

As Duff explained about his heavy schedule, the old woman suddenly pulled

"It's all right with me if women stop wearing bras—but if they stop manufacturing them, what about us transvestites?"

out a knife and stabbed him through the heart. Edwin, a little embarrassed and in pain, just stood there, a small smile on his face, trying to show them how weary he was, hoping the woman and her husband would allow him to rest—maybe later he'd be able to give them more time and a better explanation. Perhaps he'd take them out to dinner. It was the least he could do.

Edwin wondered how he could make love and whisper his Walter Brennan to 8001 girls with a knife in his heart. Perhaps if he tried it without taking his clothes off. . . .

"Mr. Duff," said a young man who had just wandered into the dressing room, "would you teach me all about comedy? I think you're one of the greatest comedians in the world."

"Thanks," said Edwin, trickles of blood running down his shirt. He tried not to look tired. "First of all, the important thing in comedy is you have to think funny."

"But there are no clubs anymore. There are no places to be bad. It's so hard to get started," said the young man.

"It's not easy," said Edwin.

"Now, listen to this routine. Let me know if you think it's funny. I call it my car routine."

Slowly, the dressing room began to fill. There was a young boy selling *Voice of the People* newspapers. Edwin fished out a $5000 bill and bought a copy.

There was a politician from Utah who slapped Edwin on the chest, driving the knife deeper into his heart.

"It's *so* nice of you to take the time to come back and see me," said Edwin.

There was a guided tour of little boys and girls who wanted autographed pictures. "Thank you *so* much for taking the time out to come by," said Edwin.

There was a 12-year-old bald-headed girl who carried a straight razor in her hand and she immediately cut off both of Edwin's ears, after which she smiled sweetly and said, "Hi, Edwin, do you remember me?"

Edwin looked at her slightly puzzled—whereupon she stabbed him right in the throat. With the knife in his chest and the straight razor sticking in his throat and both ears cut off, Edwin smiled that smile that says, "It's *so* nice of you to take the time to come back and see me." He was now down on his hands and knees, smiling and trying very hard not to die. Edwin Duff shook hands with the bald-headed young girl and said, "Yes, I remember you now."

"If you remember me," said the girl, "then what's my name?"

Edwin Duff searched his memory and then sadly shook his head. "I can't recall it right at the moment," he said, "but I really do remember you."

The 12 year-old girl was bitterly disappointed. "I'd hoped you'd remember my name, because it was ten years ago tonight that you did Walter Brennan in my ear. Come on, now, try to remember."

Edwin gave it his best effort, but try as he might, the only thing he could think of was how tired he was becoming, what with his loss of blood and all. "I can't recall it," he finally said.

"Oh, well," she shot back as she got ready to leave, "I guess you meet so *many* girls."

Edwin sprawled out on the floor. Barely conscious now, he saw, standing above him, the old woman and her husband, the comic, the boy selling newspapers, the 12-year-old bald-headed girl, the politician from Utah, the guided tour of little children and his agent, Howie.

"*That's* funny," said the comic.

"Why didn't you take a year's subscription?" said the boy selling newspapers.

"Can you drive me home?" said the bald-headed girl.

"Do you know a Jack McEveety, lives in Miami? He says he knows you," said the husband.

"Could you write 'With love to Barbara?'" said the autograph seekers.

"*Beautiful*, baby," said the agent.

"Don't forget. Next time you're in Ogden, look me up," said the politician from Utah.

"Edwin Duff," said the old woman, bending over him, "why didn't you answer the note I sent you twenty years ago?"

Those were the last words he ever heard.

"Arnold, your scallops are getting cold."

TAKE IT WITH YOU *(continued from page 170)*

much as a motorist would forget about a highway sign that reads, WATCH FOR DEER. When do you ever see one? Well, we were sitting on the terrace one afternoon, looking at the sea, when two giant creatures suddenly rose from the water and crashed together, belly to belly. The whales really *were* mating. The whale humping continued for several days. We went crazy looking at this wild sex.

The Maui Hilton is located on Kaanapali Beach, a long stretch of white sand that's great for morning walks. If you enjoy golf, you head for the course, not far from the hotel, and you suggest to your girl that she take a nice stroll, for maybe three hours, along the beach, famous for its seashells. Buy her a pail. If she is a good girl and only a minimal pain in the ass, she will keep busy until noon, by which time you will have finished 18 holes.

Afternoons at the Maui Hilton are lazy. You surf, sit by the pool, take a drive along the verdant shore and maybe drop in at one of the salty bars in Lahaina. Catamaraning is a pleasant form of entertainment especially when whales are inhabiting the channel. The ones we saw humping from our terrace had to measure upward of 46 feet—our catamaran was 46 feet long and the whales alongside us were longer. I felt like asking one when the next orgy would begin, but I was afraid it might ask to watch *me* and mine and there was no way I could follow *that* performance.

Evenings at the Hilton are particularly pleasant, mainly because the manager, Sheldon Randall, is a gourmet who has an outstanding German chef willing to cook special dishes for Randall's friends. Special dishes for me are beef stew and meat loaf and maybe a leg of lamb. Basic fare such as this can be delightful when prepared by a first-class chef. I realize, of course, that by ordering meat loaf instead of *mahi-mahi*, I was hardly impressing the lady I was with. I may even have been a pain in the ass myself, but a guy is entitled to some things in life.

In my judgment, the food at the Maui Hilton is exceeded only by that of another of my favorite retreats, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. One of the dining rooms there is called the Beaver Club (the cuisine is French-Canadian). I have found nothing better.

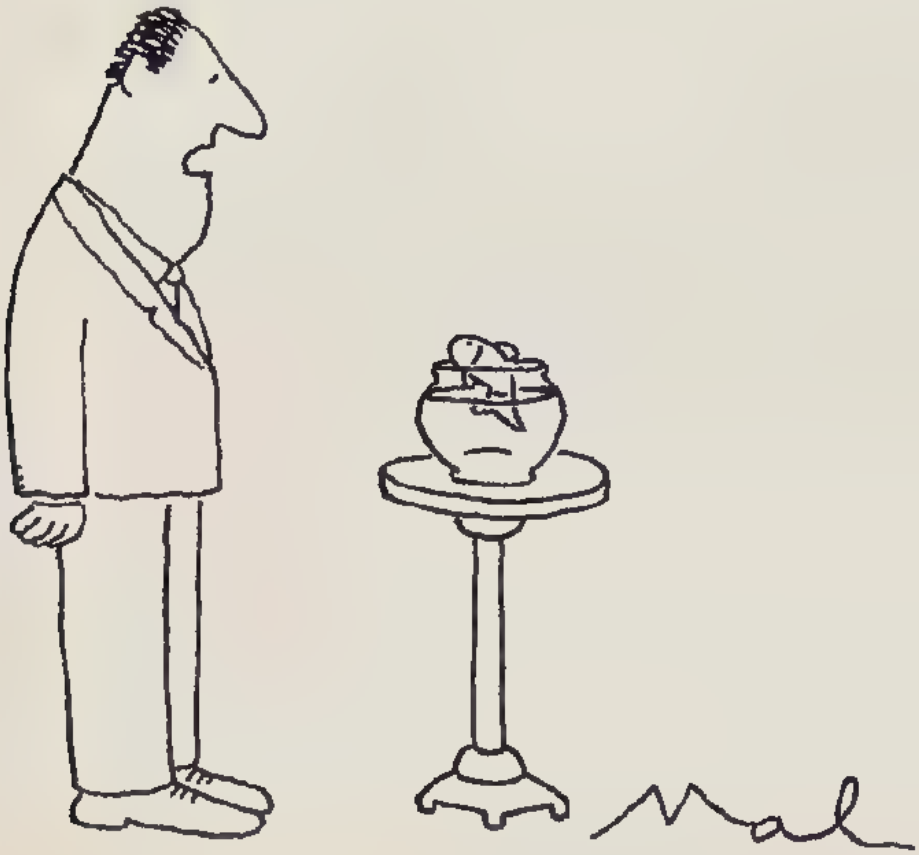
Now, you may ask, why in the hell is this guy picking the Queen Elizabeth in downtown Montreal as a romantic hideaway, considering all the exotic places available on earth? After all, he may as well pick beautiful downtown Burbank. At the Queen Elizabeth, you are even apt to run into a convention of insurance underwriters.

Answer: It's a great place to take a girl in winter, especially if you get the setup I did on my last visit—a three-bedroom suite near the top floor. Obviously, this is two bedrooms more than you need, but it gives you a feeling of abundance. For scenery, you have Mt. Royal in one direction and the St. Lawrence River in another. Decorated in Early Canadian, the suite features animal skins on the wall. Mounted fish and animal heads surround you. Walking into the place, I felt like Nelson Eddy, or at least like the president of the Hudson's Bay Company. A fireplace can be effective in such a setting and there is a large one in the living room.

Ensconced in such luxury, I couldn't help but smile when recalling my first visit to Montreal. It was in 1954 and Dan Rowan and I stopped at a boardinghouse. We worked at a place called the Downbeat Club, from which 32 hookers operated. We did three shows a night. It was important that we get the hookers to like us, because they set the pace for the audience: If they didn't laugh and applaud, no one else would. We ingratiated ourselves with the girls by cleverly working them into our material. I would say, for example, "Helen and Yvonne have missed this show, but they'll be back for the next." The other girls would roar at this inside joke. Helen and Yvonne, of course, had picked up a couple of live ones and taken them to their rooms. Later, they would return for two more. We hoped one day to work in a class place where the hookers wouldn't leave until after the last show.

Montreal brims with beautiful women. Their eyes are generally dark and their skins creamy. Actually, taking a girl there is like taking a bologna sandwich to a banquet. But whether your company is imported or domestic, the Queen Elizabeth is a wonderful place in winter, because even if snow is piled to your hairpiece, you're not trapped in the hotel; directly below is the Place Ville Marie, a seven-acre underground complex that contains two movie theaters, several excellent restaurants (such as the Bluenose Inn for seafood and The Stampede for steaks), a number of good-looking cocktail lounges and 64 shops. It's a great place to visit while recharging the old batteries. If weather permits, you can ski the Laurentians—only an hour's drive from Montreal. It isn't necessary to leave your room on a winter day in Montreal, but at least you have a choice.

In London, the world's most exciting city, you have similar (if not more) advantages. Offhand, you would picture London as anything but a romantic



"Another reason I can't marry you is because you're a fish."

retreat. It isn't the cleanest place, the traffic is thick and the skies often somber. But there is so much to see there, so much history to absorb and so many unique shops to visit that making these scenes with a girl can't help but be fun.

One of my fondest memories is of a stay at the Dorchester Hotel in Mayfair. This is a dignified caravansary across the street from Hyde Park. The doorman has a top hat, the desk clerks wear striped pants and morning coats and even the bellhops sport starched collars. The atmosphere isn't as stuffy as Claridge's, where the help apologizes for passing gas, and it won't remind you at all of a TraveLodge.

I got into trouble instantly at the Dorchester. My reservation had been made by Londoners, who got me an accommodation that consisted only of room and bath. Ten minutes after checking in, I heard a knock on the door. It was the house detective. I had heard of house dicks all my life; I had read about them and listened to jokes about them. But this was the first one I had ever seen.

He wasn't dressed like Sherlock Holmes nor did he carry a magnifying glass. But he did detect a lady in my room and said she would have to leave. In a foreign country, you don't demand your rights. I took my little dish of trifle to another place for the night but brought her back to the Dorchester the next day, when someone hipped me to English procedure. London hotelkeepers frown on mixed doubles in one room. But if you have a suite—two rooms or more—there is no objection, on the grounds that private quarters for each are now provided and certainly no gentleman would stray from his quarters to those of the lady's. (Besides, the hotel makes twice as much.)

Each floor of the Dorchester has its own kitchen meaning that when you order snacks from room service, you get them quickly and you get them fresh. And most of the time from the same waiter. In late afternoon, we would order a dish of miniature sandwiches and tea brewed freshly in the pot and, overlooking Park Lane and Hyde Park, we'd watch the red double-decker buses and London's endless stream of motorcars weaving along. Liz stays with Dick (Burton, not Martin) at the Dorchester. I don't know how they pass their time in the hotel, but if they're stuck for an idea, I would recommend tea and sandwiches and traffic watching. The Dorchester's bathtubs, incidentally, are tremendous and easily accommodate two. It may not be acceptable in the hotel for unmarried couples to stay in one room, but I could find no restrictions covering bathtubs.

At the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs the tubs are smaller and the tea comes from bags, but this place is among my favorite spots. I was stabled there in a large, mostly glass-enclosed suite offering a matchless view of the golf course, the lake and the snow-topped Rockies. The landscape was green and spectacularly alive. The Broadmoor is a sensational place to stay if you're with a girl who likes the sporting life: There're golf, canoeing, tennis, swimming, hiking, skiing, fishing, indoor ice skating and, if you're up to it, a climb up Pikes Peak. (Make sure, however, you don't expend *all* your energies on purely athletic pursuits.) And you needn't leave the hotel for amusement after dinner. The Broadmoor provides a movie theater, a night club and a great English pub called the Golden Bee, where, over beer and cheese, customers sing along with the piano player. Well, it's something to do.

You're going to snicker when I mention another vital facility at the Broadmoor. It's a beauty shop, the importance of which should never be minimized on a trip with a girl. Posing as a good fellow, you generously suggest a wash, set, manicure, pedicure and a few other services to enhance the beauty of your little flower. Then, depositing her in the *salon* after breakfast, you duck out for 18 holes. (If you're a fisherman, you might even recommend a hair frosting, which takes the better part of a day.)

Blessed with luck at the Broadmoor, I found myself in the company of a pain in the ass so minimal as to be hardly felt. This lady not only condoned my golf but drove the cart, took out the flags and actually learned on which side to stand when guys were putting. When you run into custom jewelry such as this, you must naturally give her high priority when considering future travel companions.

A word of caution about Colorado Springs. The elevation is 6000 feet—high enough to hamper one's usual superb performance on the Simmons. Light training will prove helpful; maybe a little roadwork and rope skipping. It could be embarrassing to go to the post one night and suddenly faint.

It also could ruin a good friendship in an age in which ladies have come to expect, even demand, good service. For years, we believed sex was mostly for men, but today we find that women are aggressors whose appetites are just becoming known. This can present problems to every man enjoying a vacation. When he's knocked out from all that golf, how is he able to get away with just a goodnight kiss? He's not. On romantic trips, a woman has the right to demand more. Any time after lunch, in fact, if that's her pleasure. All she must do, in return, is heed his entreaty: "Please don't be a pain in the ass."

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spring *(continued from page 119)*

but always goes by car, "For once, walk to the office; get a little exercise." Just a little while ago. I said all this with an anxious, affectionate expression on my face. Now I am lying on my bed, all alone and. . . .

Let's begin with my husband. He inherited a number of apartments, and now all he does is collect the rents and manage the buildings in a dull, listless, stupid way, without taking any personal initiative, confining himself merely to being on the spot. My husband hasn't interested me for at least 20 years. If I had to describe him, I'd have to use that wonderful but threadbare word: nonentity. Yes, he is a nonentity; that is to say, an emptiness; that is, the shell of a man but with no man inside; that is, a plaster cast without the form on which it was modeled.

I remember vividly the day when I went to a clinic where he was going to have a minor operation. I told the nurse at the reception desk his name and she didn't recognize it. Finally, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, yes, he's number 226!" Then, suddenly, I understood who my husband was. He could only be recognized as a number in a series. He was a little more than 225, but he wasn't quite 227. He was a perfect fit in the slot between. That was all. Other times, he would be, say, number 13 in the line at the counter in a bank; number 200 to pay the toll on an expressway; number 1,000,063 to get his car license plates; number 60 to go into a movie . . . until, finally, he would be number 12 in the daily newspaper obituaries. Does a progressive number really exist? In the abstract, yes; but in the purely emotive reality of memory, no. Now that I am alone and I've dropped my automatic affection as wife and mother, I say to myself, a nonentity. A perfect, absolute nonentity.

But enough of my husband. Let us go on to my daughter. Very beautiful, with a classic beauty, Greek or Roman; tall and shapely, with a face like a face on a medal, the nose in a straight line with the forehead, the eyes shaped like those of statues, the mouth formed to perfection. But—boring! Yes, indeed, boring; even thinking of her, I immediately feel bored. To say that my daughter is foolish would be paying her a compliment. My daughter is downright stupid. A freak in a fair. A monstrosity of nature. I don't know who it was who said that all intelligence has limits but that foolishness is infinite. He was right. The imbecility of my daughter is like the sea: boundless. But there is a method in her imbecility. For instance, my daughter never gets married, although she gets engaged at least once a year. She never makes a mistake, she never has an adventure, she never has an infatuation, she never has a weakness, she never has a feeling of bewilderment; she only has engagements. Her fiancés are, of course, lovers and her engagements are affairs or liaisons, whichever you like to call them; but my daughter treats her sentimental life as if it were a small business. This has now gone on for a long time. She's nearly 35 and she keeps on playing the part of the ingénue, introducing the man she loves to her parents and then, after a while, exhibiting him all round as her fiancé.

My own duplicity with her both astonishes and frightens me. A quarter of an hour ago, I said to her, "Darling, when are you and Piero thinking of getting married?" And now . . . well, now I almost want to get up from the bed on which I am lying, take a piece of charcoal and on the white wall write a few nasty remarks about this everlasting, unchanging, placid, marmoreal fiancée.

Let us come, finally, to my son. He is neither a nonentity like my husband nor an idiot like my daughter; he is, to be frank, a stinker. I know for sure that he is, why he is and how he is. When he was 20, my son bragged one night at dinner that he seduced a poor young store clerk by promising to marry her. Of course, it wasn't a marriage but a one-night stand, as he took care to tell us. This was hardly a story to amuse his parents and his sister with, but he was so pleased with himself that he didn't stop to think of that. At the time, my automatic maternal behavior moved into action, as usual.

I said apprehensively, "Be careful she doesn't blackmail you. She could have a child by someone else and then claim it's yours. There are plenty of adventuresses around." Afterward, though, as soon as I was alone, I thought again about his boasting and I suddenly said to myself, "Yes, a real stinker!" Since then, I've kept an eye on him; I have been watching him for more than ten years now and I'm convinced in the end that my first intuition was right. He's a stinker—an unintentional and unwitting one, but a total stinker just the same. At work, he smiles a lot and sucks up to his boss, but he's Mr. Big to the people who work for him. He's not very honest at the office; in fact, he lies to everybody he's involved with—and he's perfectly cynical about it. All of this under a mask that seems quite kind, affectionate, serious and respectable. Along with this, he gives the impression of being both a devout Catholic and a cultured man. The truth is that he doesn't believe in anything and he's a complete boor.

Well, just the other night at dinner, he announced that he's now engaged to a girl who's just as rich as she is ugly—and he told us this with the same delight in his own corruption that he'd shown about the girl ten years ago.

My old apprehension came back with a rush and, just as I had then, I said, "Be careful. It's a serious step to tie yourself for life to a woman you don't love. Besides, I wonder if it's true that she's really so rich." And as soon as I was alone, I knew I'd been convinced all over again. My son is an absolute stinker.

I think about these things all the time, but I can't quite understand myself. Why am I that way with my family? Why do I always—when I'm with them—fall into line, show them all that solidarity and support? Why do I keep attacking them so violently in my own mind when they are not here? I struggled with this question for a long time, but I never found an answer. Then, suddenly, the telephone rang and my instinctive reaction was, "It must be a friend." What a relief, what a good thing it would be to involve myself in some gossip and get rid of all my black thoughts.

Oddly enough, though, the telephone lines had got crossed somehow. When I lifted the receiver, I heard two voices, remote in some unfathomable distance but perfectly clear. And what they were saying was very strange, too.

"Try to find out where they're coming from."

"God knows. Maybe from the kitchen sink. If so, nothing can be done. I can't possibly get rid of all the plumbing."

"Listen, I've got a suggestion. Before you go to bed, put a lot of insecticide around on the floor."

"It doesn't help much. The only thing to do is kill them by squashing them with a broom."

"So squash them with a broom."

"That sounds easy—but the trouble is that they aren't there when I'm there and they're there when I'm not there."

"Wait a minute—I don't get all that."

"Well, I mean that they're there when I'm asleep. Once in a while, I happen to come home about three in the morning and go into the kitchen. The floor is black, really black with them. Hundreds, thousands. Then, in the morning, there's not even one."

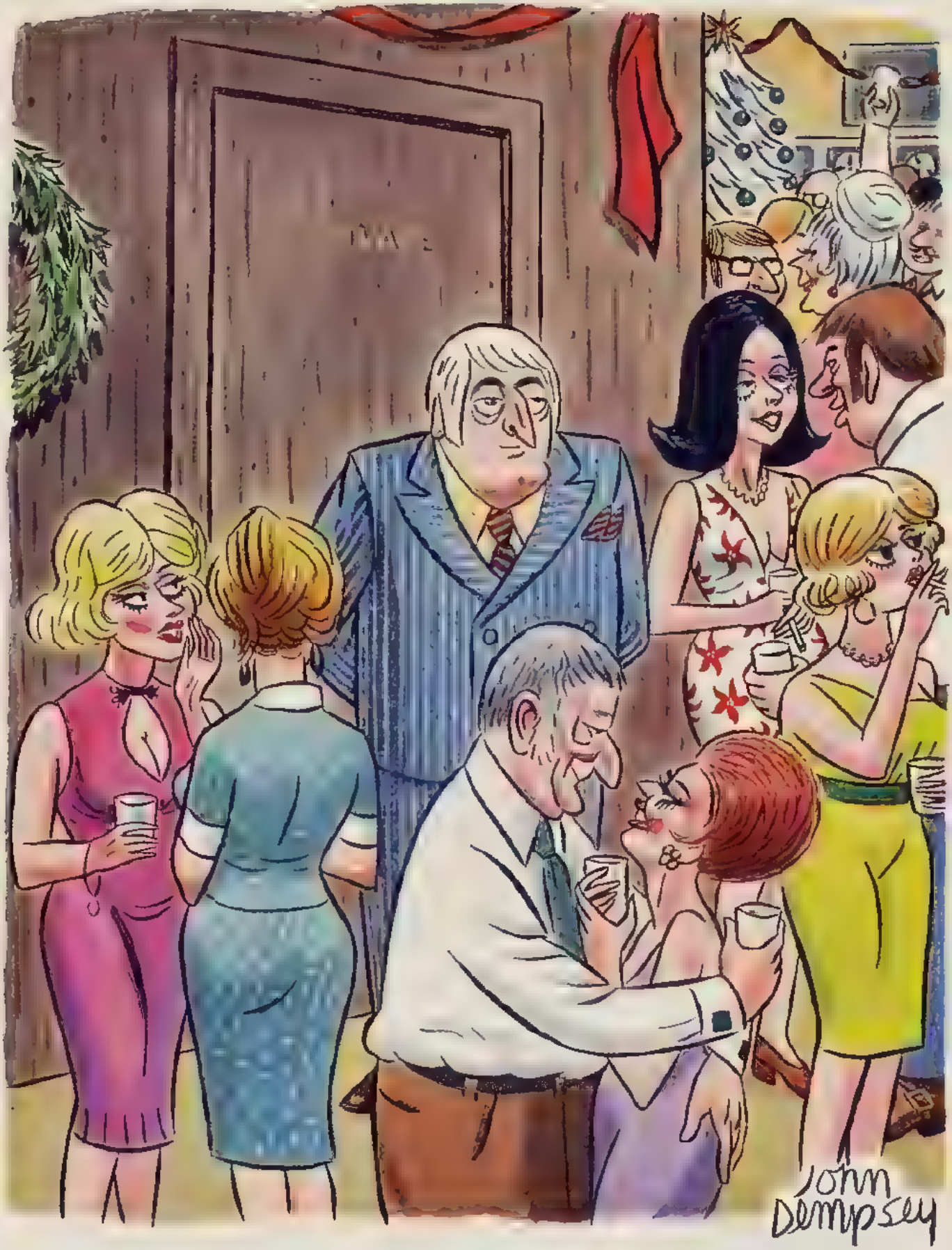
"Take my advice. Set your alarm clock for three A.M. When you wake up, grab the broom and start squashing. Kill the whole bunch. Don't leave a single one alive."

"Not a bad idea, but I hate to lose my sleep. It's pretty disgusting—to have to set the alarm for them. At that time in the morning, all I care about is sleep."

"So you'd rather have your sleep than get rid of them?"

"Of course. I wouldn't dream of waking up just for their sakes. Let them have a ball in the kitchen all night when I'm not there. I just don't want to see them. I don't want to remember that they exist."

—Translated by Angus Davidson



"Watch out for R. J. He isn't drinking."

UNDERGROUND

(continued from page 171)

arson is suspected and if Kent doesn't get over there and cover it, the *Planet* will get scooped and lose circulation. "And for God's sake," he screams, "at least bring back some notes this time, so Olsen can write the story. Just make some little marks in the notebook I gave you—anything." Kent's all turned on (he digs fires), calls White "Chief" on the way out, gives the girls in the office a big OK sign, says, "This is a job for you-know-who," and then leaves by the tenth-floor window. Some cats are always *on*

• • •

11:00: Sitting here humming *Street Fighting Man*, waiting for someone interesting to die so I'll have something to write and playing around with Kent's death notice, which is an *up* trip.

• • •

11:30: Lois Lane makes an entrance—outa sight: little pillbox hat, A-line skirt, Dr. Scholl pumps, snapping her Juicy Fruit—and says, "Is Clark here?" in that singsong fuck me voice of hers.

"No. He's at a fire."

"Ooooh noooo. Where? I'd better get over there. He may need help."

And I'm thinking: Sure, you want to *help* him. Guy with a bod like that, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, and you don't want to *get* a little, you want to *help* him. Sure. Uptight Virgo chick. Ugh!

"It's at the Metropolis garment factory. He said to meet him in the panties warehouse."

"Oh Jimmy, you're naughty. Did he really say that?" and her juices are like really going.

"Yeah, he said he wanted you to 'help' him."

She splits and White comes out of his office and screams, "Great Caesar's ghost, Olsen, will you write some obituaries, or you're *fired*!"

So I turn and start typing furiously. Julius Caesar got himself ripped off in the forum today because he was a god damn fascist pig; but his ghost walks!

• • •

Noon: Into the janitor's closet. Get stoned. Dug the big mops.

• • •

2:30: Kent comes in doing his Charles Atlas thing, stops at Margie's desk, does his X-ray-vision number on her tits, mangles her desk lamp with two fingers, then leans down and makes the sound of a speeding bullet in her ear, and she says, "Oooooo, Mr. Kent . . ." and he says, "Later for you, baby, and hubba-hubba." And I'm thinking how glad I am to be zonked.

He comes over to me and I ask, "Did L. L. find you?"

And he says, "That tomato's a crazy kid. And I don't like crazy people. I was standing there at the fire, watching those pretty flames, and I heard this screaming. I entered fearlessly and found her rooting around the warehouse amid a million flaming panties, yelling, 'I'm here, Clark, come and get me.' Of course, I saved her. I bashed down the walls, walked through fire, held up the burning roof and the whole time she's yelling, 'I want to help you. Oh, God, I want to *help* you.' And she's trying to pull me down onto the floor. It was a very nasty scene. There's a place for the sex stuff, but that tomato belongs in a hospital."

Perry White, out of his cubicle, excited as hell: "Was Superman at the fire?"

"You bet," says Kent.

"Well, what the hell happened?"

"He saved Lois Lane and caught the arsonists for God and country."

"What did he do to them?" and the steam in White begins to show.

"What any *man* would do: He slapped them around a little and then made them apologize."

Little beads of perspiration are beginning to form on White's forehead now. "Did he make them run around in front of the crowd in their underwear?"

"No. I know you like it, but that stuff is getting tiresome."

"Well, I hope to God you at least got a picture of Superman with the crooks in front of the American flag."

"Do you have to ask, Chief?" says Kent.

"All right, give your notes to Olsen so he can get the story written."

And Kent drops his grungy little notebook on my desk and says, "Make it sound like Hemingway and I'll do you a favor sometime, kid."

And then White yells: "And Olsen, make sure you get that line about 'Truth, Justice and the American Way of Life' in there this time."

And I'm thinking to myself, the American way of life, maybe, but Truth and Justice? Never. Up against the wall, Supermother!

my husband could hardly appreciate those same passions in the theater. I have seen all three of them asleep during most of a performance. Meanwhile, opera glasses to my eyes and ears straining, I would follow with rapt attention the heroic tumult bursting forth on the stage.

Then my husband died and I kept on going to the opera with my son, Gildo. To give you an idea of what opera meant to me, I need only say that I named my son in honor of *Rigoletto*, my favorite Verdi opera. I've always regretted that I didn't dare call him after the Duke of Mantua, with whom, believe it or not, I was truly and honestly in love for years. But that wonderful character, as you can confirm by reading the libretto, has no name. He is called the Duke of Mantua and that's that. So I fell back on Rigoletto's daughter and named my son Gildo.

I took him to the theater as soon as I could; he was seven years old when he saw his first opera, *La Traviata*. After the death of my husband Gildo, who was 15, became my escort. Ordinarily, he wore the clothes all boys wear, narrow blue-cotton trousers, a sweater and a jacket; but, for the opera, I had made for him a man's suit, dark blue, to be worn with black shoes, a white shirt and a dark tie. He was an obedient, respectful son; he was 15, but he looked older than that.

One evening, at the end of the season, we went to *Rigoletto*. While I was dressing I thought about Verdi and said to myself that, for all his genius, he could not have written *Rigoletto* by himself. It's an opera of devilish cruelty, stinking of sulphur, a diabolical, hellish work. To have *La Donna è Mobile* sung in the distance at the very moment that Gilda—who's far from fickle, in fact, who is faithful unto death—sacrifices herself for her unworthy lover is fantastic. It's a thing that you can succeed in writing only if you sell your soul to the Devil. Yes, indeed, the Devil had helped Verdi write *Rigoletto*, there could be no doubt about it.

In the midst of my reflections, overflowing with admiration for Verdi, I heard, all of a sudden, Gildo's detached and precise voice coming from the next room as he spoke on the telephone with a friend. "No, this evening I can't, I've got to go with my mother to the opera. What a bore! Papier-mâché on the stage and mummies in the stalls."

I have already said that I've always suspected that my cold practical character is only a mask for hidden passions. I had proof of it at that moment. All at once, the world crumbled inside me, just as though, instead of my son, I had heard a lover slandering me to a woman rival. I felt betrayed in the cruelest, most ruthless way, a betrayal that devalued and destroyed not me alone but the things I lived for. At the same time, I realized, almost with astonishment, how much I loved my son. Oddly enough, I was realizing this at the very moment he was so brutally rejecting me.

I began to weep as I finished dressing. I was weeping with anger. It seemed to me that, without being aware of it, over the years I had shut myself up in a character very much like Rigoletto—the mother who lives for her son. And I wished to destroy this character as soon as possible, to get back my freedom. I took my opera glasses, called Gildo and we went down into the street. In the car, I took the wheel and drove to the opera.

Papier mâché on the stage, mummies in the stalls. Seated in a red-velvet armchair in the stalls, among all the other mummies also seated in red-velvet armchairs, I fixed my eyes upon the stage in the hope that the usual enchantment would return, as it always had before. But I felt suddenly that my old relationship with the opera had been broken. It was true. Rigoletto, dressed in red and yellow stripes, gliding across the front of the enormous stage and shaking his scepter, with the bells on his cap, against the gilded background of a Renaissance hall, was an artificial character with artificial sentiments and postures. But, by a strange contradiction, at the very moment when I became aware of this artificiality in Rigoletto, I recognized myself in him. I had always been a cold, practical woman fascinated by human passions because I believed I was free from them. Now I knew that I was, on the contrary, a passionate woman, just like Verdi's character. But, for that very reason, artificial.

I felt that I was in a state of frenzy. Like trees in a hurricane broken off and laid low one after another, all of the things I had loved were falling to the ground—my family, my world of affections, my son. Once upon a time, these things had made opera seem real to me. Now opera made these things look artificial.

Suddenly, halfway through the second act, I rose to my feet and whispered to Gildo, "Let's go," and I went out.

Gildo followed me in silence. But once we were in the car, he asked me quietly, as I drove away, "What's the matter, Mum?"

"The matter is that everything is finished between us, or, rather, everything ought to finish as soon as possible. It's time you thought seriously about yourself and your future. You're nearly sixteen. You can't stay tied to your mother's apron strings forever."

I expected him to be astonished, at the very least. But, with a sharp pain, I heard him answer at once in a perfectly reasonable tone, "You're right, Mum, I've often thought about this myself and I've come to the same conclusion as you."

I was aghast. Finally, I stammered, "There, you see what I mean. Well, I think you'd better stay with me for now, until the autumn. Then, in October, you might go and stay with my brother at Bologna. You can go on with your studies there and, at the same time, you can begin to learn something about the

"Oh, dear me—it's my sister's party you want. I'm still a conservative."

legal profession at your uncle's. After that, we'll see."

"No, Mum my own ideas are different."

"What d'you mean?"

"I don't want to be a lawyer. I want to move to Milan, take an apartment there with some friends and set up as a photographer."

We had arrived at home. I made him get out and he said he hoped I would have a nice drive. Then I started off at top speed to the Ostia motorway and I didn't stop until I was on the promenade overlooking the sea. It was a moonless night and the sea wasn't visible. On the large open space of the promenade, in the brilliant light from many lamp-posts, there was only my own car. I switched off the engine and turned on the radio. Immediately, of course, I heard *Rigoletto*, transmitted direct from the opera.

I had an intolerable feeling of anxiety. I no longer wished to be what I had been before and I did not know what to do. Finally, I opened the door and got out. At one side of the promenade, there was a staircase leading to the sea. I went down the steps; it was high tide and the bottom step was under water. I hesitated, then took off my shoes and stockings and went barefoot into the cold water. I was now thinking of drowning myself by walking into the sea until I could no longer touch the bottom. The time had come when I could no longer help being what I was. The only way to escape from my own character was to kill myself. I write about these things now with a certain logic. But at that moment, my mind was far more troubled than my body. I went forward calmly, step by step, and all the time the frenzy in my mind continued.

I had left the radio on full blast and Rigoletto could be heard very clearly, singing his despair as a father, the involuntary executioner of his own daughter. It was those inhuman howls that finally convinced me. I wasn't killing myself, I was killing the mother in myself, the ridiculous Rigoletto in my heart.

Then the opera came to an end and there was the applause. The water was already up to my chin. All of a sudden, I had the sensation that I was standing at the front of a stage, facing the dark theater beyond the footlights. I realized that the applause, which seemed to be coming from the sea, was not for Rigoletto but for me. As a suicide, I was truly the operatic mother, the mother who kills herself because her son is no longer there. Abruptly, the frenzy cleared from my mind. I turned round in the water and made my way back. There was still nobody on the promenade. Nobody saw a dripping middle-aged woman get into her car, take the wheel and vanish into the night.

—Translated by Angus Davidson

"How come this doesn't fall under 'contributing to the delinquency of a minor'?"

ERADICATING POVERTY

(continued from page 172)

Therefore, they conclude triumphantly, the do-gooders are actually harming the poor and the minorities whom they claim to defend when they raise the minimum. There is a certain element of truth in this point, but only if the Federal manpower program is simply and idiotically confined to a minimum-wage law. If, however, we understood that we should want to shift people from menial to meaningful occupations, then we could welcome the very effect that the conservatives view with alarm. We might even consider putting the highest minimum-wage rates on the dirtiest jobs, so that employers will develop machines to do that kind of work and men and women will be freed to make a contribution to society.

As a matter of fact, there is now evidence that meaningful work is the only kind of employment that will attract people. If we fail to create it, things will not just remain as bad as they are, they will get worse. If the choice at the bottom of the economy is between welfare on the one hand and sweatshop or stoop labor on the other, more and more people are going to drop out and just take the Government check. The very psyche of the poor is changing and a struggle against poverty has to take that into account.

In the bad old days when want was general and American social services were the worst in the civilized world (they still are), people were forced to accept—and even fight for—inhuman jobs. Those who submitted to this vicious process were told by the pillars of society that such pursuits ennobled them and demonstrated their worth to their fellow men and to God. This consoling thought failed to persuade everyone, as the particularly violent history of American labor shows. But it did provide a rationalization for backbreaking, tedious occupations—one in which the President of the United States believes to this very moment.

But these attitudes are not eternal, especially since the poor now understand that in an era of rampant mechanization, such jobs are not really necessary. So it is that in New York in recent years, where the payments under Aid for Dependent Children were competitive with the worst jobs, the mothers have become more and more reluctant to take such work. To conservatives this will probably come as one more proof of the flabbiness and decadence of the welfare state; to me, it is a gain. Those women are not being lazy. In New Jersey, when a guaranteed income was given a trial run, people with regular jobs kept them even though they didn't have to—but were more conscious of their own dignity.

They are quite right to insist that a society as technologically sophisticated as this one must now concern itself not simply with the quantity of work but with its quality as well.

The authoritarian response to this situation, as in Nixon's workfare program, is to substitute legal coercion for the failing discipline of the labor market. That is not going to produce the self-reliance and independence that the President seems to think inheres in each and every job. It is much more likely to evoke sullen resentment and shoddy work. If, instead of preaching homilies on the value of labor, America actually utilized the wasted talents of those who now toil in the economic underworld, this would upgrade our health, our education, our social services and all the rest. The poor would benefit—but, again, so would society as a whole.

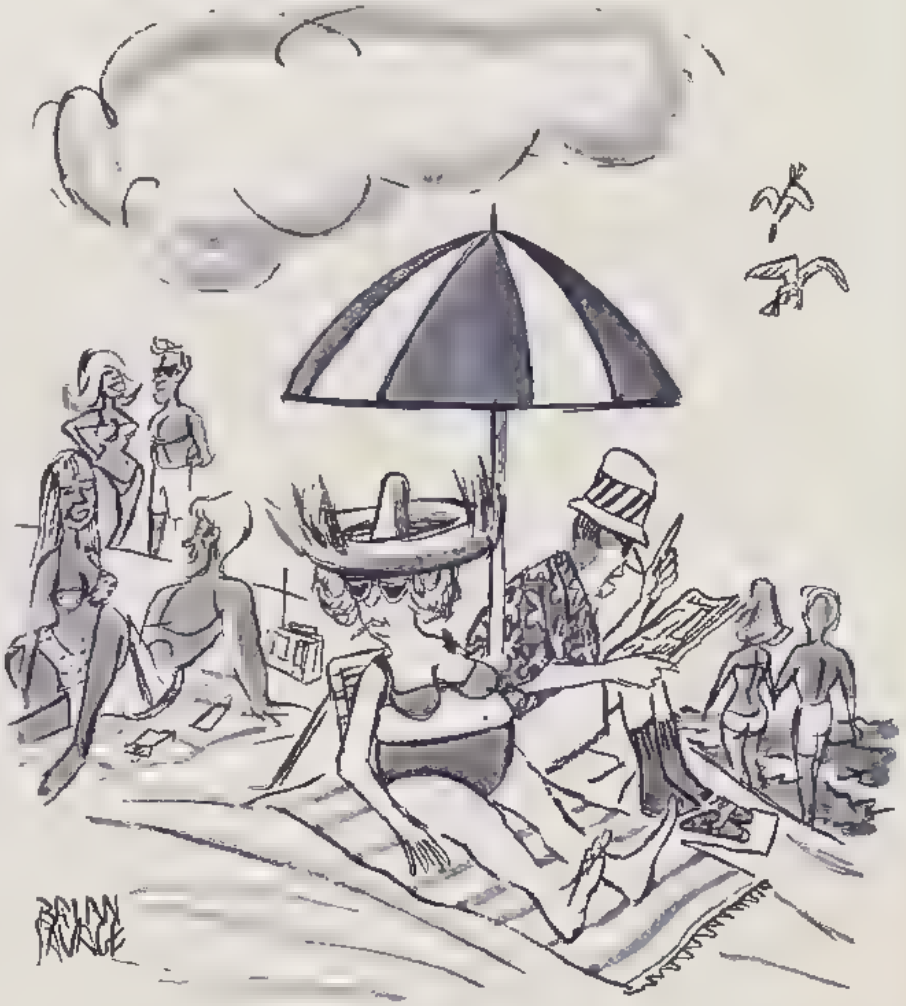
Yet even if we provide every citizen with either an adequate income or a decent job and millions still live in the urban and rural slums, poverty still will not be abolished. The very environment of misery itself must be dismantled. In making this point, I don't want to get into the enormous complexities of housing, not the least because the problem is analyzed in Mayor Stokes's contribution to this symposium. I simply want to emphasize how crucial it is to redeem the promise first made by the nation in 1949—that every American has a right to a livable dwelling place—and to counter a sincere but dangerous romanticism that is sometimes found among some of the most dedicated fighters against injustice. The militants rightly argue that the insurgencies of the poor themselves—blacks and Puerto Ricans raising basic questions about the schools and the police, welfare mothers organizing to fight unresponsive bureaucracies, migrant farm workers organizing unions—have been among the most important single by-products of an "unconditional war on poverty" that turned out to be a skirmish. Yet they then go on to overestimate the rebelliousness and fraternity among people forced to struggle—often with one another—for the necessities of life. As a result, they don't understand how crucial it is to do away with the slums altogether.

The slum is not, as some have alleged, a "natural" community. It is a heterogeneous place where some families have remarkable strengths and others have been overwhelmed by the pathologies of want. The good jobs are increasingly out in the suburbs, and since the Federal Government has spent more than ten times as much on highways that benefit the suburbs than on mass transit, it is often impossible for the poor to get to the new factories. Moreover, the sanitation department doesn't usually bother too much about cleaning up these teeming neighborhoods, and the citizenry is torn between a fear of police brutality and a desire for more police to curb the ubiquitous, semipublic criminality that no middle-class area would tolerate for a moment. Some of the people are the walking wounded of poverty; others are hustlers, junkies, impoverished enemies of the poor; and still others are engaged in a courageous battle to transform the intolerable conditions around them.

The last group obviously deserves the enthusiastic support of every partisan of change. But that should not lead to the illusion that utopia can be built in a slum. Poverty, even when it is democratically controlled, is still poverty. Indeed, it is significant that people such as Senator Goldwater and William F. Buckley, Jr., have had kind words for the cause of community control. They are, one suspects, quite content to let the blacks have dominion over the miseries of Harlem as long as the wealthy are supreme on Park Avenue and Nob Hill.

And slums are not naturally rebellious, either. They create despair as well as militance, passivity as well as anger. So it is that election statistics record that the poor, who have the greatest need for political power of any group in society, register and vote less than anyone else. When that is understood, it will be understood that doing away with the slums is not to destroy a fortress but to break people out of the prison of their powerlessness.

This is emphatically not to suggest that we first tear down the tenements and the shacks and then find housing for those who lived there. That was the standard scenario after World War Two and it allowed the Federal Government to raze more housing than it ever built. Usually, the areas that were cleared were not used for new homes for the site dwellers but for apartments for the rich or for public monuments. So any programs dealing with this issue must stipulate that it is against the law to tear down a unit of housing before an



"If you're looking for whoever whistled at you, there's a sun-crazed sea gull up there."

acceptable, and better, replacement for it is ready.

But how is that to be done? The public-housing program is already in a shambles and some of the huge projects, like Pruitt-Igoe in St. Louis, are so crime-ridden that they literally have been abandoned to rats. The suburbanites, particularly those who have just fled from the cities, are organizing to "defend" their property against the poor and the minorities. And the Nixon Administration, which, in a recent case, was militantly challenged by white suburbanites on this count, has clearly decided to back down. Yet I still think the problem can be solved—but only if the United States of America decides to stop subsidizing racist and propoverty patterns of living. If people want to be antisocial, they should at least be required to do so with their own money.

Middle-class and rich homeowners in America, as I noted earlier, get much more relief from the Government than do the poor. They have had cheap, Federally underwritten credit over the years; they get princely tax deductions that cut the interest costs even more; they are not required to count the rental value of their home as income; and they are numbered among the prime beneficiaries of the more than 50 billion dollars in Federally financed highways that facilitate commuting. So all of these Government monies have had the effect of exacerbating the social crises that the Government deplores, above all by creating Shangri-Las of white, affluent irresponsibility while the central cities rot.

I suggest that these people be told that Washington is not going to pay for racial and class apartheid in this country. A recent Massachusetts law shows one way of implementing that principle. Under it, every developer of private housing must set aside a certain (relatively small) percentage of units for low-income families. If that were to become a national policy—and the Government could promote it simply by threatening to withdraw its largess from noncooperators—it could make the private-housing market an agency for uniting, rather than dividing, the society. And it would also deal with the rational fears that sometimes coexist with irrational prejudices in this area, for it would guarantee a balanced dispersion of former slum dwellers that would not overwhelm a neighborhood or drive property values down.

Something like this idea has already been suggested to President Nixon. In January 1970, an urban-renewal panel, headed by Miles L. Colean, told him that aid "of all sorts" should be withheld from cities that reject low-cost housing. The Civil Rights Commission then proposed that Federal agencies not be allowed to go into communities unless they provide decent dwellings for the poor and the minorities. And the President's own Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, George Romney, has urged a Federal law prohibiting these suburbs from using their zoning powers to block migration from the central cities. Mr. Nixon has ignored this advice, which is one of the many, many reasons that I am not sanguine that his Administration wants to bother to abolish poverty. But the fact that so many pillars of the community, some of them Republicans, are thinking along these lines is a sign of how effective a policy of stopping Federal aid to housing discrimination could be.

Though Mayor Stokes and leaders of other large cities might tend to disagree, I truly believe the best chance of destroying the physical environment of poverty is through building entire new cities and towns. If the Government were to underwrite the infrastructure for ten new cities of 1,000,000 people each and ten new towns of 100,000 people each, these new communities could be integrated and provide homes for the poor from the very first day. No one would be required to live in them, but anyone who refused would be freely turning his back on the massive Federal subsidies that alone would make them possible. Separatists of all colors would have the right to compete for their enclaves on the completely private—and much more expensive—housing market.

This approach would demand a considerable investment of tax money. So would a guaranteed income and, in the first phase, at least, a guaranteed right to work. But why then, would the affluent citizen take all these pains for the minority who are poor? The best answer to that question is that Americans should be persuaded to destroy poverty out of motives of human decency and social justice. And among the young generation there are more and more people who are willing to make exactly that commitment. But there are still many Americans who will not be convinced by an appeal to ideals. That is why I want to address myself to their self-interest.

Poverty is extremely expensive to maintain. Welfare costs are, of course, rising and the price of police and fire protection in the slums is higher than anywhere else. For these reasons, almost all of the once-great cities of this land are now on the verge of social bankruptcy: They cannot afford the poor. But suppose that when the war ends in Vietnam, this nation made a decisive new commitment. Rather than ameliorating the intolerable through reluctant reforms, we would make a gigantic investment in our people and our future. We would rescue the talents we now waste in unemployment and underemployment. We would destroy the physical environment that now pens in the children of poverty—almost half of the total—who are going to be the mothers and fathers of poverty tomorrow.

If we did that, we would save money as well as human lives. For those millions would no longer be dependent "problems." They would be contributing to the society, making it better for all. For proof, just consider one of this country's most successful social programs: the GI Bill. Out of gratitude toward returning Servicemen after World War Two, the nation gave away millions of dollars in free college education. It is now obvious that, among other things, this was one of the shrewdest investments ever made. Not only did those veterans enrich themselves intellectually but their increased skills and knowledge were a major factor in promoting affluence. And the same could happen with the poor.

If we refuse to act, there will be yet another cost: it was described by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, headed by Milton Eisenhower. "In a few more years, lacking effective public action," the commission said, central cities will be deserted at night and only "partially protected" by crowds during the day, the high-rise apartments of the rich will be "fortified cells"; guns will be universal; armed guards will "ride shotgun" on all public transit and patrol all public places. "Individually and to a considerable extent unintentionally," the commission concluded, "we are closing ourselves into fortresses when collectively we should be building the great, open, humane city-societies of which we are capable."

The dark future the commission projects has already begun. And one of the most basic reasons why today is so bleak, and tomorrow could be worse, is that we have let poverty fester in the midst of affluence. So when the war ends in Vietnam this nation will find itself at one of the most fateful moments of choice in its history. It could decide to take all those billions and to use them for more socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor. It would then stimulate the economy through subsidies for private consumption by the wealthy and public consumption by the military. Or America could decree that it is the birthright of every citizen to have a decent home and an adequate income, either through a meaningful job or directly from the Government. If we took the latter course, poverty would be abolished and the entire society would be qualitatively improved, for the rich as well as for the poor. On the 200th anniversary of the United States, in 1976, we might even boast that we have finally guaranteed all of our people life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"If you're such a wise man, why do I have to think up a gift?"

VIETNAMIZATION OF AMERICA *(continued from page 166)*

of the view he holds of himself, of the fact that authoritarian strength will triumph over soft dissent.

So we are all being Vietnamized, all a little differently, none of us the same. I grew up, like so many others, believing that this country worked, that it groped its way, sometimes slowly, sometimes awkwardly toward a better life; and, essentially, that the future was going to be better. Now I'm not so sure. I see the tension and the hate and the bombings and the reaction to the bombings, and read *The New York Times Magazine* with its regular articles comparing us with the Weimar Republic, and I'm not sure that the future is so bright. Indeed, there are times when I am wide awake and rational and I get the cold chill of a bad dream: a sense that we may live through something very terrible in our lifetimes. To use the quotation from Emerson that George Ball, then Undersecretary of State, used when he made his valiant last desperate attempt to turn American policy around on Vietnam in 1965: "Events are in the saddle and tend to ride mankind."

* * *

ANSWER: It was a ditch. And so we started pushing them off and we started shooting them, so altogether we just pushed them all off, and just started using automatics on them. And then——

QUESTION: And babies?

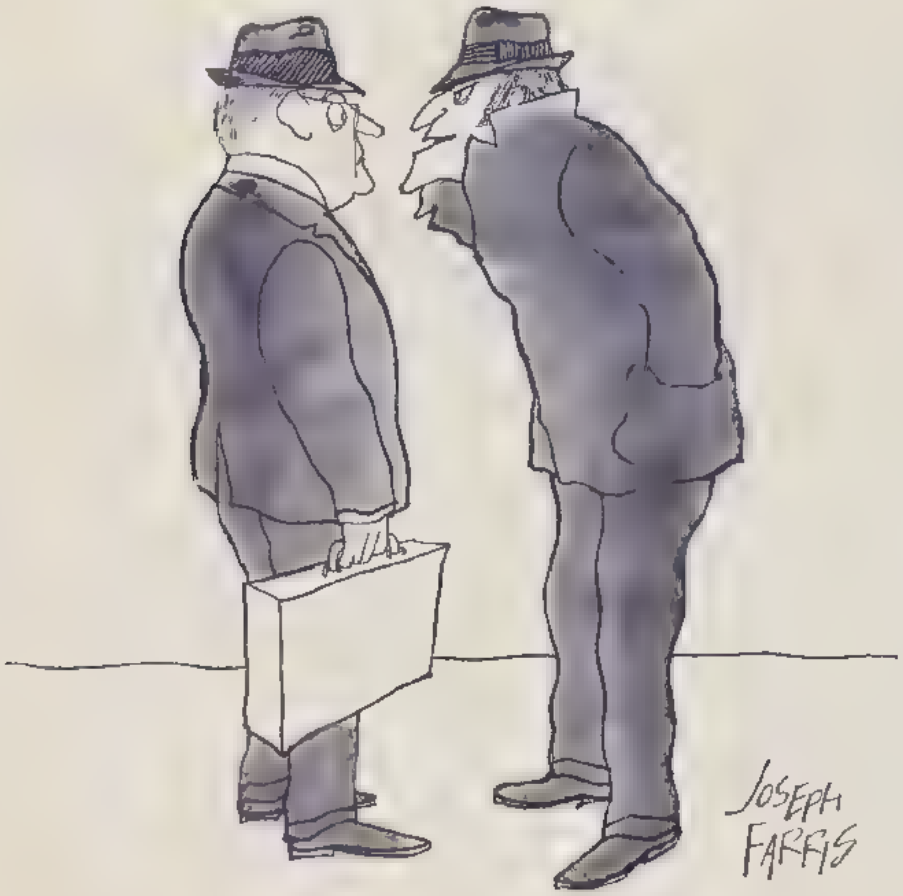
ANSWER: And babies. And so we started shooting them, and somebody told us to switch off to single shot so that we could save ammo. So we switched off to single. . . .

Excerpt from an interview with Paul Meadlo on the events at Song My.

The thing about us as a nation wasn't so much that we were different but that we *thought* we were different. In the early Sixties, we were a nation sure of our morality. We had our religion and, if it didn't really question the social and ethical problems of the day in most communities, it was booming ahead, nonetheless; in fact, it was a pretty good rule that the less the pastor questioned the local mores, the larger and more beautiful his church. We had our political system, which was free, and our capitalist enterprise, which worked miraculously. We were, it seemed, freer, richer and more pious than other nations. Our myths were our dogmas. When we went to war, we won those wars and found in the winning, in the prosperity that followed, proof that we were somehow different. Even in the brief flickering moment of doubt, the mid-Fifties, when Sputnik flashed (could the *Communist* system build a bigger rocket?), we doubted only our power, never our morality and decency.

Later in the decade, of course, we were secure again, even in our power. Our virility was restored, our space men flashed ahead of Soviet space men. We had harnessed our power to our morality, at least in space, where one could see it and boast of it, though perhaps not in our inner cities; we had resisted the temptation to *be*, most dangerous of all words: soft. Even our poets warned us against that. "Be more hard than Harvard," Robert Frost had warned that Irish Harvard man John Kennedy at his inauguration, not realizing that academe had produced a new brand of very tough bombardiers. We had always indulged ourselves in the belief in our nobility of intention, and the post-War years had confirmed our finest suspicions about ourselves. We became rich and the East was poor (that two oceans had separated us from the ravages of two great wars did not occur to us very often). More: it was not just financial superiority. The trail of refugees coming across Europe, east to west, confirmed our sense of values: capitalism was better than communism, more humane, its earlier abuses tempered by new liberal legislation that only a democracy could produce. President Kennedy could go to Berlin in 1963 and stand at the Wall, the symbol of our light and their darkness, and, carried away by the emotion of the moment, put aside his prepared statement and say that whether people felt that competition between East and West was judged on economics, politics or personal freedom—*let them come to Berlin.* Perhaps Europe, more cynical, torn by two terrible wars, more aware that no one ever wins a war, was tired of the old competitions; but here in America, we still believed that God was on the winning side. Ours.

While Europe had turned away from politics and war, tired and cynical after terrible bloodletting in this century, we still *believed*. (The French had failed in Indochina before us, but the men who planned our war were not deterred by that; they regarded the French as inferior people corrupted by too much defeat and too much good wine; they weren't a can-do society.) We were activists, believing that it could all change. This was the meaning of the Kennedy era—that we could elect a handsome young activist President who could diagnose the world's ills and then do something about them, that the establishment would, with a good deal of conniving and manipulation, respond. To be involved, that was



"Would you voluntarily give me all the money on your person so I won't have to rob you and become a criminal?"

it. Kennedy's favorite quotation was from Dante, that the hottest places in hell were reserved for those who sat neutral during a time of great crisis

As Kennedy had challenged Americans to have higher hopes, to become involved, and as those years ended with the country mired in Vietnam, there would be an enormous disappointment and disillusion with the conventional processes. We were not different, we were the same as others. Just as powerless. But our sense of frustration was even greater because we had expected to share in the power and found that we could not and because we were living in a country that exercised such awesome power that when we failed to control it, the sense of disaster and horror was so much greater because we loosed so much more devastation on the world. Thus the withdrawal from conventional politics. Some would turn to more radical politics seeing in Vietnam and the inability to reverse it a far deeper failure of the system, not just an aberration but a reflection. Some would become bombers, answering the violence around them with violence of their own. Some would become almost European in their attitudes toward politics, believing there are no answers, that politics is all, to use their word, shit; that the answer is in self, in humanism. The answer is to drop out, to turn to drugs, to become a mystic of sorts, away from the jarring crowded competitive race that is America. Drop out to communes, new villages, new, less competitive ways of life. Drop out of the existing political parties that seem so archaic and corroded into something newer, more personalized, narrower and angrier. If the party didn't include workers or farmers and was not a majority party, that was all right. The existing parties were throwing the vote away, in that they were a continuation of what existed, which was all false. Politics to them was something different than to their predecessors. It was a way of finding and expressing self; not, as it always had been before, the reverse, the individual going into politics to become part of something larger, greater, broader.

So the war in Vietnam began what will surely be an age of disillusion here at home, an age stunning in its speed, one more product of the incredible velocity of life that now marks the American culture. Ten years from grand illusion to loss of faith. Who would have thought of protesting Jack Kennedy's nomination at Los Angeles in 1960? Oh, perhaps there was a lingering hope of Stevenson, but Jack seemed to represent us at our best—handsome, stylish, intelligent, graceful, witty, tough. The fact that he was also very, very rich and thus able to use his money outrageously to bend the corrupt processes did not bother us then. He didn't represent the best of us, he represented the best of the rich. His concerns, therefore, were not necessarily our concerns, the pressures on him not necessarily the pressures on us. Thus, perhaps, Vietnam, and thus, perhaps, the Bay of Pigs. But the shadows had darkened by 1964. Kennedy was dead. Though the war in Vietnam was still a small one, it was growing and it seemed more in the tradition of the Bay of Pigs than of the Peace Corps. The best of an entire generation had gone to Mississippi, a summer of deaths and cracked heads and tough sheriffs; and they had encountered local resistance and what appeared to be Washington's insensitivity.

"Boobs!"

In 1964, at Atlantic City, there was tension in the air, not within the processes, within what were deemed the processes. Lyndon Johnson had every vote. If he had signified Ho Chi Minh or Nasser as his running mate, he could have pulled it off. But for the first time, and thus was significant, the people who were outside the processes, the disenfranchised, for whom the processes seemed distant and exclusive and arrogant, were demanding to get in. That was the significance of 1964; it was embryonic, but it was there. What would happen in the next four years would not end this sense of frustration, but, indeed, feed and fuel it.

By 1968, there was a full scale war, a very big and dirty war, and those people who four years earlier had thought they were part of the processes, the very people who had helped keep the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party out in 1964, now felt themselves excluded and powerless—the white liberal as nigger. So it was a great symbolic event, a bitter and violent confrontation, reflective of a country whose political system has not kept up with its needs, its politicians curiously insensitive to the demands of the occasion, the young people around them no longer interested in the old warnings. Be nice. Behave yourself. We may not be very good, but if you don't put on your good manners and swallow your disappointment, you may get something worse. The terrible thing about people who choose the lesser of two evils, Hannah Arendt once wrote, is that they soon forget they have chosen the lesser of two evils.

The young, who had said, in effect it no longer works, you do not hear and you do not listen, your only answer to protest here and anywhere else is force, were, indeed, proved right in the streets of Chicago. This was not, after all, a challenge at some third rate university where an insensitive university president had failed or a challenge at some bad local draft board or the protesting of a speech by the Secretary of State. Rather, this was a challenge to the heart of democratic society, in its (allegedly) most open function. The fact that, at this most democratic rite, the dominant role seemed to be played by the police was one more chilling lesson of what we had already lost and a warning of what might come next. We had gone through a jarring, tearing decade, torn apart by a stupid and senseless war, and we had lost much of our democratic balance.

Perhaps what we need now is for some great rich democratic nation to export its values to us, and its advisors, to teach us democracy, to help us with our values and institutions.

"Wouldn't it be more polite to wait for the other guests before starting?"

future of ecstasy *(continued from page 212)*

tried tickling sensations on various sensitive areas of the skin, the rocking motion of a ship in rough weather, slowly dripping water on the forehead, sounds of fingernails scratching on a blackboard and of squeaky wheels, discordant combinations of musical tones, irritating and incomprehensible melodies, toilet noises, rasping voices with terrible accents, voices that were unctuously insincere, going on to groans, weeping, screams and maniacal laughter and, finally, all kinds of electronically produced shudders, needles and pins and nameless sounds. At the beginning of each session, the subject was put into a mild hypnotic state with the one suggestion that he simply give in to whatever vibration is aroused, letting his organism respond freely in whatever way seemed natural. If, for example, a stimulus made him feel like squirming, he was encouraged to squirm as much as he liked and really get with it.

As might be expected, people began to acquire a taste for these formerly taboo vibrations and their now uninhibited and often convulsive responses began to take on an erotic and sometimes ecstatic quality. The doctors supplemented sonic and tactile vibrations with video: strobe lights, vivid color movies of falling through space, of revolting messes accompanied with appropriate smells, of explosions, approaching tornadoes, monstrous spiders, hideous human faces and of people running through endless crystalline corridors as if totally lost in the mazes of the brain. They then tried low degrees of electronically induced pain, following Grantley Dick-Reid's discovery that labor pains could be reinterpreted as orgiastic tensions, and found that, with a little practice, subjects could tolerate relatively intense degrees of this stimulus—even though writhing and screaming quite unashamedly, yet without giving the doctor any signal to stop.

The researchers also worked with a 24-speaker, 360-degree sound system that surrounded the subject with stereo music of the strongest emotional impact played from 24 track tapes. They had mechanisms for atomizing all kinds of perfume, incense, natural flower scents and the beneficent aromas of gardens, fields and forests. They used exquisite and innocently performed erotic movies, filmed kaleidoscopic patterns of jewels and of iridescent whorls of weaving smoke and mock-ups of unbelievably vast temples and palaces rich with fretted screens and polychrome sculpture. The subject would be visually, aurally, olfactorily and kinesthetically led through their enormous courtyards, gardens, galleries, naves and sanctuaries to the accompaniment of angelic choirs, sonorous trumpets, double-bass-throated bells and gongs and unearthly chants and hymns, until the journey reached its climax in a holy of holies where he might be confronted with a remarkably beautiful goddess or a colossal aureole of rich and brilliant light into which he would be finally absorbed—to find himself soaring bodilessly in clear-blue sky, like a sea gull. Sometimes they accompanied this climax with electrical stimulation of the pleasure centers of the brain.

It should be noted that, through all this, the gadgetry was, as far as possible, installed in a separate room, away from the subject, who lay in a spacious neutral chamber with walls that could be decorated in any way desired by light projection. Those who volunteered for a course of this treatment discovered that their responses to the ordinary, everyday vibration system were radically changed. Almost all uptightness had disappeared, for they had learned how to reinterpret and actually dig the vibratory sensations hitherto called anxiety, fear, grief, depression, shame, guilt and a considerable degree of what they had known as pain.

It was as if the science of electronics had thus far just been waiting for something important to do. From every continent, electronic buffs got in touch with Roseman and Kotowari with suggestions and requests for information and it was only a few months before similar laboratories were set up in cities all over the world. Shortly afterward, such corporations as Bell Telephone and Varian Associates began to design miniaturized versions of the equipment, which could be mass-produced, so that by 1979 it had become the major technique for psychotherapy and a large research center for the two doctors was established at Castalia University.

The general effect was that uptightness came to be recognized as a sickness, like alcoholism or paranoia, so that more and more people began to be increasingly comfortable in a world where truth and reality were far less rigidly defined. They stopped looking for rocks on which to stand and foundations for building their lives, dropping all such metaphors of fortification and stony solidity. They realized that the world, the vibration system, is more airy and liquid than solid and they reacted to it as swimmers, sailors and airmen rather than as landlubbers. They found security in letting go rather than in holding on and, in so doing, developed an attitude toward life that might be called psychophysical judo. Nearly 25 centuries ago, the Chinese sages Lao-tzu and Chuang-tzu had called it *wu wei*, which is perhaps best translated as "action without forcing." It is sailing in the stream of the Tao, or course of nature, and navigating the currents of *li* (organic pattern)—a word that originally signified the natural markings in jade or the grain in wood.

As this attitude spread and prevailed in the wake of Vibration Training, people became more and more indulgent about eccentricity in life style, tolerant of racial and religious differences and adventurous in exploring unusual ways of living. Present time became more important than future time, on the reasoning that there is no point in making plans for the future if you can't fully enjoy their results when they, in turn, become part of the present. By and large, we stopped rushing and found that with less haste, we had more speed, since rushing sets up a whole multitude of antagonistic vibrations. We got out of uptight clothes—trousers, girdles, neckties, hard shoes and other contraptions for trussing and binding the body, as if to say, "Now you really exist and will not fall apart." We shifted into every variety of colorful sarong, kimono, sari, caftan, burnoose and poncho and wore them on the streets and for business. We equipped our homes with spacious Japanese bathtubs or saunas, where we all sat and relaxed after the day's work. These tubs were made so that six people could sit with hot water up to their necks; and, of course, one did not wash in the tub itself but took a shower first. Several of my friends in California had them back in 1968, but now they're everywhere.

Absence of rush gave us a very new and different approach to sexual relations. You must understand that despite the ecological crisis of the Seventies, technology gave us an enormous amount of leisure. By 1985, there were no longer nine-to-five jobs. The whole world began to run on Greenwich mean time and work hours today are staggered throughout each 24-hour period amounting in all to about ten hours a week—unless, of course, one is an enthusiast for doctoring, engineering, scientific research or carpentry, in which case he can work as long as he likes. Under these circumstances, we no longer speak of sexual relations as sleeping or going to bed with someone. After all, why wait until you're tired? Furthermore, late-night or early-morning sex in bed tends to restrict the relationship to simple fucking, so that the whole thing is over in from two to twenty minutes. Men in a hurry to prove —what?

We take our time. The man and the woman take turns to manage the occasion, the one acting as servant of the other (although this is no rigid pattern and the arrangement may also be mutual). One begins by serving his beloved a light but exquisite meal, which is usually eaten from a low table surrounded with large floor cushions. It should be explained that today most men know how to cook and that for many years people have been keeping their legs limber by sitting on the floor. For the meal, the couple wear loose and luscious clothes and often the cooking is done at the table over an electric Permacoal or ordinary charcoal fire. As is now customary

(and, I should add, quite legal), a water pipe is brought to the table after the meal for the smoking of marijuana or hashish, since it is now recognized that any alcohol other than light wine or beer is not conducive to sexual ecstasy.

So as not to interfere with conversation during the meal, music is not played until the pipe is brought. Vibration Training has abolished mere background music and it is now considered extremely bad taste not to listen whenever music is played. The music may be recorded, but sometimes one or two friends, or even the children of the couple, come in at this time with instruments and play for an hour or so while the pipe is smoked, and, after the serving partner clears the table, the couple adjourn to the bath for showers and a half-hour soak in the big tub. The serving partner then gives his or her companion a complete massage on a special pad provided in the bathroom. (Toilet facilities, I should note, are always in a separate room.) While the one who has received the massage takes a short rest, the other lays out a thick, fold-up floor pad by the table, setting beside it a basket of flowers, a box of jewels and a make-up kit. Sometimes a pair of tall candlesticks is placed at each end of the pad and incense, in a burner with a long wooden handle, is set on the table.

The other person is then escorted, naked from the bathroom and seated on the pad, and he or she is then adorned with jewels—usually an elaborate (but nonscratchy) necklace with matching wrist and ankle bracelets. The incense burner is lifted by its handle and used to perfume the hair and thereafter, make-up is applied decoratively and imaginatively to the eyes, lips and forehead, and often to other parts of the body. The forehead, for example, is usually adorned with a small "third eye" design such as is used among Hindu dancers. Flowers are then set in the hair and, perhaps, hung around the neck in the form of a *lei*. The serving partner usually puts on his or her own adornments immediately after the massage, during the rest.

Both are now seated on the pad, facing each other. One of the benefits of Vibration Training is that it allows almost everyone to have a good singing voice, for the blocks against producing a clear tone have been removed. Therefore, it is now quite usual for lovers to sing to each other, with a hummed chant or with articulate words, sometimes using a guitar or a lute. It is thus that, before bodily contact begins, they caress each other with their eyes while singing. Some people prefer, at this time, to play such games as checkers, dominoes or ten-second chess, the winner having the privilege of proposing any form of sexplay desired. From this point on, almost anything goes, though the mood established by the preparations is often conducive to a long, slow form of sexual intercourse wherein the couple remain joined for an hour or more with very little motion, keeping the pre-orgasmic tension as high as possible without aiming at the release of climax. I realize that, back in 1970, most men would consider this ritual affected and ridiculous and term the whole business a good honest fuck spoiled. Looking back, it is amazing to realize how unconscious we were of our barbarity, our atrocious manners, our slipshod cooking, our uncomfortable clothes and our absurdly graceless and limited sex acts.

Something more should be said about our use of psychedelics. Today these substances are given the same kind of respect that has always been accorded to the very finest French wines. Anyone, for example, who smokes them throughout the day is regarded as a crude guzzler incapable of appreciating their benefits. They are not used at ordinary parties amid chitchat and gossip but only under circumstances in which the fullest attention may be given to the changes in consciousness that they confer. Thus, they are taken more as religious sacraments than as kicks, though today our religious attitudes are not pious or sanctimonious, since only very ignorant people now think of God as the cosmic stuffed shirt in whose presence no laughter is allowed.

I well remember the first great hemp shop that was opened in San Francisco around 1976. It was essentially a long wooden bar with stools for the customers. On the bar itself were a few large crocks containing the basic and cheaper forms of the weed—Panama Red, Acapulco Gold, Indian Ganja and Domestic Green. But against the wall behind the bar stood a long cabinet furnished with hundreds of small drawers that a local guitar maker had decorated with intricate ivory inlays in the Italian style. Each drawer carried a label indicating the precise field and year of the product, so that one could purchase all the different varieties from Mexico, Lebanon, Morocco, Egypt, India and Vietnam, as well as the carefully tended plants of devout Cannabinologists here at home. Business was conducted with leisure and courtesy and the salesmen offered small samples for testing at the bar, along with sensitive and expert discussion of their special effects. I might add that the stronger psychedelics, such as LSD, were coming to be used only rarely—for psychotherapy, for retreats in religious institutions and in our special hospitals for the dying.

These latter became common after about 1978, when some of the students of Roseman and Kotowari realized that the sensation of dying could be reinterpreted ecstatically as total self-release. As a result, death became an occasion for congratulations and rejoicing. After all, "You only die once" (as the slogan went), and if death is as proper and natural as birth, it is absurd not to make the most of it. Even today, the science of geriatrics is far from conferring physical immortality, though it is increasingly common for people to pass their 100th or even 150th birthdays. Our hospitals for the dying are the work of our most imaginative architects and are set about with orchards and flower gardens, fountains and spas, and we have utterly forsaken the grisly and hollow rituals of mid-century morticians. Even the young have been taught to contemplate without creeps and shudders the prospect of their annihilation, by means of exposure—in the course of Vibration Training—to intense light and sound, followed by total darkness and silence.

And we now have something *completely* new. You will remember that in 1969, Dr. Joseph Weber of the University of Maryland discovered and measured gravity waves. This led, in 1982, to a method for polarizing the force of gravity that has revolutionized transportation, abolished smog and so redistributed population that densely crowded cities no longer exist. Three physicists—Conrad, Schermann and Grodzinski—found a way of polarizing a material similar to lead so as to give it a negative weight in proportion to its positive, or normal, weight. This material can be attached to the back of a strong, wide belt, carrying also the requisite electronic equipment plus directional and volume controls, thus enabling the wearer to float off the ground or shoot high into the air. At low volume, one can take enormous strides, a mile long and 50 feet high at the peak, or float gently through valleys and over the tops of trees without rush or noise. At high volume and dressed in a space suit, one can soar into outer space or travel easily at 300 miles an hour at 4000 feet. Needless to say, every such outfit is equipped with a radar device that brings one to a hovering halt the moment there is any danger of collision. Much larger units of the leadlike material are attached to freight and passenger aircraft, and the silent ease of vertical ascent and descent has freed us from all the hassle and inconvenience of the old airports.

But we are not in a hurry. As a result, negative gravitation has given us everything for which we envied the birds and it is much used for the sport of lolling about in the air, for sky-diving and dancing, for "sitting" on clouds and for reaching homes now built on otherwise inaccessible mountaintops and in secluded valleys. You will remember the reports of the ecstasy of weightlessness given long ago by spacemen, sky- and skindivers. Now this is available for everyone and we literally float about our business. As Toynbee foresaw, civilization has become ethereal; grass grows on the highways

"Jane, darling, if I promise to stop biting my nails, will you let me get on top just once?"

and earth has been relieved of all its concrete belts and patches.

Of course, the main problem of the ecstatic life is comparable to fatigue in metals: It is impossible to remain at a peak of ecstasy for a long time, even when the types of ecstasy are frequently varied. Furthermore, consciousness tends to repress or ignore a perpetual stimulus —such as the sea-level pressure of air on the skin. This has given us a new respect for mild asceticism. Since the ecological crisis, enormous numbers of people have taken to gardening and we cultivate fruits and vegetables on every scrap of arable land, using large Fuller domes as hothouses in winter, which itself is much milder than it used to be, thanks to world-wide climate control. Millions are therefore up by six in the morning (your time), digging, hoeing, weeding and pruning. At the same time, we eat much less in bulk and no longer expect disgustingly overloaded plates in restaurants. Not only is our food more nutritive but we also find our stamina and muscle tone much better for lack of stuffing ourselves. Despite the advantages of negative gravitation, we walk and hike almost religiously, for with our wealth of gardens, the landscape is worth seeing and the unpaved ground is easy on the feet. Ample time and absence of rush likewise encourage patient and highly skilled work in all types of art and craft. You would, I suppose, call us fanatical hobbyists—a world of experts in whatever one loves to do, from athletics to zoology.

We are much aware of *little* ecstasies —the sensation of carving wood with a really sharp chisel, timeless absorption in making carpets as glowing as the finest Orientals, laying down and polishing parquet floors in various natural colors of wood, bottling dried herbs from the garden, unraveling tangled string, listening to wind bells made of sonor (a new and marvelously resonant metal), selecting and arranging painted tiles for a cocssboard, expertly boning a fish, roasting chestnuts over charcoal in the evening, combing a woman's hair or washing and massaging a friend's feet. As soon as we freed ourselves from the mirage of hurrying time—which was nothing more than the projection of our own impatience—we were alive again, as in childhood, to the miracles and ecstasies of ordinary life. You would be astounded at the beauty of our homes, our furniture, our clothes and even our pots and pans, for we have the time to make most of these things ourselves, and the sense of reality to see that they—rather than money—constitute genuine wealth.

We also cultivate something oddly known as the ecstasy of ordinary consciousness—related, it would seem, to the Zen principle that "Your usual consciousness is Buddha," meaning here the basic reality of life. We have become accustomed to living simultaneously on several levels of reality, some of which appear to be in mutual contradiction—as your physicists could regard the nucleus as both particle and wave. In your time, the overwhelmingly orthodox view of the world was objective; you took things to be just as scientists described them, and we still give due weight to this point of view. Taken by itself, however, it degrades man to a mere object: It defines him as he is seen from outside and so screens out his own inside vision of things. Therefore we also take into account the subjective, naïve and childlike way of seeing life and give it at least equal status. It was, I think, first shown by a British architect, Douglas Harding, writing in the early Sixties, that from this point of view, one has no head. The only directly perceptual content of the head, he wrote, especially through the eyes and ears—which are directed outward from the head—is everything *except* the head. Once this obvious but overlooked fact becomes clear, you no longer regard your head as the center of consciousness; you cease to be a central *thing* upon which experience is banging, scratching and being recorded. Thus, the center of awareness becomes one with all it perceives. You and the world become identical and this disappearance of oneself is, to say the least, a blissful release.

This way of interpreting reality does not contradict the scientific way any more than the colorlessness of a lens rejects the colors of flowers. On the contrary, it restores a whole dimension of value to life which your passion for objectivity neglected and, by comparison, your exclusively scientific universe seems a desiccated, rattling and senseless mechanism. Though it was *self*-centered, in the largest sense, it left out man himself. We have put him back—not as a definable object but as the basic and supreme mystery. And as the Dutch philosopher Aart van der Leeuw once put it, "The mystery of life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced."

DEALING *(continued from page 182)*

for him to tell me something, seeing as how he knew all about me.

"Tomorrow, punk," he said, "tomorrow you're going to be in front of a judge and that judge is going to know you weren't very helpful. And you're gonna get a felony for all your efforts, see? A big fat felony." He held an open hand out to me and crushed the air, squeezing the felony, big and fat. "And you might even do some time for this one, Harkness, because society isn't going to put up with your kind of liberal shit anymore, you better believe that. We aren't going to put up with it forever—your drugs and your sick life and your disrupting and your crime."

"Disrupting? Listen, I was trying to get some sleep when——"

"Shut up," the pig said. "You better learn to shut up, Harkness, and you better learn fast. Because when you get out of here, all your cars and your money and your slick girlfriends aren't going to get this off your record, no matter how much you talk. You're going to have to explain this one, Harkness, everywhere you go. Every time you try to get a job, you're going to have to do some explaining, and every time you apply for a loan. And no matter how much explaining you do, it's never gonna go away."

He paused to catch his breath and shook his head at me. "Sure, Harkness," he said viciously. "I know. Sometimes it happens, a good boy like you. Good family, good education—you just slip up and make one little mistake. But you've *made* your mistake this time, see, Harkness, and you're gonna be explaining it for the rest of your life. The rest of your crummy life."

Deskman put out his cigarette in an ashtray next to me and I could smell the fumes when I said: "Well, it seems that everybody gets their kicks somehow."

With that, he stood up from behind the desk and I saw again how small he was. Beware the small man. He waved to his two henchmen.

"All right, boys, get him out of here." His face was strained; he was showing great forbearance. I stood up and he came over to me, until he was just a few inches away. I was half a head taller than he was and he didn't like that.

"You're a really funny guy, Harkness," he said in a low voice. He began to speak slowly, but the words picked up as he went. "A real funny guy, a joker, a know-it-all. I bet all your friends think you're a funny guy and a know-it-all, too."

And with that, suddenly, he kneed me in the groin. It was very quick and I coughed and bent over, leaning on the desk.

"You're scum," the pig said. "And we're going to break you and your kind of scum, curb you like dogs, so that decent people don't have to step in your shit. So decent people don't even have to *look* at you, see, Harkness? So that they won't even have to know you're there."

And he kneed me again and I coughed again and fell back into my chair, my pack of cigarettes falling out and spreading like white splinters over the floor. The pig gave a final snort and walked out, leaving me doubled over in the chair, trying to get my breath. When I finally looked up, I saw a cigarette being offered. Crewcut held it out, looking sort of embarrassed to be offering me a smoke but too embarrassed not to. The other cop was trying not to look at anything, peering out into the outer office.

I took the butt and Crewcut lit it. After a drag or two, I felt a little better. The pain was sliding away. I wiped the tears from the corners of my eyes.

"That's a man the force can be proud of," I said.

Crewcut looked pained and swallowed a couple of times. "Murphy feels strongly about all this," he said.

"I noticed," I said. "Is he always like that?"

"Murphy feels strongly about these things," Crewcut said again. "He thought he could find out a lot more from you than he did. He couldn't, so that's that and——"

And then it hit me, full in the face. "Murphy?"

Crewcut and the butcher exchanged glances.

I said, "Lieutenant Murphy, old FBI man, now a narc?"

The two of them stood up. It was time to go.

"Didn't he used to work in Boston?" I said.

"He still does, kid. He's out here following up a smack case. Now, let's go."

And I was out the door and through the office very fast. All the way downstairs, I began to understand.

• • •

Lieutenant John L. Murphy was a familiar name in Boston and a household word in Cambridge. Narc squads are usually distinguished only by their irritatingly obvious presence—you see a freaky guy wearing white socks and you know he's a narc—but Murphy had been doing his damnedest to change the image. He was tough, fast and imaginative. He was also a screaming sadist and a crook.

There were a lot of stories about him, but I'd never taken them too seriously. When somebody on the street tells you about a narc who busts people singlehanded, makes deals with them, takes their bread or their dope and then works them over and turns them in anyway—well, that's a little hard to believe. I mean, the image is a bit too desirable to be true. Everybody wants a good reason to hate cops. They're the enemy.

I was converted when Murphy busted Super Spade. Super Spade was a loping, agile, good-time funky beautiful dude whose face had been glowing in Harvard Square for years, long before the college boys had even heard of dope. Super was sort of the grand old man of the street. Everybody liked him and everybody was unhappy when he got busted.

After he got out on bail, he went over to see John to borrow some bread for a lawyer. And he blew our minds when he told us the story, because it was like all the other Murphy stories. Murphy had busted him alone; the warrant was in order; and Super had been caught holding eight bricks. So far, so good. Then Murphy began talking about how much Super's eight bricks were worth and how much time he'd probably draw for that kind of quantity possession. And Super finally made the connection and suggested that perhaps he and Murphy could work something out.

Which they proceeded to do. Super came up with 300 bucks, cash, and laid it on Murphy. After that, Murphy, having already handcuffed him, beat the shit out of him—and then took him in. Next day, Super found out he had three charges against him: possession of marijuana, resisting arrest and attempting to bribe an officer. When he asked the judge how much the bribe had been, the judge told him $50.

So far, it seemed like Murphy was just another rough cop, playing it a rough way. But also in Super's apartment was a glass jar with 500 acid flats. Super hadn't mentioned them to Murphy, but he found when he got home that the flats were gone. And soon after that, a friend in Roxbury had told him about the sudden fast market in the midst of a dry season: all sorts of good acid around and outa-sight smoking dope.

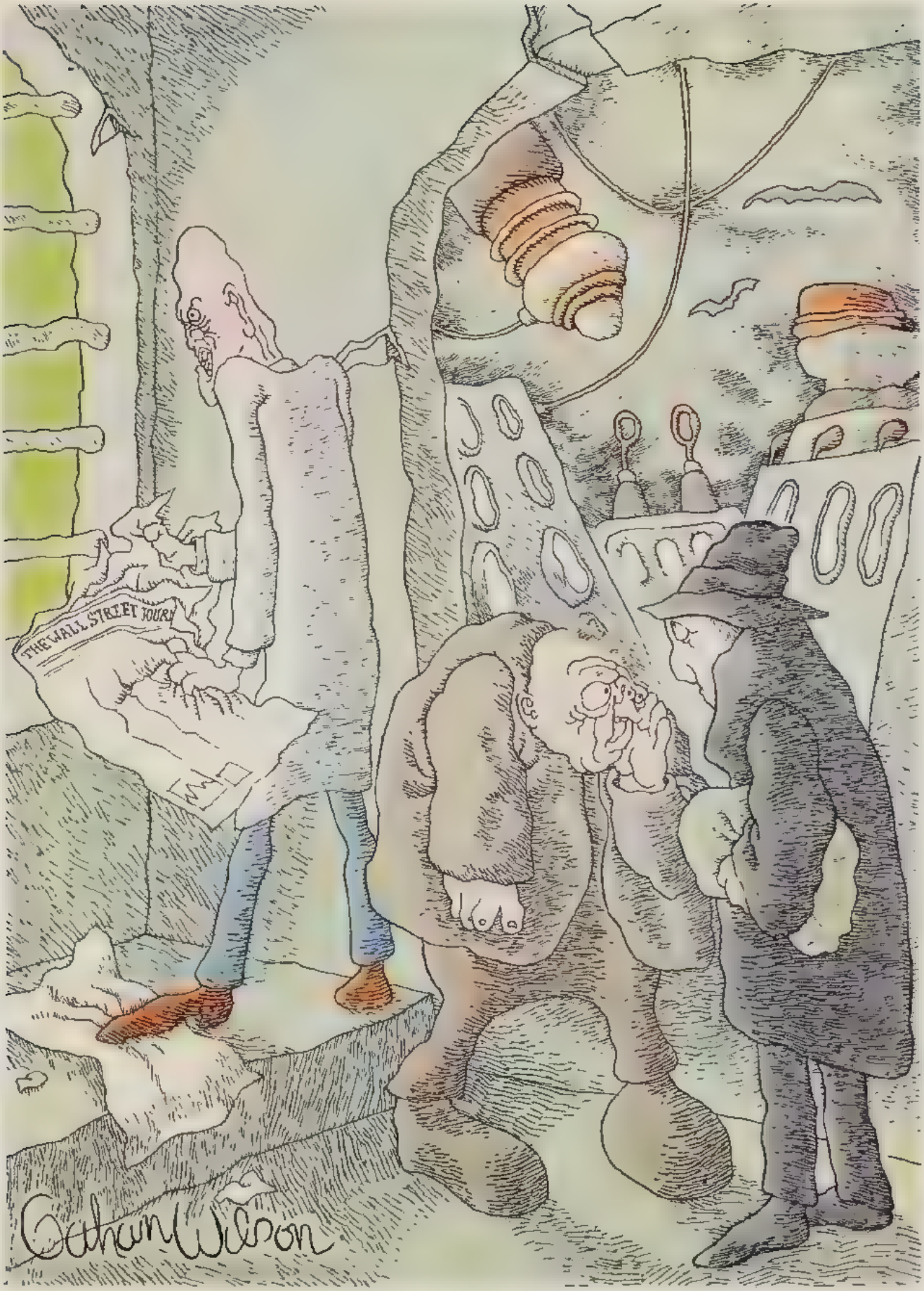
Anyway, people had been telling these stories for a long time and it was getting harder to simply dismiss them as street jive. The street people were unanimously in favor of taking Murphy apart, of busting his ass good. Partly because he'd become something of a legend and something of a symbol—but mostly because he had crossed the line and was playing dirty.

A rough-and-tough cop he could be, and for that he would be hated and respected. But as a thief with a badge, a guy who broke the rules and regulations we all play by, as that kind of person he could never last.

At least everyone hoped not.

• • •

Walking down what seemed like miles of endless corridors, our footsteps



"General Electric beat him out on his death ray and he's simply furious!"

echoing, I said: "I'm surprised you have a key."

Sukie laughed.

It was close to midnight and the building around us was silent. The walls were painted light green, a little like jail; the building reminded me of an institution.

"It used to be welfare offices or something," she said, "before it was sold and converted."

"Cheery," I said.

"It gets better."

As we passed them, she showed me the lounges for the performers. They looked like airport lounges or something, sort of plush but impersonal. Very soundproofed. I suddenly began to notice how everything off the corridors was soundproofed.

Then we came into another room, marked STUDIO A. Shock: It was like a heavy living room. Persian carpets on the floor, hangings on the walls, colors and textures. "Like a very nice cat house," I said.

"Close," she said. And out came a joint. She lit up as I wandered around the room. There were microphones everywhere and a stand for guitars and a piano in the corner. I sat down at the piano.

"Do you play?" she said.

I shook my head.

"You play anything?"

I shook my head and plunked out chopsticks. She laughed and then said: "Stay there," and left the room. I walked around, breathing in the luxury, and then began to drift into the sense of working with my group: the cigarettes and the quiet talk and everybody getting together, getting their heads and fingers loosened.

"Hello," she said. Her voice was funny. I turned around and saw the drapes pulling back to reveal a glass wall and her behind the glass, staring in at me. The lights in the other room were overhead, harsh and funny. I could see the room was filled with recording equipment, decks and spools and dials and consoles; she was wearing earphones. A flash on the mechanical sense: There was money in all this and manufactured products, industry just like everywhere else. The flash faded. She made a gesture for me to go toward the microphone.

I tapped it. "Is this thing working?" I heard my own voice, from speakers mounted somewhere in the room. It was working.

"We, uh, just want to play a few numbers that we know well, because we've never played together before."

She knew where that line came from and she smiled. I began to get into it.

"My name is, uh, Lucifer Harkness——"

Something happened. The voice was warbling as it came back to me. She was flicking buttons. I laughed. "What're you doing to me?"

Now it was echoing. "Doing to me, to me, to me, me."

"Yeah, well, actually——"

This time it was thin, high, squeaky, with the tone of a certain memory. It startled me. "This is getting to be a drag," I said. I wanted to play something, now was the perfect time to be able to do it, but I didn't know how. It was finally hitting home, the foolishness of it, that I couldn't even do simple chords on a guitar, I couldn't do anything. Hopeless. I began to get depressed and she must have sensed it, because she suddenly came around, opening the studio door, and led me out of there.

"It's because the place is deserted," she said. "Empty buildings are always depressing." She smiled and squeezed my hand.

• • •

Sukie came to the hearing next day with me. I had a clean shirt and tie on and I stood up straight for the judge. She sat in the back of the hearing room. I glanced back once to look at her.

The judge asked me if my legal rights had been properly attended to, since I didn't have a public defender by my side. I didn't mention to the judge that I'd been through that whole riff before and it was a drag, because the P.D. doesn't give a screw about what happens to you, he just wants to look good in front of the judge. So I told the judge that everything had been taken care of but that in this instance, I preferred to defend myself. The judge looked a little amused and a little pleased at that and told me to proceed.

My defense was pretty weak, but logical. It included such helpful hints as the fact that I was scheduled to leave California the next day, providing I didn't get hung up in jail, thus costing the good taxpayers additional expense. I also said that I had no relationship with the primary defendant in the case, i.e., the kid of dope, and that I considered it a freak accident that did not merit my bearing the weight of its consequences any more than I already had.

The judge replied that I had a sharp, clever and discerning mind but that I obviously knew nothing about the law. Which, he added, meant nothing, since all charges had been dropped by the D.A.'s office, and if I would speak to the clerk before leaving the courtroom, I was free to go.

I was pleasantly dazed. I thanked the judge, who told me not to thank him, and I left.

Sukie laughed as we walked out the door.

• • •

The next day, we went up to Tilden, very early, to watch the sun come up over the bay. It was cold and dark when we arrived and we huddled under a blanket, drinking Red Mountain and feeling the dry warmth spread outward. From the top of the ridge you could see everything—Oakland and Berkeley below and Richmond and Mt. Tamalpais in the distance.

Later on, when we got back that afternoon, I found Musty in the kitchen, where I'd just seen him. "Listen, man," he said. "I'm sorry about Lou. He's a little speedy, you know. Bad scene. Does up three bags a day."

"What the hell," I said, feeling magnanimous. "Past tense."

Musty took a knife and sliced the bricks to show me how clean they cut. No rocks, no clay; they were righteous keys. We soaked them in Coca-Cola for a minute, so that they wouldn't smell too bad, and then put them into my aluminum-lined suitcase with the double locks. The ten bricks fit very nicely.

Sukie took me to the airport. We stood around under a billboard that read GET AWAY FROM IT ALL and made each other uncomfortable until they announced that my flight was boarding.

She kissed me. "Will I see you——" She stopped.

"Sure," I said, squeezing her. "Of course you will. Soon as possible." But the truth was that the East was seeping back into my brain: the East and Boston and wet roads and hour exams, complete with an enormous paranoia about departure scenes and weeping chicks.

"When will I see you?" Very calmly.

"I'll call as soon as my exams are over."

Then I had to hustle for the plane. She'd said she would watch from the observation deck, but by the time I was buckled into my seat, the sun was almost gone and I couldn't see her at all.

• • •

At the airport, the crowds of screaming fans were lined up to greet the sensational new rock sensation, Lucifer Harkness, and his greasy back-up group, The New Administration. Harkness stepped off the plane, resplendent in velvet bell-bottoms and a black leather T-shirt; from behind thick purple shades he could see the crowd going wild. They broke through the cordons and fought off the cops and ran screaming for him.

He felt a thousand hands touching him, clutching at his clothes, tearing them off his back, covering him with kisses, pulling at his balls, biting his neck affectionately, and it was delirious and wonderful for several minutes before the cops came down on the kids and broke it up, and then Reggie Thorpe, the manager, got the group together and they made it to the waiting Rolls.

As the Rolls pulled away, there were hundreds of screaming teenies all lined up on the road out of the airport. Some of them threw themselves in front of the car, stopping it, while others scratched at the glass and kissed it, all of them screaming: We want to bal, Lucifer, we

We have some great indoor shows, too.

COMING TO TAHOE

COMING TO RENO

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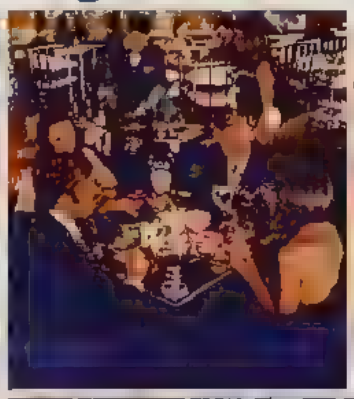

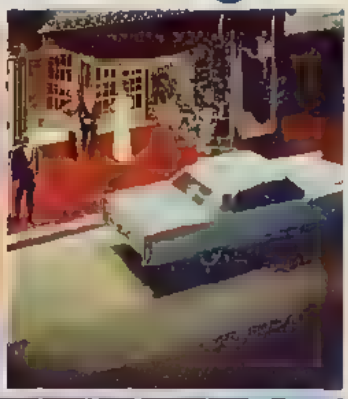

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want to ball Lucifer." And Lucifer was thinking to himself what an unbelievably tedious chore it would be to crack all of those hundreds of prepubescent cherry stones when the guy sitting next to him jabbed him in the side.

"Hey, lookit dat, buddy. Nice pussy." I politely looked over a ham-sized forearm to see a thin, wasted-looking chick with a shaved twat lying guilelessly across the centerfold of *Suburban Jaybird*.

"Nice," I said. Nice, my ass. The chick was about as ugly as they come, especially without her hair. Hair was mystery, it was sex, it was funky and greasy and it got tangled when you made love.

"Howdja like to fuck her?" he said, holding up another picture.

I shrugged. The woman behind us on the M. B. T. A. car was doing her best to let us know that she was faint with indignation. She was making small coughing sounds. Out the window, gray and rainy was the Boston skyline.

"I like 'em with hair," I said. Behind me, I heard the sharp intake of breath from the woman.

My companion turned around and shot her a cold look, then turned back to his magazine. "Holy Jeez," he said in a reverential tone. "Lookit, there's one you'd like."

"Yeah," I said. "Now, there's a nice bush."

"Christ, you're not shittin'," he said.

Unfortunately, he got off at Park Street, leaving me alone with Mrs. Snorts behind me. She got off at Charles Street. I took the subway all the way to the end of the line, Harvard Square.

Shooting out into Harvard Square from the bowels of the M. B. T. A. was about as much fun as having a tooth pulled without Novocain. I always felt that way when I got back from the Coast, but somehow I was never prepared for it. Because as much of a drag as I knew it would be to return, I always figured that it would be nothing more than that—a return. And so the ensuing culture shock, the numbing of mind and body that was only later understood to be Boston's charming way of saying, Welcome back, always caught me by surprise.

And what a surprise. A surprise wrapped in thick, heavy air, dimly opaque light, trimmed with an ineffable, oppressive sense of guilt. The air in the square reeked of guilt. Nobody was ever going to be naive enough to mention it, but it was there just the same and readily assented to by all on the street.

The street. White pasty bodies and zitty faces shuffled past me, eyes on the ground, clutching cigarettes like drowning men moving only when the sign commanded them to WALK. Old ladies sneered at passers-by and cabbies looked hot and sullen. Three-piced professors sneaked across the street, clutching their top-heavy wives like illicit Government secrets, and paranoid pristine fags paraded poodles past shattered winos bumming dimes. Truck drivers whistled at towny cunts and sad, stooped teaching fellows picked their noses and read the *Daily Flash* in 28 languages.

I went across the street to Nini's to get some cigarettes and cut my way through the prepubescent mob outside. The guys slouched against the walls, sucking on toothpicks or nicotine sticks, scratching their crotches stealthily and yelling at the chicks. The chicks were all over the place, big flowsy broads in high school jackets topped by mounds of teased hair, chewing the life out of huge wads of gum and swinging their pocketbooks at the more adventurous guys; all the time shrieking like cats in heat, shrieking and laughing and again swinging their pocketbooks. It was too much.

Inside Nini's, the adults-only version of the same movie was going on, featuring fat, powdered women engrossed in multicolored tabloids ("I had a change-of-life baby by another man!") and the usual mob of skinny, haunted men in the back of the store, tirelessly leafing through the skin mags. Jesus, what all these poor bastards needed was a good lay, I thought. And a good lay they'd never get—not in Boston, anyway.

I went down Dunster Street, past Holyoke Center and over toward the Houses. It was quieter there and there wasn't any traffic and the trees had tiny flecks of green at the tips. Spring was getting its foot in the door and it suddenly didn't seem so bad.

Once in the House, I stopped to talk to Jerry, who wanted to know all about my vacation. Jerry was the superintendent, a cheerful, sly Irishman who would talk your ear off, given half a chance, besides being a stickler for rules, especially those concerning women in the rooms. But Jerry understands those who understand him, so for a few hours of conversation per term and a couple of bottles of rye on the Savior's birthday, Jerry is the most amenable and considerate super in the college. Hello, Jerry.

Then up to E entry and John's room on the first floor. John has a sign on the door that reads:

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

John finds this amusing, since his chicks think he means the truth, while he means the chicks. The door opened to reveal Sandra's lovely form. "How'd it go?" she said.

I was tempted to ask her the same thing, seeing as how she was decked out in one of John's bathrobes. But all I said was "Fine" and went in and sat down.

John called from the bedroom: "That you, Pete?"

"Yeah."

"Just a minute."

Sandra was looking very chic and

"Same here—the only way I can make it is by selling a little pot on the side."

wealthily whorish as she put a record on the turntable and sat down across from me. She crossed her legs in the extraordinary way she has of crossing her legs languidly, with a lazy shot of the bush in the process. Nothing offered, of course, but if she knew you and liked you, she didn't mind letting you know her snatch was all still there.

"How'd it go?" she said again.

"Fine," I said again.

"You look bushed."

"I am," I said.

Then John came out, wearing his other bathrobe. He has two Brooks Brothers print bath robes. One is several sizes too small for him and he tells the girls it was a present to him from his grandmother. But it's handy for the girls. John is well organized about that sort of thing.

"Thanks for meeting me at the airport," I said.

"Hey," he said, "what's this I heard about—"

"Busted."

John lit a cigarette. "Yeah."

I shrugged. "It happened. I got busted."

"And?"

"They dropped charges," I said. "They couldn't make them stick. It was this other guy's dope in the car and they couldn't make anything stick to me."

John nodded. He didn't seem terribly interested. He pointed to the suitcase. "You get it all?"

"Ten bucks," I said.

"Far out," he said. "Let's have a look." And as I opened the suitcase, he said, in a very casual voice, "Was it Murphy who busted you?"

Typical John. The casual fuck with your head. I looked up. "Why?"

"It was Murphy who busted Ernie, you know."

Thanks for the good news. "Yeah," I said. "It was Murphy who busted me and I got off by agreeing to set you up. All you have to do is go down to Central Square tomorrow at ten, carrying these bucks—"

John managed a pretty realistic, hearty laugh. "You getting paranoid?"

"Me?" I said. "Paranoid? Why should I be? My dealer's firm." John laughed again, even more convincingly. Then he cut open a brick and I could sit back and relax while he smoked up.

• • •

The trouble with John is that he had an acid trip last fall where he dropped about 2000 mics with some people he didn't know. The whole thing bent his head around the telephone pole. He never talked about the trip, but from the little he said, you could tell he'd gotten very stoned, and then very afraid, and then decided that the only way he could handle it would be to control it. So he became a controller. Power trips with everyone, crappy little freak games and manipulations and adrenaline spurts passed out at the door, gratis. I had thought he didn't play those games with me, but he did, of course. He played them with everyone.

"You'll never learn to ski if you don't stop tail-gating!"

Which is why John Thayer Hartnup III, of Eliot House and Cohasset, Massachusetts, was into dealing at all. It was the only way it made sense. The son of the Right Reverend Mr. Walker Wingate Hartnup and the former Miss Ellie Winston (of South Carolina) hardly needed the bread. Even if the tobacco money went up in smoke and the Reverend's investments died, Grandmother Wingate could be counted on to call down the First National bankers to her Plymouth home and transfer a few goodies. It was all very far from a question of bread.

Power was something else. A natural talent, it might be called, an inborn skill. He had been an attentive student at Dreyer Country Day, but he was later dismissed from Kent for what the headmaster, without being specific, had implied was a question of drug abuse. It might have had something to do with John's consumption of the Mexican-grown drug *Cannabis sativa* during Saturday football games. John had then spoken to the headmaster in private and a week later, it was announced that John was not being dismissed but, rather, had taken a leave of absence because of overwork and stress. No one ever found out what was discussed at the meeting, but John was fond of noting that even such people as headmasters of distinguished prep schools had soft underbellies.

As a fine-arts undergraduate at Harvard, a field he had chosen for its casual academic demands and its pretty girls, he had further opportunity to refine his techniques. There was, for example, his nervous breakdown at the end of his sophomore year—a six-week stay at Massachusetts Mental Health Center that brought his parents around to a much more sympathetic stance toward him.

Not, perhaps, the nicest person, John, but successful in his way.

• • •

Sandra, sitting next to John on the couch, was wiping the dope smoke out of her eyes when she noticed her watch. "Oh," she said, jumping up. "It's time. We're gonna miss it." She went over to the television set and turned it on. I was so stoned I sat there passively and watched her, and then the screen as it glowed to life with the visage of Sally

Scott, *Eyewitness News*, with the *Eyewitness* news team investigating a paramount concern to the parents of Boston: teenage drug abuse.

"Lieutenant Murphy," Sally Scott asked, as she walked along a table laid out, like a feast, with exhibits, "what is this here?"

"This here is a kilogram of marijuana, which is two point two pounds of the drug. It is dried and pressed into a block for purposes of transportation, as you can see."

"I see," Sally Scott said.

"If you bring the camera closer, you might get a better shot." Lieutenant Murphy said helpfully. The camera came closer. "As you can see, this block of the drug is commonly referred to by traffickers and illicit users as a key or a brick."

"And this?" Sally Scott asked, moving on.

"Now, this is what the kids buy from the dope peddlers. This is how the drug is sold, in a one-ounce baggie. An ounce may cost as much as fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" John said. "Jesus, maybe in Wellesley or someplace."

"I see," Sally Scott said. "And how much of this, uh, drug is necessary to make a person, uh——"

"High?" Lieutenant Murphy asked. "Not very much. The drug is smoked in cigarettes called reefers. Just one of these small cigarettes is enough to make a person suffer all the effects of the marijuana plant."

"Suffer?" Sandra asked, genuinely puzzled.

John grinned.

Sally Scott said, "And what exactly are these effects?"

"Mostly unpleasant," Lieutenant Murphy said. "The mouth feels dry and the voice may be painful. The eyes hurt and one may suffer hallucinations. All inhibitions are released and the person under the drug may act in peculiar and bizarre ways."

"In what ways?" Sally Scott had unusually large eyes.

"Someone on this drug, under its effects, stoned, as the psychologically addicted users say, such a person is capable of almost anything."

"I certainly am," Sandra said and got up and switched the television off.

"Hey," John said, turning it back on. "Roll a joint, Sandy."

The sound returned just in time for us to hear Sally Scott ask, "—the magnitude of the drug problem in Boston?"

"Very serious," Murphy said seriously. "There's no question of that. All reports indicate that the center of drug abuse in the country is shifting from San Francisco to New York and Boston. Boston is now the center."

"Why is that?" Sally Scott asked.

"The climate," John said and laughed.

"Primarily because of the influx of college students to the Greater Boston area. We have two hundred thousand college students, most of them from out of state. Unfortunately, some of these students deal in drugs." Murphy paused to get his breath, then went on. "You see, the atmosphere on the college campuses today tends to encourage bizarre behavior and often the responsible adult on the scene, the administrator, and so forth, will pooh-pooh even illicit activities, if they happen to be fashionable. The campuses also provide a gathering place for all types of weirdos, outcasts and hangers-on who wouldn't be able to exist in a normal American environment. These types are often among the offenders. Simply by their presence, they assist the growing drug traffic."

"Oh, Christ," John said, "are you listening to this bullshit?"

Murphy was gone and Sally Scott was saying: "—University's psychopharmacology unit for answers to these and other questions. Doctor, what is the medical evidence on marijuana?"

The doctor was pale and thin and thoughtful looking. He wore glasses and blinked his eyes a lot and spoke in little shotgun bursts. "Well, the first thing to say . . . is that there is very little in the way of . . . hard medical data on the drug. On the contrary we know remarkably little . . . about the effects . . . or the hazards . . . of this particular compound however . . . we can say . . . that earlier ideas were wrong . . . and the drug is not addicting by this we mean . . . there is no tolerance . . . phenomenon . . . and no psychological dependence or physical . . . uh, dependence . . . craving no craving . . . and we can say the drug does not lead . . . to heroin or other narcotics."

"You say heroin or other narcotics. Isn't marijuana a narcotic?"

"Well that depends . . . on your definition . . . but strictly speaking a narcotic means . . . something that produces sleep . . . from *narkē*, the Greek word for numbness . . . and in the usual sense it means pain-killing and sensory-dulling medications . . . sleeping pills . . . and these drugs as you know are nearly all addicting the term narcotic . . . to most people . . . means addicting drug . . . though not of course . . . to doctors." Blink blink.

Sally Scott looked him right in the eye. "How *dangerous* is marijuana?"

"Well that depends again . . . on your definition an automobile . . . is pretty dangerous . . . and so are aspirin, liquor and cigarettes . . . the same thing all medications . . . all drugs broadly speaking . . . are dangerous and you are better off without them. In terms . . . of purely pleasure-producing drugs . . . like cigarettes and coffee . . . and alcohol . . . we can say that marijuana . . . so far as we know . . . may be a better drug to take . . . for pleasure . . . that is safer and less addicting . . . but then . . . we know little about it."

"When you say a better drug——"

"In terms of side effects . . . long-term damage . . . something like alcohol as you know . . . is a terrible drug . . . physically addicting . . . psychologically disrupting . . . literally a poison to brain cells, a neurotoxin . . . and yet it is perfectly acceptable . . . to society."

"Alcohol is a poison to brain cells?" Sally Scott asked, astonished. "But alcohol is used in all civilizations around the world."

"Yes," the doctor said. "That is true."

After half an hour of this, I got up to go and said to John: "Lend me a bit-"

John raised an eyebrow. "Studying?"

"The exam's tomorrow," I said, "and I don't know a fucking thing about the course."

John shrugged.

"Well, it's not Spots and Dots, you know," I said. Spots and Dots was the toughest course offered by the Fine Arts Department, Modern Western Art 1880–1960. Even blind men had been known to pass.

"Top drawer of my dresser," John said. "But take only one."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said. I opened the drawer and took a baggie, one of the fuller-looking ones. Herbie was particular about his payoffs.

When I came back, John said: "By the way, check your desk?"

I shook my head and went into my room to check my desk. There was a stack of mail on it, on top, in a cream-colored envelope, some sort of invitation. The handwriting was Annie's. I tore it open. It was an invitation to attend the Stanab Club Garden Party on Saturday. I looked at the postmark on the envelope; it had been mailed a week before. Too late to give a negative reply. I went back to John's room and threw it in his lap. "Did you rig this?"

John looked shocked. "You mean arrange it?"

"No, damn it, I mean call her up and tell her I was out of town."

John said: "I knew you'd be back in time." He smiled. "To accept," he added.

"Get bent." I said.

"It's a peace offering, you know," John went on. "It means she still likes you."

"Get bent," I said again. John was a member of the Piggy Club and he was having a moment of fun at my expense. We both knew that Annie was now making it with a club member and we both knew that club members were not permitted to invite women to the parties themselves.

"You don't want to go?" John said, now acting surprised.

"Me? Not want to go to the Piggy Club picnic? You've got to be kidding. I can hardly wait."

"Garden party," John amended. He

sighed. "Little late to call her up and refuse, isn't it?"

That was unnecessary and as I left the room, I slammed the door behind me. Typical John interaction. I was furious and, in a sense, grateful for the pressures of the coming exam. No chance to brood on it. It feels so good when I stop.

Down the hall was Herbie's room. Herbie was a weird little cat sort of a cross between Mr Natural and Dr. Zarkov. He was a senior and 17 years old. He'd come from somewhere in West Virginia, where his father worked in the mines and his mother worked in the mine offices—one of those trips. Mother had noticed very early that Herbie was not like the other children and had taken him to a testing center that the Government ran for mentally retarded children. The testing people had found that Herbie's I. Q. could not be accurately measured—and not because he was retarded. They'd sent him to a special high school in New York and then they'd gotten Harvard interested in him. Herbie hadn't taken a math course that was listed in the catalog since his first year at Harvard, nor, for that matter, an economics course nor a physics course. He was now working up at the Observatory, taking a side degree in astrophysics.

I went in and found him sitting in his bentwood rocker, rocking back and forth. He wore dungarees and a garish print shirt and he was smoking a joint the size of an expensive cigar.

"Peter," he said when he saw me.

"Herbie" I said and sat down across from him

Herbie scratched his head. "Let's see, now." He looked across the room at a wall calendar. "Economics, is it?"

I nodded.

"All right," he said. "We can take an hour." He held out his hand. I dropped the baggie into it. He squeezed it, feeling the texture, then held it up to the light; finally, tossed it onto his desk. "Sold," he said. "There's paper and pencil on the desk. Let's get started. It's all very simple," he said. "The internal dynamics of the European nation-state, in the early part of the 17th Century, eventually necessitated the manipulation of the economy to serve the political interests of the state. That concept, in turn, led—am I going too fast?"

"Just fine," I said, scribbling as fast as I could. "Just fine."

• • •

The exam next morning was held in Memorial Hall, a cavernous medieval sort of building with desks in long rows. The proctors wandered from desk to desk with their hands clasped behind their backs. The best proctors—the most professional ones—remained entirely and haughtily aloof. But the graduate students and section men who were there to answer questions about the exam questions, as well as to be proctors, were pretty bad. A lot of them liked to walk from student to student and check out what was being written.

About halfway through the hour, one of them stopped to look over my shoulder. He looked and he stayed. I kept writing, getting suddenly nervous. He had a nose cold, this proctor, and he sounded like a horse with pneumonia on a cold winter morning. Finally, I turned back to look at him.

He was shaking his head as he read the page. I shrugged.

He shrugged back, but at least he walked on. The bastard had shaken me up. I began having trouble concentrating on the question. Particularly since I hadn't done any of the reading that was necessary to answer it. I was just sort of going along, putting down words. The answer didn't mean anything, but then, neither did the question.

I began to think of Sukie and how she had looked when I left her at the airport. I wondered if she had made it back all right. It was a drag for a single chick to hitch out to Berkeley at night. And then I wondered if she was meeting somebody afterward. I wondered if she had just wanted a ride to S. F. and that was why she had gone in.

Then I started to think about how she had been in bed. It was obvious that she wasn't learning anything from me, which was completely to be expected, but just then, it seemed outrageous, absurd, that she should have been with anyone but me. Or that she ever would be with anyone but me in the future I could feel irritation building and I realized that I was jealous. Not even jealous. more——

"Five minutes," the king proctor said, stepping to the microphone.

I looked back down at my bluebook. I still had another essay to go. I stared at the question, praying for inspiration, and I got it at the last minute.

• • •

I have never been jealous. At least, not about women. I have been jealous of objects, of things and sometimes of

"As president of the committee on women's liberation. . . ."

traits. I remember especially a friend of mine when I was a kid. He held my unbroken admiration for years because of his imagination. He effortlessly devised such wonders as the Burning Bag of Shit Trick, conveniently placed on a neighbor's doorstep—and when the neighbor tried to stamp it out, well, that was his problem.

Also the Good Humor Man Stunt, in which one kid would sprawl out on the road, deathly ill, and enlist the Good Humor Man's help, while another kid went to the back of the truck and climbed into the refrigerated compartment. There he would stay, eating himself sick, for a full block, at which time a similar catastrophic mid-road illness would again cause the truck to stop and allow the half-frozen and satiated ice-cream fiend to escape, giggling and shivering, into the sunlight.

And then I remember I was jealous of a guy who lived down the street from me one summer who had a motorcycle before I even had a driver's license.

But as far as chicks went, I had never really felt anything, and certainly not jealousy. Chicks had been a necessary evil, giggling half-wits who played games until your balls were purple and then forgot their purses in the theater, or had to be in by midnight, or weren't "that kind of girl," or some other crap. There had been a lot of them around me.

Yet there I was, finished with the exam and, by all reasonable expectations, hot on the trail home, to blow some dope and collapse into bed, after being up almost 48 hours. But that wasn't happening. Instead, I went right back to my room and called her.

The phone rang a long time. Finally, a dull voice said, "Hello?"

"Hello, is Sukie there?"

"Who?" A very dull voice, and then I remembered the time change.

"Sukie Blake, Susan, is she there?"

"What number are you calling?" the guy said. He was being very, very careful about waking up and I couldn't stand it.

"Sukie, man. Sukie, the blonde chick who lives upstairs, the one with the weird eye?"

"Oh." He mulled that one over. "Yeah. Hold on."

Then there was silence. I stared around my room and lit a cigarette and blinked in the smoke.

"Hello?" Dazed voice.

"Hello, Sukie?"

"Who is this?" Really dazed.

"Sukie, what's going on out there?"

"What?" She was beginning to wake up. "Who is this?"

I thought I heard some sound in the background. Some sound in the room. "Are you alone?"

"Goddamn it," she said. "Who is this?"

"Peter," I said.

She laughed. Three thousand miles away, I heard that laugh and it made me smile. "Oh, Peter," she said. "It's seven-thirty in the morning."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I wanted to talk to you."

There was a yawn at the other end, then: "How was your exam?"

That made me happy. She'd remembered I was going back to take an exam.

"Terrible. I thought about you the whole time."

"What kind of exam was it?"

"Economics."

"Peter, that's not good, you thought about me during an *economics* exam?" And after another yawn, "What did you think?"

Hmm, what did I think? That was a drag over the telephone. "Oh, you know," I said.

There was a pause. A short pause while she woke up still more. "You wanted to know if I was alone," she said, her voice low and amused.

"No," I said, "you weren't awake. I asked how you were."

"I'm not alone, Peter," she said. "When you called, I was in bed with eight puppies."

"I didn't ask you whether you were alone," I said.

She gave a low laugh. "Peter, you're sweet, do you know that?"

Well, that was it. Like walking out on a limb, and finally the limb snaps. I looked around the room, the goddamned dreary room, and I said: "Listen, I want to see you."

She laughed again. "I want to see you, too."

And then, in a sudden rush, I said: "Then why don't you come out here?"

"To Cambridge?"

"Sure."

"How, Peter?"

"I don't know. There must be some way."

She asked me then if I had any money. I don't. I asked her. She didn't. Swell.

"Swell," I said.

It was quiet on the line. A kind of depressing quiet.

"Maybe," I said, "I can figure out some way to come out there." But I knew it wasn't true. In a few weeks, I would have to start studying for finals.

She must have known it wasn't true, too, because she sounded sleepy again when she said: "All right, Pete."

"No, really. I'll figure something out."

"I know. I believe you."

And I guess, in a way, she did. Finally, she said she was losing me money and I said the hell with the money, but I couldn't really afford to say that, so I got off and hung up and realized that I was very tired and that I wanted to sleep for a long time.

• • •

I didn't wake up until lunchtime the next day. I am a man of few vices, one of them most unquestionably being the time I spend with my eyes closed. But as soon as I was up, I was remembering Sukie and the phone call and all she'd said.

I caught up with John in the dining hall and joined him over a plate of sawdust and beans.

John looked up and smiled. "Peter," he said. "How's the head today?"

"Fine. How're the eats?"

"Awful," said John. "I didn't expect to see you for quite a while. Heard you had a little trouble with that economics exam yesterday."

"Trouble?" I tried to look surprised.

"Heard you barely finished."

I sighed. I thought he'd been talking about the senior tutor. I get messages from the senior tutor three times a year: after fall-term hour exams, after mid-terms and after spring term hour exams. I was expecting one any day now, but at least it hadn't arrived yet.

"No, that was no trouble," I said. "Just had better things to think about."

John laughed and then frowned at his potatoes. "Jesus," he said, "what the hell is that?" He held a clump aloft for all to admire.

Somebody said, "A hairpin."

"A hairpin, Jesus," John said. "I could get lockjaw or something from eating this crap. Look at it, it's rusty."

I'd had enough to eat right then.

"Heard from Musty?" I asked.

John looked up sharply. "Any reason why I should've?"

I had to play this one right. I didn't want to keep anything from John, but then again I didn't want him to fuck me up, which he undoubtedly would if he had time to do so. All I said was: "No. Nothing special."

John dropped his potatoes and lit up a smoke. "OK," he said, "what's the big secret?"

"No secret."

"Well, then, what's all this garbage about Musty? C'mon, Peter, I've known you too long to just think you're wondering out loud when you drop something like that."

"Like what? Christ, you're as paranoid as all these other creeps." I spread an arm out to encompass the dining hall which was filled with guys studying over their meals. "You've just got a different angle on the paranoia, that's all."

"Uh-huh." John nodded grimly. He blew some smoke in my direction. "Then who were you calling after the exam yesterday? Not Musty, by any chance?"

I had to laugh. John managed to have a finger on everything that went down.

"No, not Musty. I was talking to a chick."

John put his smoke out and laughed heavily. "A chick, eh? Not a California honey, by any chance? Yes?" He sat back

"Looks like with Sally, it's going to be out with the old and in with the new."

and sipped his coffee. "Far out," he said. "far fucking out."

"What's far out?"

"Nothing. It just makes sense, why you've been blowing your mind ever since you got back here two days ago. And me thinking it was the climate." He laughed again. "Far fucking out." He looked suddenly serious and leaned over to me, across the table. "What'd she tell you about Musty?"

"I told you already. Nothing."

"Then what's this riff all about?"

"I was just wondering if you had any more trips lined up in the near future."

"California trips?"

"No, mescaline trips."

"What's wrong with you, you got blue balls after a couple of days around this lady?"

"You might say that. You might just say I want to see her. What difference does that make? You got any trips lined up or don't you?"

John searched his coat for another butt. "Not in the near future. Not till after exams, I'd say." He cocked his head and said: "But even if I had a run lined up, you wouldn't be able to do it . . ." letting the statement wander off into a question. I knew what he was asking.

"Aw, hell," I said. "I could probably work something out."

John took a long drag on his smoke and nodded. "That's good," he said. "That's good to hear you say that, Pete, 'cause I wouldn't want you going around with some kind of wild misconception in your head about me letting a chick run the dope in."

I searched around for another smoke and thought that one over. I'd known that he would say that—John never let chicks in on his deals. It was a completely bullshit prejudice because if anything, chicks were cooler for a run than a long haired dude could ever be. Most big dealers on the Coast, in fact, used *only* chicks—but I wasn't on the Coast and I wasn't talking to a Coast dealer. I was talking to John.

"Supposing," I began, "supposing you couldn't get anyone around here to do the run. Would you consider letting her do it then?"

John looked pained. "Peter," he said, "you don't seem to understand. You know how I feel, but you don't seem to understand. Well, I'll tell it to you all over again." He paused and then said, very deliberately and carefully: "Chicks . . . fuck . . . up." He looked at me.

"I was just wondering."

"Well, you can stop wondering."

"Even if you couldn't get anyone around here and you had a run set up and a courier was all you needed, you wouldn't let her do it?"

John was quiet when he said: "Never. Never never never. I'd change the run, I'd can the run—Christ, I'd even do it myself. But I'd never count on a chick to get anything through. Chicks fuck up."

I shrugged and stood up. There wasn't anything else to say. I knew that if Musty called in a few days and told John that he had only a day or two to get somebody out to San Francisco to make a quick run before he split for Oregon, John would bust his ass to get somebody. What I'd been hoping was that he would at least admit the possibility of letting Sukie be that somebody. But he wouldn't, so I had to get to her. There was no other way.

• • •

I needed $160 to get to the Coast on a plane. I wouldn't have needed anything to hitch, but I didn't have the time for that. So it was $160 or nothing, and after a few minutes in front of the Student Union Jobs board, I was beginning to think it was going to be nothing. I could get $2.50 an hour translating Sanskrit into German for Professor Popcock, which wasn't exactly my field; or I could get $2.80 bartending on weekends. But I'd already turned down a few of the bartending boys' jobs in order to make the run, and they took an exceedingly dim view of those who didn't exercise the right to work when it was waved in their faces. I could go in there bleeding right now, on my knees, begging for a gig, and they'd tell me to beat it. That left a kitchen job as the only real alternative, at $1.80 an hour, which would be two 50-hour weeks, and I was just about to run down and sign up when I noticed a little note saying that students couldn't work more than 20 hours a week. Far out, that was about all I had to say.

I wandered around the next two days, looking for jobs and asking people what they knew, but nothing turned up. I was just starting to think that hitchhiking wasn't such a bad idea when I got the note from the senior tutor. That was the end. I knew what he'd want. He'd want to tell me that I'd screwed the economics exam—probably royally—and that if I continued to screw things, he wasn't going to be able to help me very much, except to plead my case before the ad board and try to keep them from booting me out. Which was cool, his concern and all, but that wasn't really what went down at a meeting with the senior tutor. Those meetings consisted mainly of his telling you how much he worried about you and your work and your habits, which was a drag, and they always ended with his asking you a lot of nosy questions he didn't really want the answers to but somehow felt compelled to ask. His field was the minor poets of the 18th Century, that was the kind of dude he was. Well, the hell with it. I had to go and see him.

He met me at the door of his study and escorted me to a padded chair with an arm under my elbow.

"Well, sit down."

"Thank you, sir." I sat down. As I did, he turned away from me to look out the window. All I could see of him were his hands, which twisted and turned as he built up steam for our little chat. Finally, he turned again to face me.

"Harkness, you probably know why I've called you in today."

"Yes, sir. I have a fairly good idea."

"A fairly good idea. Ah-ha." He went over to his desk and began to fill his pipe. The senior tutor had a way of repeating things that you'd said as if they were meant to be funny. It was not very amusing.

"And what would that fairly good idea be, may I ask?"

"I suppose that I screwed that economics exam yesterday."

"You suppose that you—ah-ha, yes. You mean to say that you suppose that you did poorly on the exam."

"Yes, sir."

"You did poorly. Harkness, you did very poorly." Pausing to light his pipe. "You flunked it, as a matter of fact."

"Sir."

"I said you flunked it."

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, looking up from behind billows of smoke. "Is that all you have to say?"

"What else is there to say?" I said. "What's done is done."

He smiled benevolently at that. It was one of his favorite sayings. "Well, yes," he said. "Now, I assume that you know what your failure means?"

"I think so," I said.

"It means that your period of academic probation will not end this spring but will continue next fall. Until the end of the fall term," he explained.

"Yes, sir," I said.

Having finished with that, the tutor seemed suddenly relieved. He sat down in front of me on the edge of his desk, as if to show me how he was letting his hair down. Business was done and now it was time for an intimate chat.

"Now, Harkness," he said, "I've been looking through your folder. While I've been waiting for you, you see, just glancing through. But I must say that I don't understand your case at all. Not at all."

"Sir?"

"I've been looking at your high school records, both scholastic and athletic. And your recommendations. And the comments of your freshman proctor and advisors, that sort of thing."

"Sir."

"And I don't understand it at all. You're not performing up to expectations, Harkness. You know that, of course."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes. Well, I was wondering if you could give me any clues as to *why*. From

all the indications of your record, you should have been a sort of Harvard Frank Merriwell."

"Thank you, sir." Bloated asshole.

"I've been wondering if there were any problems you might be having. Personal problems, family problems, financial problems? That I might assist you in straightening out?" He looked at me, but I tried to look blank. "After all," he said expansively, "that's what I'm here for."

"No, sir," I said. "I don't think there are. But thank you, anyway." Nosy bastard.

"Well, Harkness," he went on, "I was wondering, because I've noticed a certain trend in your behavioral development if I may say so. For example, you came here an all-American in football, and yet you quit after the first half of the season."

"Well, sir," I said, "if you knew the coach, I think —"

"Now, now," he said, holding up his pipe, "just let me finish. You quit playing football and shortly after that, your grades dropped. The next year, last year, that is, you were involved in one of the radical student political organizations that we tolerate here on campus. And you achieved some prominence in that endeavor. But you quit that, too. Now, during this year, you haven't pursued any organized activities that I know of, and so you haven't quit anything. But it doesn't seem to me that you've been *doing* anything, either, Harkness, if you will permit me to say so."

"Sir," I said. Nothing more. The imbecile.

"Well," he said, "do you have anything to say?"

"In my defense, sir?" I cocked my head.

"Oh, come now, Harkness," he said, getting off his desk, "that's distorting my meaning quite deliberately, don't you think? I'm not trying to accuse you of anything, I'm trying to help you."

"Thank you, sir. But I don't think I need anyone's help right now but my own."

"As you wish," he said.

"Thank you, sir," again.

"Well," he said, "hope you do better next round. And if anything comes up, don't hesitate to come and see me. My secretary will make an appointment for you." Edging me to the door.

"Thank you, sir," again.

"It's normally a week or so from the appointment to the meeting, but if you feel that you have something important to discuss, we could make it a day or two, you know."

"Thank you, sir," again.

He opened the door, looked out at his secretary and the crowded sitting room and then closed it.

"There is just one more thing I should like to say to you, Harkness. As regards your record."

"Sir." Here we go again. The old fart could never find a last word that really suited him, so he just dribbled on endlessly.

"Sit down, Harkness, sit down." He filled his pipe and snuggled into his chair. "It's not exactly my field," he began, "but I've made a quite extensive study of the man and his work. And I think that in some ways, my conclusions about him can be applied to you as well."

"Sir?" I said. What was this routine?

"De Quincey," he said. "Thomas De Quincey. Are you familiar with his work?" puffing on his pipe fatuously.

"Only vaguely," I said, thinking, Of course I am, moron.

"Yes," he went on, as though he would have been disappointed if I'd said anything else. "A very interesting fellow, De Quincey was." He paused and looked at me. "Is, I should say, in light of your case."

"Sir?"

"Are you, ah, at home with his little volume on the aspects and vagaries of the opium eater's existence?"

"No, sir." God, not this.

"Well, De Quincey was an addict himself, you know, an opium addict. And he wrote a fascinating little study of his addiction, titled *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Fascinating." He glanced over at me to make sure that I was with him and I nodded. "And in the course of his account, he makes some extraordinary observations." Looking at me again. "For instance, at one point, he remarks that 'opium eaters never finish anything.' That's a wonderfully, oh, *to-the-point* remark, don't you think, Harkness?"

"Telling it like it is," I murmured. The asshole.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Yes," he said, "I quite agree. Well, do you see the connection, then, do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I think I do."

"Uh-huh," fumbling with his pipe, which had, as usual, gone out. "And do you have any, ah, comment on the matter? Does it strike a responsive chord, I should say."

"I don't believe so," I said.

"None at all?" he queried. Man, he was begging for it.

"Only an intellectual one," I said finally.

"Ah-ha," he nodded. "And what is that?"

"Artaud," I said. "You're familiar with Artaud, I take it?"

The senior tutor blinked. "Well, he's not in my field, you understand, but, yes, I think that I'm familiar with the rudiments of the man's work." That got his goat, the old turd. I was playing it his way and it hurt.

"Artaud was also an addict, a morphine addict, that is, and his comment on the matter was that"—I paused trying to get it out right—"his comment was that as long as we haven't been able to abolish a single cause of human desperation, we do not have the right to try to suppress the means by which man tries to clean himself of desperation." I paused and looked at the tutor. "Those were his words on the subject. Of course, Artaud was himself a desperate man when he wrote them, desperate in a sense probably

"'The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley!'"

unknown to De Quincey. Because when he wrote his little essay on opium, they were getting ready to cart him off to the madhouse. And not for being an addict," I added.

I see," said the tutor, who looked as if he didn't know what the hell I was talking about. "Yes, I see. Artaud. I'll have to look into him. He was one of those cruelty fellows, wasn't he?"

"That's right," I said.

"Yes. Well" He stood up again and held out his hand. "It's been good talking to you, Harkness, and remember, if you should think of anything that you want to discuss, or perhaps if you should just feel like a chat, don't hesitate to let Miss Burns know."

"I will," I said, "and thank you, sir."

"Yes, yes," he said, showing me to the door.

• • •

Two days of earnestly anemic study went by and then John marched into my room and plunked down on the bed.

"How's it going?" he said, which I did not bother to respond to, since John didn't give a goddamn how it was going and never had. All he meant was that he had something on his mind. He pulled out a joint. "Want to blow some."

I shook my head. I was feeling virtuously studious and I knew that the dope would kill that. I also knew that I couldn't sit around and watch him smoke too long, so I said: "What's happening?"

"Well" John said, "I'm thinking about this Lotus, it's in beautiful shape and the cat who's selling it is the original owner. I'm going over to look at it tomorrow." He sucked in a deep drag. "Want to come?"

"Sure," I said, "but you didn't come in here to lay that down."

He laughed and took another hit. "I can see the studying has brought your mind to a keen edge, Peter," he said. "Well, what I wanted to know"—another hit—"fine dope, you sure you don't want any?"

"You wanted to know"

He laughed again. "Quite right," he said. "All business. I wanted to know if this chick is still up for doing it."

Then I remembered. "I meant to tell you," I said. "She called last night and said she'd love to go to New York with you, but she's used up all her overnights."

"No, no," John said. "I meant—is that right? The little bitch. She called last night? I didn't know that. Why didn't you get hold of me?"

"You were in the rack with Sandra," I said.

"Oh, yeah" John said remembering. "Oh, yeah" He thought about it some more. "She can't go overnight? Jesus, that screws the whole weekend."

"Tell her that," I said.

He laughed and then was silent and finally said as if remembering suddenly, "No, listen. I was talking about something else—that California chick, what's-her-name, does she still want to make a trip?"

That was surprising, even shocking. John's head was bent, but on one thing he was firm. He never changed his mind. Never, under any circumstances. I didn't know whether it was from obstinacy or pride or his old Boston upbringing, but whatever the reason it was true.

"Yeah, she'll do it." I didn't hesitate. I knew I could talk her into it—I'd almost done as much when the run wasn't even a sure thing. It was a way to come out and she wouldn't worry about it if I said it was cool.

But I was interested in John's change of mind, in his sudden acceptance of Sukie. Hell, last time I talked to him, he hadn't even considered the possibility.

"What happened?" I said. "Couldn't you find anyone else?"

John shrugged. "Well, let's see. You can't go, because you fucked your exam. And everyone else's wonking them nads off for exams." He laughed. "Not doing a fucking thing, really, just sitting around chewing their nails. But if they're going to worry, they're going to do it here." He shook his head pityingly, then looked up at me. "The other thing is that Musty called and said he was leaving town for a while. He said if I wanted anything more before July, I had to do it now. So here we are" He smiled and took out another joint, lit it, passed it to me.

I took a long hit. "Musty's leaving town fast, huh?"

"I bet's the rift," said John.

"Far out," I said and then laughed. Things had worked out better than I had hoped. I'd known that John would be pressed for a runner, but I didn't think he'd offer to let Sukie do it. I thought I'd have to cudgel him into it – and then here he was, asking me if I thought she could make it. I laughed again. "Yeah, she'll do it."

"Good enough," said John. "Everything's set up; you'll send the money to Sukie and Musty's got the bricks ready. So all you've got to do is call the chick and let her in on it."

"Pretty sure of yourself, weren't you, John" It wasn't a question, it was a statement of fact. But John didn't take it that way.

He waved the joint in my direction and said: "You were pretty sure of yourself, Peter." I guessed that he'd been figuring things out with Musty, and laughed.

Yeah, I guess I was. But what the hell. She's coming. When's she flying in, anyway?"

"Saturday, around two."

I thought that one over and then realized what he had said.

"Saturday, good God! Not Saturday. I'm supposed to go to the Piggy picnic on Saturday."

"That's right."

"Well, the hell with that. Annie Butler can blow her mind at me all she wants, I'm just not going to be able to make it. I'd better let her know as soon as I talk to Sukie——"

"I know babies are supposed to be bald-headed, Mother—but there's something about Timothy. . . ."

"Peter," said John. Nothing more.

"Yeah?"

"You're not going to tell Annie anything. I may have to let this chick make the run, but I don't have to let you two lovebirds fuck things up by prancing around Logan together for every one of Murphy's pigs to see and admire."

"What the hell——"

"Murphy busted you in Oakland, with the chick in the same room, right? And I expect that your mugs are fairly well known by the narc-squad pigs by now."

"Oh, for Chrissake, get off it. Maybe *my* mug—maybe, if you really stretch it—but Sukie's, never. I'm going to go down and pick her up and Annie Butler can go to hell."

John puffed slowly on what was by this time a dark roach. Finally, he said, "This is my run and we're going to do it my way or not at all. You can tell the chick on the phone why you're not going to be there to meet her—but that's all. I'm not going to have this thing fuck up just to please your absurd sense of decorum, and that's all it is, Peter, so don't go making those bullshit faces at me. When the chick lands in Boston, you're going to be having the time of your life at the Piggy Cub Garden Party. Period. I will be down at Logan waiting for her and she'll be in the room about the time that you and Annie fondly bid each other farewell." He paused and looked at me. "Understand?"

There was nothing to say. I left the room to find a pay phone. It was better not to use mine for this call.

• • •

A surprised voice answered, sounding very far away. It was a lousy connection. "Peter?"

"Yeah. How you doing, baby?"

"Fine, just fine, Peter, God, it's good to hear from you."

I didn't say anything for a minute, just got stoned out of my mind on her voice, on the sound, knowing that in a few days the sound would be next to me and not coming through a piece of plastic that demanded more money every three minutes. Then I said, "Listen, honey, I've just been talking to John."

"John?"

"Yeah, you remember, my friend John back here, the guy I scored the bricks for when I was in Berkeley?"

"Oh." It wasn't noncommittal. It was just that she was beginning to understand I had to keep it moving.

"Well, you remember that conversation we had after my exam?"

"Yeah, I remember. Is this where John——"

"Just listen, honey, just let me finish. Things haven't been going too well for me around here. I mean, I've been trying to get some bread together so I could come out and see you again or so you could come out here—you know, like, the summer's getting here and if we could get together, we could do up the summer——"

"I'll do it, Peter." That was all she said.

"You don't mind? I mean, you know what I'm talking about——"

"I'll do it. I mind, but I'll do it. I want to see you."

I took a deep breath and it felt good. The chick was very, very together. "OK, beautiful honey, that's beautiful. That's so beautiful, I can't even tell you. Listen, soon as you get here, I'll take care of things, you know, a place to stay and eat and that whole riff, you don't worry about it, I'll work it all out. And then if you dig it around here, we can do up the summer, you know, and——"

"Don't, Peter. You're blowing my mind. Just don't talk like that till I'm with you, OK?"

I knew what she was saying. "OK, yeah, OK, you're right. Well, listen, I'll be sending the bread out to you tomorrow and Musty'll know the details, so he'll lay that end of it on you. The only other thing is that I won't be able to meet you at the airport."

I had expected her to wonder about that, but all she said was: "That's cool."

"Out of sight. John'll meet you; he doesn't want me around 'cause of the bust, but John'll meet you and as soon as you get back to Cambridge, I'll see you."

"That's cool."

Suddenly, I didn't have anything more to say. I just wanted to see her and talking business like this was only making it worse.

"Well——"

I started to lay down something mindless, but she cut me off and said: "Peter, Take care of yourself."

I laughed at that. "I will, baby. You do the same."

"Don't worry about me," she said. "You just be good." And then the operator was demanding more bread and Sukie was saying goodbye and it was over.

As soon as I got back to the room I asked John if I could have a lid from his dresser drawer.

"Gonna can the studying for a bit, Peter, old boy?"

"Not can it, just enjoy myself before I get back on it."

John laughed. "Enjoy yourself, huh? You already look like you're enjoying yourself. You look like you just balled a nun for Chrissake."

I laughed with him when he said that and thought about Saturday.

This is the second of three installments of "Dealing." The final installment of the novel will appear in the February issue.

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BROADWAY JOE *(continued from page 188)*

know what to say. Namath came over to me "Isn't this the worst bullshit you ever saw? She's supposed to be an actress, we're supposed to be kissing passionately and she's giving me a kiss like I'm her cousin!" Denys went off to explain the situation to an assistant director, who, in turn, explained it to Annamaria; she'd been shaken by Namath's reaction and now she appeared even more shaken by what he wanted to do. But Annamaria played the scene according to Namath's wishes and they got it right in one take. Three minutes later, he was on his way back to the hotel. "There are typical days on this movie," he remarked, "but damn, today was *too* typical."

• • •

The cast party that evening was held at the Luau restaurant, a hangout for American actors working in Rome. The Luau looks like a set from a 1949 Bogart film, there are a dozen stools along the street-level bar and, a short flight of stairs down, a restaurant seating about 50 people. Bamboo-slatted walls and a three-foot fountain are the room's only distinguishing features. The lighting is bad and the food not much better, but, as Namath said, "At least they get it right after you send it back." Because the place looks run-down on the outside (and more run-down *inside*), actors are able to dine informally without being confronted by autograph seeking tourists, who rarely wind up there. Attractive American girls do, though. Every night, there were plenty of pretty foxes eager to meet and sleep with Namath, but he wasn't having any. To make his Roman trip even more memorable, Joe had picked up an internal virus that rendered him sexually *hors de combat*.

When we arrived at the party the Luau was just starting to fill up with cast and crew members. Namath, Hassan and I sat down at an empty table and ten minutes later were joined by Marina and her best girlfriend; Marina sat on her lap. A few more friends of Marina's pulled up chairs minutes later and they were soon having a grand time listening to her tell funny stories—pointing to Namath when the punch lines came up and every once in a while giving out with one of her *sputas*. "It's great to be in Rome, isn't it?" Namath said with heavy sarcasm. "I can't ever remember a place where the broads were so bad."

While Hassan tried to relieve Namath's obvious unease at being seated with seven girls who were chattering away in Italian, Marina was having a ball. She devoured a huge selection of buffet goodies, then went up again to the three long serving tables, returning this time with a piece of whipped-cream cake. After eating most of it, she picked up the rest and, for no apparent reason, threw it in Namath's face, also splattering Hassan. Both men were nearly as mystified as they were angry. Namath glared at her and then he and Hassan got up, sat briefly at another table and 20 minutes later, went back to the hotel.

Namath spent all day Sunday resting in his room, emerging in the evening to laugh through a showing of *Mission: Impossible vs. the Mob* and afterward stopping for a snack at the Café de Paris, the Via Veneto's sidewalk capital. In rapid succession, he ate a serving of vanilla ice cream, a dish of strawberries, a double hamburger, half a bacon, tomato and egg sandwich, a peach, a bowl of cherries and a banana split. He sat with his back to the Via Veneto's endless parade of lean, pompadoured young men and flashy microskirted *signorine*, because when he wasn't spotted by teenaged Southern chicks, he was accosted by bar owners anxious for his patronage and by Italian assistant directors. Or victimized by waiters, one of whom dropped an entire fruit cup on his head. (A study of grace under pressure, Namath managed to smile while wiping syrup out of his eyes and picking small pieces of peach and pear from his hair, face and shoulders.) Victoria George, a fine-looking blonde who is Namath's leading Lady in the film, later said, "Instead of doing a Via Veneto—making a scene—Joe was completely relaxed about it, even though that gooky stuff had ruined his clothes. You know, before he got to Rome, I'd heard he was a cocky ass and a trouble maker, but he's not. Joe has been involved in learning how to act and all his dealings with people on the set have been beautiful, the wardrobe lady loves him, and he has yet to forget a prop. Joe is so far from being on an ego trip, it's almost comical. He's *very* shy."

One evening, after dining at the celebrated Hostaria dell'Orso with two attractive and ambitious actresses whose toughness Namath did not admire, he said simply: "I hate girls who curse. You meet a pretty girl and all of a sudden nothing but the word fuck is coming out of her mouth. Damn, *I* don't talk that way in front of a woman."

On Monday, Joe awoke at 6:15 A.M., had a quick breakfast and was driven to the outskirts of Manziana, a primitive little town 30 miles northwest of Rome, where a public park had been rented for *The Last Rebel*'s final two weeks of filming. As with most of the making of the movie, the park turned out to be another bad Italian joke. It was nothing more than a dusty dirt road surrounded by a small forest, in which there lived several particularly ugly bright-pink pigs that often trotted and snorted their way into camera range. Namath arrived on the set at 7:45 and sat in his trailer until nine, listening to Joe Cocker cassettes on a stereo he'd taken along.

The toughest scene of the day, filmed in midmorning, was one in which Woody Strode stops a runaway stagecoach. Woody, who played the black slave in *Spartacus*, performs his own stunts and doesn't much care for—or worry about—dialog. "I make my living doing action," he said. "Just give me a role with dirt and sweat, 'cause I sure as hell can't act." A six-foot, four-inch, 200-pound former defensive end for the Los Angeles Rams, Woody has a finely muscled body that he keeps in shape by doing eight sets of 50 push-ups (within 12 minutes) every morning. Although he looks as if he's in his late 30s, he's 56. "Guys my age—like Jackie Robinson, who was a football teammate of mine at UCLA—are old men. I'm an accident."

It was a breezeless, sunny, 102-degree day and the three male leads retired to their trailers during lunch; Strode and Elam shared one and Namath had a trailer all to himself, where he quickly went to sleep. Strode, a genial nonstop talker, has spent the past eight years playing an assortment of movie Indians and Mongolians with shaved skulls. "This is sure a funny business," he said. "If you don't look right up on that screen, forget it; it doesn't matter *how* good you can act."

Strode thinks Namath can't miss. "Joe's gonna be a big star in Westerns. Joe is physical and he knows how to take direction. I've seen a lot of athletes people have thought about putting into the movies, guys like Babe Ruth, Joe Louis and Paul Hornung, but they didn't come close to having the glamor Joe has. He's a very special-type person."

The special-type person had, at that moment, just risen from his noon siesta and, after a few drinks, was in a happy frame of mind for his afternoon scene: He opens the door of the runaway stagecoach, a dead cowboy falls out and Marina, aided by a dubbed-in voice, asks, "Are you a bandit?" Replies Namath, "Not so's you can tell it, ma'am." The line broke Namath up. "Not so's you can *tell* it, ma'am? Hey, Denys!" he shouted to the director, "who the hell's gonna believe a line like that? You gotta be kidding." Denys wasn't kidding. Said director McCoy, "I hope this will play much better when it's edited." "It couldn't get much worse," said Namath.

If Joe was looking forward to the next day of shooting at all, it was only because it marked Marina's last scene. She made the day memorable. During a break, Namath walked by her holding a cup of lemonade. Miss Coffa was moved to imitate how Joe looked while chewing tobacco, which Namath responded to by pretending he *was* chewing tobacco—and squirting some lemonade a few feet in front of her. Marina was the perfect

picture of outraged indignation and mumbled something nasty in unladylike Italian. A few moments later, she tapped him on the shoulder. When Joe turned around, she spit an entire mouthful of orange juice in his face. Marina tried to force a laugh but couldn't; Namath's face was streaked yellow with orange juice and red with ire. He walked angrily and silently away. Five minutes later Marina sent a production assistant to apologize for her, but it had no effect. Joe at that point retreated into a shell, spending most of his time sleeping or playing solitaire in his trailer or riding his horse aimlessly around the set. "Learned to ride when Arizona State recruited me in 1960," he said. "At least it gives me something to do beside sit on my ass while all these characters find new ways to screw things up."

Namath's disgust at film making, Italian style, was endorsed strongly by Jack Elam. A witty and sophisticated man, Elam has become rich playing a succession of grisly cowboy villains who usually bite the dust just before the end of the film (*The Last Rebel* doesn't deviate from this formula). Jack is blind in his half-closed left eye and, combined with a magnificently perverted leer, his countenance has been beguiling moviegoers since 1949, when he quit a highly successful career as a C. P. A. "I'll never make another movie in Italy as long as I live," he said. "This is the biggest bullshit country I've ever seen. Here, everybody working on a film is only as important as how loud they shout or how much they wave their hands. We've had to stop filming dozens of times because the crew was talking. Extras show up without their make-up and we have to wait twenty minutes for them to get ready; we're lucky when the prop men have what's called for in the script and they never, of course, provide for a contingency. These people are *offended* by the idea of efficiency; it's a big party to them, but if they pulled that shit *once* in America, they'd never work again."

Elam was, nevertheless, delighted he'd worked with Namath and he, also, is positive Joe will be a star—provided he makes a few correct decisions. "In football, you get fourteen games to a season. You can be lousy in all of them but still come back the next year," he observed. "Unfortunately, you don't get fourteen tries in the movie business, the public will only want a couple of pictures and that's it. Joe's been in three films and what he needs now is a strong property and a good director. One smash hit, and he'll be set to make a million dollars a year as an actor."

The rest of the week, which Namath spent commuting between Manziana and Rome, played itself out slowly and uneventfully. Temperature on location reached 110 degrees and, when he wasn't in front of the cameras, Joe sequestered himself in his air-conditioned trailer.

Early Friday evening, most of the cast drove from Manziana to Cinecittà, where at seven P.M., producer Larry Spangler was to screen three and one half hours of the film's rushes. Only Jack Elam declined to attend the screening. He explained his disinterest. "Sometimes you'll wind up with a beautiful bunch of vignettes that don't hang together as a movie, or the leading character will be great, but terrific individual performances don't necessarily make for a terrific movie. Besides," he added with a smile, "seeing the rushes on this movie would ruin my trip home."

I entered the screening room as the lights dimmed. The first hour's footage was silent; there'd been a bit of a mixup and the sound track on a number of scenes shot at Cinecittà wouldn't be ready for several days. After a few weak jokes centering around Spangler's walk-on as a prostitute's customer and Hassan's bit as a bartender, the small audience grew restless and then drowsy. Spangler asked the projectionist to show only sound film.

Namath's scenes with Annamaria Chio and Marina Cofla were the first to come on and were greeted with great glee; watching those two fracture the English language relieved the mounting sense of failure. Suede was right about the way he handles dialog, but he looked awesome on the screen, especially when he took his shirt off, which was often. If *The Last Rebel* holds together at all, however, it is because of Elam, the film's cohesive center. Jack somehow made all the clichés he mouths come alive, and in the scenes he shared with Namath, Joe was visibly relaxed and believable.

Time after time, as he watched the screen, Namath's right hand darted in front of his face, shielding his eyes from scenes in which his inexperience was appallingly evident. He had not been made up properly for one close-up, several pimples on his nose stood out like the Presidents on Mt. Rushmore and Namath groaned. He was embarrassed by much of what he saw and, at several points, exhaled loudly in self-disgust. The rushes were a disaster. When the lights came on again and Namath was asked what he thought, he said, "I'm not going to say."

Joe was on the set bright and early the

"Hi, there! I'm a pal of Santa's and he let me have a little old peek at his list of all those who've been bad!"

next morning, eager to finish up quickly. In his final scene, he and Elam leaped out of a ditch and sprinted for about ten yards. Namath hobbled out on those rickety legs, fell down, but quickly regained his feet and finished the take. The crew gave Joe an ovation—movie etiquette. Namath was unimpressed.

That evening, attorney Mike Bite described the welcome-home party planned for Namath when he arrived back in Manhattan. Fifty—or was it 150?—of New York's "best broads" were going to turn out, since no more than 30 guys would be invited, all the fellows would get laid. Namath smiled disinterestedly. He has slept with more than 400 women, by his own conservative count, but the majority of them have been football groupies, and a man can lose his taste for that sort of thing. If and when he finally marries his steady girl, a charming and beautiful blonde named Suzie Storm, who lives in Pensacola, Florida, Joe will probably be a model husband.

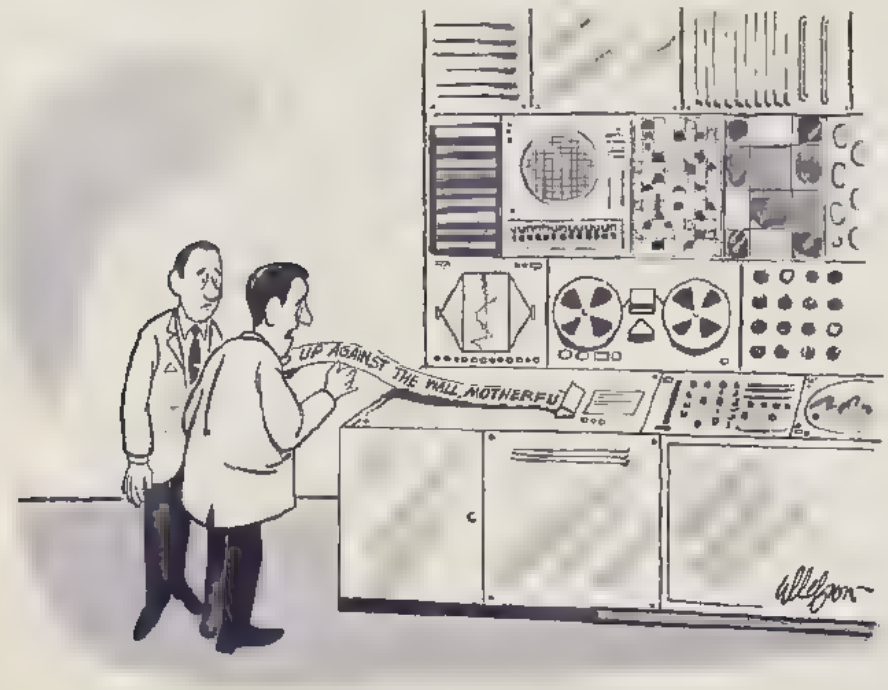
His problem is still what to do with his life, a life that won't be involved in professional sports. When he returned to New York that Sunday, Joe barricaded himself in his new duplex apartment on East 82nd Street, just off Fifth Avenue, while he pondered whether or not to play this season. "I want to do something with myself, accomplish something, but I don't know what," he said, in counterpoint to the headlines that told America he was holding up the Jets for a bigger salary and/or "a big loan to resolve his financial problems," as *The New York Times* put it. "You can see why I don't like talking to newspapermen. I don't *have* financial problems, and the subject of money never *once* came up when I spoke to the club about playing this year," Namath remarked bitterly. And perhaps the bitterness is justified. In one column in the *Chicago Sun Times*, sports writer Jack Griffin called him a "slant-eyed charmer," who "leered" into TV cameras and "whimpered" about his problems before he "postured back to work, drooped his eyelids and tossed his curls."

In the midst of the media catcalls, Joe secretly flew down to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he thought about his career and rested in the sun (while Namath "sightings" were reported as far away as Winnipeg, Canada). And then he reported, late, to the Jet training camp at Hofstra University, a scene he understandably abhors. During the summer, pro teams are quartered in college dormitories, and the ridiculously regimented lives they lead there are not very different than the lives they led as collegiate jocks—11 P.M. curfew, two practices a day, training-table meals, putting up with a lot of juvenile pep talks dished out by megalomaniac coaches and lots of poker and drinking with the boys. Why had he returned? "I still haven't decided what else I can do," he said. "Look, it's very hard to give up something you can be the best at. And I really thought about not letting my teammates down, 'cause I doubt if we do a lot of the guys whether the Jets could win three games if I wasn't playing quarterback."

On October 18, the Jets, having won only one of their first four games, met the Baltimore Colts at Shea Stadium in a match that would determine whether New York could make a belated run at the Super Bowl. Weakened by injuries, the Jets were without the services of, among others, All-Pro fullback Matt Snell and star defensive end Gerry Philbin. The Jets were behind 29–22 when, on their final offensive play of the game, Namath was thrown for a loss by Colt tackle Billy Ray Smith. In the process of decking him, Smith fell on Namath's right wrist, fracturing the quarterback's navicular, a small bone at the base of the thumb. After six years and 77 games, Namath would miss his first pro contest. In fact, he would miss the rest of the season, a cast would have to be worn for six weeks and an additional three weeks would be needed before Namath would be ready to throw at full strength—by which time the season would be over. "It's such a dumb injury, I suppose I *can* accept it," Namath said, just after New York had lost to Buffalo on October 25, dropping their record to a dismal 1–5. Sitting in the mirrored ceilinged bedroom of his apartment, Namath talked about the irony of the fracture. "I played almost the entire 1966 season with a broken bone just above the ankle and it didn't bother me much at all," he remarked. "Quarterback is the only position where the wristbone I broke could keep a player out of the line-up—at every other spot, they'd just cut off the cast on Sunday mornings, tape it and pad it and send you in to play." But by sitting out the rest of the schedule, Namath felt he could judge how much he'd miss not playing—which would determine whether he'd be back next season.

"Standing on the side lines hasn't been dull," Namath continued. "I've been helping Al Woodall, our substitute quarterback, call plays and I've found out that I know a lot about running a team. I hope this won't sound like I'm bragging, but I really don't think there are too many coaches who know the game better than I do. You know, if they took the politics out of coaching, and by that I mean not worrying about the coach having the right image, I think I could be a *great* coach. Let somebody else take care of public relations and let somebody else take care of being the general manager: A coach has one thing to do, and that's to win, period. Well, the only way a guy like me can really *beat* somebody is out on that football field."

Which is why Namath will show up to play again next season. No Mickey Mouse fracture is going to do him in; they'll have to carry him off the field with a totaled knee before he'll allow an injury to end his career. Namath would like to win another championship, but he'll settle for one more fling of autumnal glory. Movies aren't a bad way to make a big buck, but for Joe Namath, football is still where it's at.



"Uh-oh!"

 (continued from page 150)

to pay property owners for the right to route flights over their land. We also ought to consider setting a luxury charge on electric power; the threatened brownouts and blackouts around the country from the power- and fuel-supply squeeze ought to be fair warning that we must begin to regulate American growth and resource use. As another example of building environmental costs into the balance sheet, we ought to impose prohibitive penalty charges and court injunctions immediately on the manufacturers of detergents, pesticides and other products who have consistently refused to take into account the environmental and health consequences of their goods.

The question of how much of the cost of the environmental cleanup should devolve upon the consumer is a difficult one. I don't think there's any doubt, for example, that the consumer would have to bear some of the cost of the expensive cooling systems we should be attaching to all nuclear power plants. Yet it is also true that the free-enterprise system that invented mass production surely must be capable of minimizing such cleanup costs. As an example, the country's power industry could be compelled to complete a national power grid that would shift energy from one coast to the other as peak requirements shifted. In the crucial matter of cleaner automobiles, we have a case where competition should work to the consumer's advantage: My guess is that such countries as Japan will be able to meet stiff Federal standards for auto pollution without tremendous price increases. If they can do so, Detroit will have to follow suit.

At the Federal level, the President's Council on Environmental Quality should have the power to hold up any Government project that threatens environmental destruction. The Government has been one of the worst offenders in encouraging America's pursuit of quantity without regard for the consequences.

The powerful tools of the Federal budget must also be used to encourage an environmentally sound distribution of investment, growth and population. Our cities must be revived in human terms; new towns must be opened in our neglected rural areas. The top priority must be the elimination of urban and rural slums, the worst environments in America. Any environmental effort that does not confront the intolerable way of life in the slum—the rats, poor housing, ill health, immobility, lack of parks and recreation, congestion, noise, pollution—is a cruel waste.

The idea that a new growth policy and environmental control are going to destroy our economy is a myth. Water- and air-pollution-control technology alone will be a several-billion-dollar-a-year business very soon—and a significant addition to the G.N.P. Building the urban transit we so urgently need would create a huge demand for new technology, capital and jobs. And cleaning the environment will, as already pointed out, result in immense savings.

A National Land-Use Policy: We must establish a national policy for land use with enough teeth to halt the kind of development for industry, commerce, highways and housing that is needlessly ravaging the countryside. We desperately need a tough Federal statute regulating and requiring restoration in the strip-mining that has already laid open lands equivalent to a lane 100 feet wide and 1,500,000 miles long. We should enact comprehensive coastal-zone-management legislation—such measures have been proposed—and use the Army Corps of Engineers' powerful regulatory authority to halt the reckless dredging and filling that have obliterated 900 square miles of our vital coastal wet lands in the past 20 years and is cutting a key link in the life systems of the sea.

We must launch a massive program to buy up for the public or protect by easements the remaining ocean and Great Lakes shore lines. Already, 95 percent of the recreationally useful shore line has been gobbled up for private homes. And we need a national lakes-restoration program to stop the poor development and waste-treatment practices that are destroying the Great Lakes and thousands of other inland lakes. We must set tough new controls, carried out with all the powers of Government, to regulate the laissez-faire urbanization that is devouring 120,000 acres of land a year, wiping out everything in its path and causing widespread visual blight. Achieving rational land use in this country will, of course, require new metropolitan and regional authorities that have the power to implement plans, to eliminate the conflicts among the thousands of state and local agencies and to veto programs that violate environmental guidelines.

A National Policy on Air and Water Quality: We must establish a policy with standards tough enough to result in the actual enhancement of the environment. Very simply, the standards must require every industry, municipality and Government facility to install, immediately, the best pollution-control equipment available. And as better waste-treatment systems are designed, they must be installed without delay. The penalties for violation of these pollution-control standards must be, again, prohibitive fines and court injunctions.

Because of the ever-increasing quantity and complexity of our wastes, the national

"You never complained about my nymphomania before we were married!"

goal in the near future must in most cases be treatment approaching 100 percent effectiveness. Nothing short of a Federal-assistance program to municipalities on the gigantic scale of the Interstate Highway Program will achieve this objective. Further, we must immediately conduct a national industrial survey to determine the exact breakdown of the wastes from every plant in the country and vastly increase our monitoring-and-surveillance program. We must also set a national deadline of 1975 for a near-pollution-free engine in all new cars.

A National Policy on Recycling Solid Wastes: We must find new uses for waste-paper, bottles, cans, jars and other trash, turning them into valuable new resources. There is really no alternative, for we produce seven pounds of waste per capita per day in the United States. That's 145 pounds annually for every man, woman and child in the world. It is estimated that by 1976, wastes from packaging alone will come to 661 pounds per year for every American; that's a grand total of more than 66,000,000 tons.

A National Policy on Resource Management: We need a national policy to halt the plunder of our mineral, timber and public-land resources. This rape of the earth is being carried out with utter disregard for recreation, wilderness and the preservation of the life-support systems on which our survival depends. We must declare a moratorium on the drilling of any new undersea oil wells on the outer continental shelf until we need the oil and have the technology to avoid Santa Barbara–type disasters. Each year, there are more than 10,000 spills of oil and other hazardous materials in the U.S.

We must also maintain the policy of protecting our national forests in perpetuity. These are now threatened by intensified industry pressures to vastly increase national forest timber-cutting. And we should act immediately to implement the National Wilderness Act of 1964 to preserve the remaining shreds of America's wild lands, a program now bogged down in the Federal bureaucracy.

A National Oceans Policy: To avoid the greatest disaster of all, pollution of the sea, we must establish a national oceans policy outlawing the use of the oceans by cities, industries, vessels and the Federal Government as dumping grounds for everything from nerve gas to junked automobiles—a step I proposed last February in the first such legislation. Most marine scientists say that if we continue to use the sea as the trash can for the world, all edible and otherwise useful marine life will be destroyed in 25 to 50 years.

A National Policy of Technology Assessment: A new national policy also must be established declaring that pesticides, detergents, fuel additives, the SST—all the plethora of products turned out for a consumer society—will not be allowed in the market place until they are tested and meet both environmental and health standards. A national technology review board should be established immediately by Congress to formulate those standards. We must also take immediate steps to eliminate slow-degrading "chlorinated hydrocarbon" pesticides and find an environmentally safe alternative for the phosphate base in detergents.

A National Transportation Policy: We must establish a national policy that will offer mobility for Americans without the social and environmental consequences of the present emphasis on more and more automobiles and more and more highways. In order to preserve the flexibility and freedom provided by the automobile, it is essential that we have adequate mass-transportation systems to relieve the pressure; as a first step, we should earmark monies from the Highway Trust Fund for such a program.

A National Policy on Population: We should establish a national policy whose objective is stabilizing our population growth, with a program of intensive research into all the means of effective and safe family planning, and a broad educational effort making this information available to all who desire it. In all likelihood, it will be impossible to preserve an environment of quality if world population continues to double and redouble every few decades. By any standard of environmental measurement, the United States is already overpopulated. If this country cannot manage the wastes produced by 205,000,000 people, it will be catastrophic if we reach 300,000,000, as is possible within the next 30 years.

A National Policy of Citizens' Environmental Rights. Finally, a national policy must be established that recognizes every person's right to a decent environment, that gives the citizen standing in court to protect this right against abuse by other individuals, by industry or by public agencies. As matters now stand, the individual often finds himself with no remedy in the face of the pollution of a lake that belongs to the public or the dirtying of the air he must breathe or the shattering din to which he is subjected. To strengthen every individual's hand, I propose amending the Constitution to read: "Every person has the inalienable right to a decent environment. The United States and every state shall guarantee this right."

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These are the specific first steps that should be taken at the Federal level. But they can't possibly work without the great weight of public concern and commitment behind them. In the past few months, we've seen environmental action groups organizing nationwide, building from the local and state levels up, to launch a sustained environmental effort.

We should now declare an annual Earth Week, to be held the third week in April, as a time of assessment in which every community, every city, every state—and the nation as a whole—could spell out the specifics of the environmental performance gap. The environmental groups should take inventory of local and regional problems, testify at hearings for tough standards and enforcement and campaign for candidates who will take strong environmental stands.

Up to now, the decisions that have destroyed our environment have been made in the board rooms of giant corporations, in the thousands of Government agency offices protected from public scrutiny by layers of bureaucracy—and even in the frequently closed committee rooms of Congress. Now the public is rightfully demanding that these matters be brought out into the open and insisting that environmental and consumer advocates be installed in the Federal agencies and on the corporation boards. To those who will say it can't be done because "profit" and "progress" as we know them may have to suffer, I say that the cost of not acting will be far greater than anything we have yet imagined.

We have seen American institutions turn tail in the face of the grave new challenges of the modern age. Government, industry, the universities and even the churches have become patrons of the American cult of abundance—at the sacrifice of our most precious national heritage. Millions of citizens of all walks of life, all ages, all political persuasions are heavy with doubt about the ability of our system to perform. Their confidence and hope in the American way of life have been breached by the sad history of our recent past. And because of this new disillusionment and a growing impatience, it is highly doubtful that we will be permitted the time to muddle through—until the oceans are so polluted that they won't sustain life, until the air is so unbreathable that our cities will have to be domed, until the water becomes too filthy to purify for bathing, let alone for drinking. The question is whether we can join together in a massive, cooperative effort to preserve the integrity and livability of our environment before it's too late. We have the means, but only if we have the will.

TERMINAL MISUNDERSTANDING

(continued from page 108)

"No, Mr. Eisler, you can *really* thank me."

There was something suddenly hard and cold and dangerous in her voice. I turned toward her on the leatherette seat; our knees touched; she moved hers away instantly. I searched her face and found her eyes.

"Thank you for what?" I asked.

"For going through with it. For not causing any trouble."

"Jennifer," I said, "there was never any question of you and Adam getting married. *You* didn't want it, *he* didn't want it, your *parents* didn't want it—"

"I don't recall anybody ever asking us."

"It was our understanding——"

"I loved your son," Jennifer said.

"It was our understanding——"

"Oh, the hell with you and your understanding," she said. "Nobody asked us what *we* wanted. Everybody just assumed we were too young and too stupid and too uncommitted——"

"Nobody forced you into anything."

"*Everybody* forced us into *everything*!" Jennifer said flatly.

"Look," I said, "we discussed this completely at the time. It was our understanding that you and Adam *wanted* the abortion."

"I loved that goddamn son of yours," she said and suddenly she was crying.

My first reaction was to look quickly around the bar. The only person watching us was the waiter. I turned to Jennifer, covered her hand with my own and said, "Don't, Jennifer. Please."

"I can cry if I want to," she said.

"All right, cry. But here, take this, dry your eyes."

"We shouldn't have told you," she said. "*Keep* your damn handkerchief!"

"Jennifer, please!"

We should have just gone off and got married and never told any of you about it."

"OK, but that's not what——"

"We should have known better. You're all full of crap, each and every one of you. Honest Sam Eisler. Sends an eighteen-year-old kid to Puerto Rico for an abortion! I was only *eighteen*! Damn it, I don't *want* your fucking handkerchief!" she said and shoved my hand aside.

The waiter materialized again. He was wearing a stern and ominous look. He studied me solemnly for a moment and then said, "This person bothering you, miss?"

Without looking up at him, Jennifer said, "No, *you're* bothering me! Would you please go away and leave us alone?"

"Because if he is, miss——"

"Oh, my *God*!" Jennifer said.

"If he is——"

Jennifer suddenly seized my hand fiercely and looked up at the waiter, her eyes glistening, her face streaming tears. "This man is my lover," she said. "We meet—"

"Hm?" the waiter said.

"*Him*, yes! We meet here secretly at the Chicago airport, and now you're ruining everything for us." She rose quickly. "Come on, Sam," she said, "let's get out of here," and walked swiftly away from the table. I paid the check while the waiter apologized yet another time. Then I collected the luggage and carried it in two trips to where Jennifer was waiting outside the bar. Her face was dry. Her eyes still glistened.

"Well," she said, "thank you for the drinks, Mr. Eisler."

"I think I prefer Sam," I said.

"Sure," she said. "Sam." She nodded and said, "Played your cards right, Sam, you could have had yourself a gay old time here in Chicago."

"Never was a very good cardplayer," I said.

"Not even in the old days, Mr. Eisler. Not even when two scared kids came to you and asked for advice. It's a shame you didn't understand what they needed from you."

"What did they need, Jennifer?"

"They *didn't* need an abortion, Mr. Eisler."

"Maybe they should have *asked* for what they needed."

"Maybe you should have *known* what they needed."

"I'm sorry I didn't," I said. "I mean that, Jennifer."

"No sorrier than I, Mr. Eisler," she said and her voice caught, and I was sure she would begin crying again. But instead, she picked up first one suitcase, the other, and then the wig box, and tossed her bag back over her shoulder and brushed her hair away from her face and walked off to try to catch a flight back to San Francisco, which was home.

"Just watch yourself, young fellow. I may not know the law, but I know what I like."

SAVING THE CITIES *(continued from page 148)*

the cities grow so sick that their very survival is now questioned by editorial writers, columnists, essayists, mayors and many others? Old age, partly; changing technology, partly, inadequate governmental structuring, partly But the most pernicious influences of all have been chronic apathy and neglect. Obsolescence was built into the cities. Again, let's take Cleveland as an example. Two thirds of the city's housing is more than 50 years old. Most of it is frame construction. Much of it was built close to plants, factories and warehouses, ensuring its rapid decline in many cases because of the action of smoke and fumes on wood and paint. And when you have two or more generations using housing before moving on, new occupants and governments face monumental problems.

Let me comment parenthetically on the phenomenon of "moving on." It always has been the function of a city to be a temporary haven for those on the way up the economic and social ladder —indeed, a place providing the employment, educational and cultural opportunities that enabled individuals and families to move on and out. It is significant, in this regard, to recall that by the time Cleveland was incorporated as an Ohio city in 1836—40 years after General Moses Cleaveland, heading a surveying party for the Connecticut Land Company, had selected the mouth of the Cuyahoga River as the site for a settlement all but two of the original families had moved out Years later, John D Rockefeller, Sr, became involved in a legal dispute with the state and the city of Cleveland over tax payments and finally moved out of Ohio. So anyone who tries to tell me that whites have fled or are fleeing the central cities because of the relatively recent in-migration of black folks knows neither his history nor his sociology.

Changing technology has dramatized the obsolescence of the city as well as contributed to it I refer not only to the automobile, which made street patterns and traffic controls in the older industrial cities obsolete and permitted people to live at greater distances from their jobs, but also to the changing requirements of business and industry. Instead of vertical plants and warehouses on railroad sidings, the new requirements were for one-story plants, served by trucks, with acres and acres of asphalted parking space for employees' cars and a bit of green grass and landscaping to qualify for a beautification award from a trade magazine and a tax write-off from Uncle Sam. Within the plants, of course, were assembly lines, fork-lift trucks and other dictators of horizontality.

The outward flow of city residents was greatly accelerated by FHA-guaranteed mortgages in the years after World War Two. People for whom the central city would otherwise have remained a haven were encouraged to leave by FHA and GI Bill guarantees. They were also captivated by the suburban vision of green grass, lesser density (you can love your neighbors if there are fewer of them) outdoor grills and the friendly cop who lived next door and sent his kids to the same school as yours. But given the small lots preferred by housing developers and the increasing tax demands for schools, transportation, sewer construction and other municipal services, it has become apparent that the suburban oasis has proved to be a mirage for many.

Those who moved out, fooled or not, were for the most part economically advantaged. And increasingly, those who remained or who were drawn to the central city were the economically dependent —the Southern Negro, the Appalachian and the Southern white, the Indian and the elderly. The Southern Negro and the Appalachian white came to the city seeking the employment, educational and cultural opportunities that the city had provided previous generations of Mayflower types, farmers' sons and daughters and central, southern and eastern Europeans. But they arrived to find the city far less financially able to deal effectively with their problems than it had with the very similar plight of their urban predecessors.

As a direct consequence of these migrations, Cleveland has been declining in population since 1950, when the U. S census showed a population of nearly 915,000, and it has been declining as a percentage of the population of its region since 1910 Then the central city had 84.9 percent of the population of the total metropolitan area. In 1970, Cleveland's proportion of the regional population was 36.2 percent. At the same time, the population of the central city has become ever more dependent upon government. In 1910, the U. S. census showed that 75 percent of the population of the city of Cleveland was composed of those in their most economically productive years—15 to 64 years of age In 1965, that age group made up only 60 percent of the total and when the 1970 figures are broken down shortly, I suspect that they will show even fewer wage-earning residents and more of the very young and of the very old

Certain economic trends are also significant, because they indicate the growing inability of the city to serve this growing concentration of citizens who most need government services. As the population has shifted outward, neighborhood retail trade has gone along with it. In 1948, there were more than 57,000 retail employees in Cleveland. Then, the central city had 81 percent of all retail employment in the region. By 1967, the number of retail employees in the city was 46,000 and Cleveland was down to 44 percent of the total regional retail employment The trend was even more pronounced in dollar volume of retail trade In 1958 retail sales in Cleveland were 60 percent of the metropolitan-area total; in 1967, Cleveland had only 39 percent of the total. And the trend in wholesaling has been much the same.

Although there have been substantial increases in the number of employees and dollar volume in financial and business services and in the advertising and communications fields, the over-all impact on the city of these economic trends has been a drastic erosion of the revenues from property taxes, on which the city's services and schools have traditionally relied. The city's revenues have also been pinched by freeway construction, which has removed huge areas of land from the tax rolls. Another problem is the increasing concentration in the central city of its most valuable institutions —educational facilities, hospitals, museums, libraries, churches, symphony halls and charity-supported organizations, all of which in one way or another require city services for their use and enjoyment. Yet none of these institutions pays taxes. Six hundred million dollars' worth of Cleveland real estate—25 percent of the potential total assessment—is nontaxable, representing an annual loss to the city, at present property-tax rates, of $11,000,000. As a result, the major financial burden is inevitably shifted not only to the city-based corporations but also to the individual property owners, whose tax rates must continually be increased

Many of these difficulties—particularly the crucial financial problems—continue to exist because the structure of government has impeded efforts to meet the urban crisis. State legislatures have continued to reflect formulas that favor rural or suburban areas in the distribution of money for education, housing, welfare and health care. The *Baker vs. Carr* decision of the U. S. Supreme Court—the one-man, one-vote ruling gave great hope to mayors of big cities that we would be delivered from rural domination at the statehouse But it came too late. The population, as indicated, had shifted from the city proper to the suburbs and exurbs; thus, even with reapportionment, central cities are far from adequately represented in the state legislatures. The legislator from the suburb usually has no more concern for the ghetto –the problems of welfare recipients, the aged and the other minority groups who are imprisoned there, the complex problems of educating the economically and culturally disadvantaged —than did the farmer whose seat he took

So I am not very optimistic about any plans for Federal-revenue sharing that

would permit governors and/or state legislatures to oversee the distribution of funds piously earmarked by Washington for the cities. Revenue sharing is sound in principle, however. That is the direction in which we must go—and go far in order to meet the problems of the cities. Thirty years ago, local government collected two thirds of all tax revenues. Today, the situation is exactly reversed: The Federal Government collects two thirds of all tax revenues and local government only one third. That is why it is so important to reorder our national priorities. That is why the Federal Government must come to realize that 70 percent of the population of the country now lives in urban areas, and that what this country needs is not a good five-cent cigar or a "Southern strategy" but an urban strategy—one that will preserve and strengthen the democratic processes and make the American dream of equal opportunity more real for those of our citizens who are locked in the ghettos of our big cities.

I am tempted to propose that state government be done away with and the Congress be reconstituted. Instead of a Senate composed of two members from each of the 50 states, I would propose an upper House composed of 100 representatives from the 50 largest metropolitan areas, one to be elected from the central city of each metropolitan area and one at large. For state government—an obvious anachronism—I would substitute regional government, which could address itself properly to area-wide problems such as water pollution, intercity transportation, economic development and planning.

But the form is not really important. What is essential is to find ways and means to end the apathy and neglect that have permitted, even encouraged, the decline of the city and the quality of urban life. Solutions will come only when Americans realize that they have no alternative to saving the cities. Suburbia is no escape. Suburbs become cities, with all their needs for municipal services, with voter resistance to tax measures, with sewage-treatment and garbage-disposal problems, with rising crime rates and with schools to be built and staffed. I don't think new towns are an alternative, either. Like suburbs, they, too, become cities; and although they may be better planned initially and benefit at the start from a peculiarly American pioneer optimism, they will find it impossible to create overnight or even over decades a Cleveland Orchestra, with its Severance Hall, a Columbia University, a Golden Arch, a University of Chicago or a Golden Gate Bridge.

The cities of America represent such a tremendous investment of time, energy, talent, ingenuity, hope and human resources that they cannot and must not be written off. Their decline must be arrested. They must be restored, revitalized, improved and strengthened so that they can fulfill their destiny, their mission—aiding the weak, enriching the spirit of all and ennobling civilization as we have inherited it and contributed to it in this second half of the 20th Century.

"How can we prevent pregnancy? We don't even know what causes it."

A few strides in the right direction have been made in Cleveland. After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in April 1968, technical and professional people from throughout the metropolitan area sat down with my cabinet to devise a program to meet immediate, pressing problems. The result was the Cleveland: NOW! program, which allocated $177,000,000 over the ensuing 18 months in the areas of housing, employment, summer youth programs, urban renewal and neighborhood conservation, small-business assistance and development and policy planning and evaluation. We established specific goals in several areas—4000 new or rehabilitated dwelling units for low- and moderate-income families, 11,000 jobs or job-training opportunities for the hard-core unemployed, summer youth programs that would reach, or attempt to reach, the most alienated. We reached these goals in most cases—and surpassed them in some.

Although the bulk of the money, more than $140,000,000, came from the Federal Government, the private sector was directly engaged. We sought $11,250,000 from corporations, foundations and individuals in a uniquely successful campaign for seed money from private sources for governmental programs. School children gave nickels and dimes; corporation executives living in the suburbs gave hundreds and hundreds of dollars; a retired couple contributed $1,000,000 in stocks. Because local government was offering and providing the leadership and direction that had been wanting before, the result was total involvement of the broad community in the city's future. Because of the success of this program in reordering priorities to put first things first, I am compelled to suggest to the Nixon Administration and to the Congress a simple and obvious extension, in spirit and slogan, of the Cleveland experience—"The Cities NOW!"

GAMES *(continued from page 91)*

enjoy playing with people's minds—or might things get a bit more kinky?"

Who Am I? is a bloody-good indoor sport, especially when the players are relatively imaginative—and rather high. When you think enough blood has flowed, send up the white flag and declare a winner—the one a majority of those interrogated feel asked the cruelest questions. Then hand him the door prize—his coat—and bid him good night. Chances are he'll be happy to leave; but if tears begin to well up as you push him out the door, grant a reprieve and invite him to stay for the next game. He may be sorry.

LIFEBOAT

This is the most demonic of our unholy trilogy of indoor sports. A new round of drinks is mandatory, for you may have noticed that an uneasy silence has settled upon the room. Have your guests pull their chairs as close together as possible, roughly in the shape of a lifeboat, with you at the bow.

"We're all in a lifeboat, drifting at sea," you explain, "with no land or rescue in sight. The boat is slowly sinking because there's too much weight on board and there's not enough food. A school of hungry tiger sharks has discovered our plight and established a gradually diminishing perimeter around the boat. Soon the stern will be underwater and we'll all be lost—unless a few of you are tossed overboard."

Everyone in the boat must now take turns trying to convince the group, as truthfully as possible, why he or she should be kept aboard and why another person on the boat should be thrown to the sharks. The other person named must argue to save his neck and you, as the host-captain, must act as moderator—putting the final vote to the other passengers.

"Let's begin with Armond," you say. Armond has been chafing ever since the opening rounds of Categories, when someone said he had all the virility of a stud field mouse. Armond isn't known for his ability to take a joke.

He thinks for a minute. "Sally," he says, turning to a sensitive young divorcee who's into her third year of psychoanalysis and is just beginning to find herself. "You have to get out of the boat. You've got no kids and no husband——"

"So what?"

"You're a loose end."

"Loose end? Wha'd'ya mean, a loose end?"

"Everybody else here is part of a team. You know—married, engaged, going together. A *team*. You're the logical one to get out."

"What *is* this—Noah's ark? *You're* the one who should get out. You *weigh* more than I do."

"*All* the men weigh more, Sally. If they got out, then you'd have a lifeboat full of girls and nobody strong enough to row."

"We've got no place to row to anyway. The important thing is that I'm *lighter* than you!"

"You're lighter, all right, you goddamn featherhead. Now try to understand this. Everybody here but you is going with somebody or is married to somebody or is living with somebody who's on board and *you're not*. Your analyst wouldn't come with you tonight, so you're all alone. You're odd baggage. You don't fit. There's no reason why you should stay on board. Let's take a vote——"

"Take a vote. Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"I *can't* go overboard."

"*Why not?*"

"Because . . . because . . . because I'm pregnant."

Armond goes over the side. As the night wears on, the seas get progressively rougher. The sharks get hungrier. Tongues crack like bullwhips. Drinks are doubled and redoubled. Your ex-friends head for the john just to get away from the waves of tension that hang thick in the room's still air, as visible as the smoke wafting from cigarettes stuffed into overflowing ashtrays. Lifeboat is no longer a game. It's gut survival.

The number of passengers is down to four. They're really into it. Locked on. Nobody budging an inch. Egos and lives at stake. Frank and his best friend, Arthur, have been at it for five minutes. It began politely enough, with a few gentle taps, but it's escalated quickly into heavy slugging.

"You're lousy in the clutch," Arthur says, "and you're scared. You always run scared. Everybody can see it in your face. A lot of damn good you'll be——"

"I'm up to my eyeballs in your arrogant bullshit. Nobody listens, but you keep shoveling. Well, shovel on, dumbass. I'm *smarter* than you. I think faster. I get jobs done. I'm what's needed to survive."

"If you're our survival, you little piece of crap, God help us. Look at him. *Look at him.* He can't even look anyone in the eye. Is that what you want? A scrawny little accountant who can't count to twenty unless his shoes are off? What are you going to add where we're going, pinhead? Coconuts and bananas? Do you want a miserable, sniveling, contemptible little worm or a man who can pull his own weight?"

"Do you want to be marooned on an island with a vicious bastard like that? For a month? Or a year? Or *forever*? Do you want Herr Gruppenführer with you 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, *forever*? Do you want a *friend* or an assassin? It's not me against him, it's him against all of you. Kill him. Kill him before he kills you. Get him now or he'll get you. That's where it's at. Get *him*. Not me. Him. *Him!*"

Eventually, the game of Lifeboat will end with no real winners but many sadder and wiser losers. And so the evening comes to an end. Chances are there will be no lingering at the door, few friendly farewells. Couples who came together may depart separately. Merry Christmases are unlikely to ring out in the stillness of the cold winter night. And certainly few Happy New Years. For some, Christmas may not arrive at all. They'll be busy with their lawyers, arranging for alimony and child support. Others may wish to take an abrupt holiday abroad—perhaps in Patagonia or the Seychelles. You may wish to join them.

The above is all conjecture, of course, for the holiday season is upon us and it's time for wassailing and mistletoe. Should you be called on to preside over an evening's entertainment, however, you know what to do. Let the games begin!

"Like to see what this baby can do?"

ELEGANT FARE *(continued from page 116)*

BUCKWHEAT CREPES

¼ cup butter
6 eggs
1½ cups milk
½ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup buckwheat flour (stone-ground, if possible)
⅓ cup white all-purpose flour

Melt butter over low flame. Skim foam from top. Pour butter into bowl, discarding solid part in bottom of pan. Set aside. Put eggs, milk, water, salt, both kinds of flour and 2 tablespoons of the clarified butter into blender. Blend 15 seconds at high speed. Stop blender and scrape sides. Blend ½ minute more. Pour batter into bowl. Preheat Swedish cast-iron platter pan; i.e., a pan with 7 sections for making small pancakes. Place pan over moderate flame; adjust flame from time to time as necessary. Brush pan with clarified butter. Fill each section with about 2 teaspoons batter. Tilt pan if necessary to spread batter completely. Fry until light brown. Turn crepes with fork to brown lightly on other side. Crepes may be freshly made as party progresses or they may be made in advance, covered with aluminum foil, chilled and then reheated in a slow oven until warm.

CLEAR TURTLE AND TOMATO SOUP

3 lbs. fresh tomatoes
6 egg whites
3 medium-size onions, chopped fine
2 carrots, chopped fine
2 leeks, chopped fine
4 quarts chicken broth
2 bay leaves
6 whole cloves
12 whole allspice
¼ teaspoon leaf thyme
Salt, pepper
2 10½-oz. cans turtle meat
½ cup medium-dry sherry
6 thin slices lemon

Remove stem ends from tomatoes; chop tomatoes fine. Pour egg whites into soup pot. Beat just until they begin to turn foamy. Add onions, carrots, leeks and tomatoes, mixing well. Pour in cold chicken broth. Add bay leaves, cloves, allspice and thyme. Slowly bring to a boil. Vegetables and egg whites will cohere during cooking. Simmer slowly 1½ hours. Let soup cool slightly. Strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Add salt and pepper if necessary. A few drops of red coloring may be added if desired. Remove turtle meat from cans, reserving turtle broth in cans. Cut turtle meat into ¼ in. dice. In saucepan, combine turtle broth, turtle meat and sherry. At serving time, reheat soup and turtle mixture separately. Divide turtle mixture among soup plates or cups. Pour clear soup into plates or cups. Cut lemon slices in half; float a half on each portion.

LOBSTER SOUFFLÉ

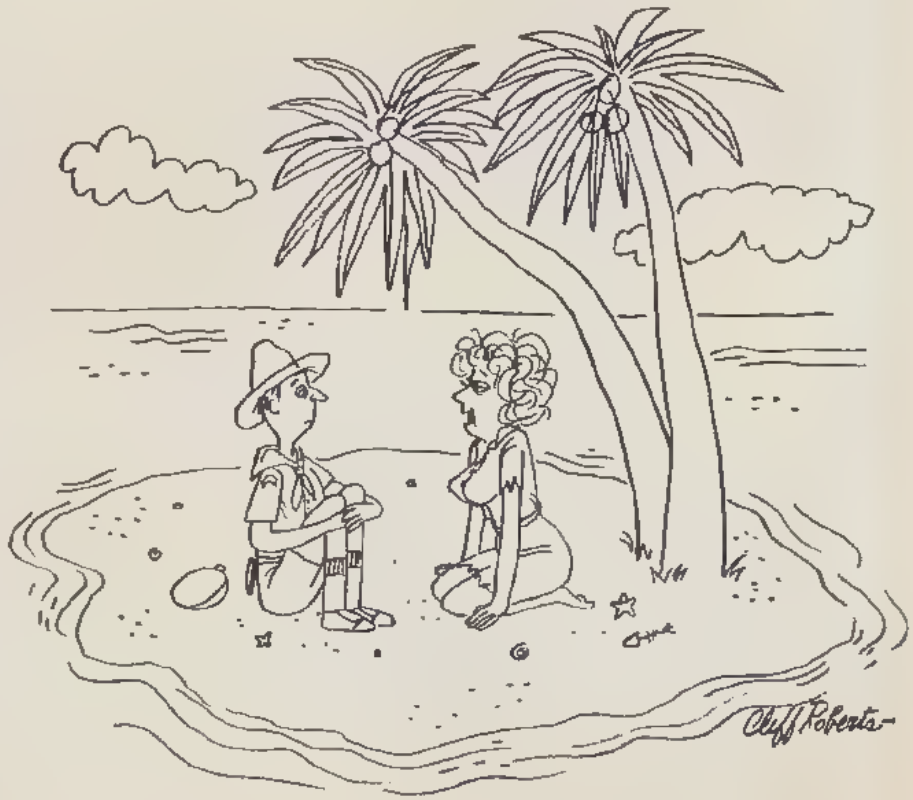
3 1¼-lb. freshly boiled-live lobsters
¾ cup butter
2 bay leaves
½ cup very finely minced onion
¾ cup all-purpose flour
3 cups hot milk
⅓ cup dry white wine
Salt, pepper
12 egg yolks, beaten
12 egg whites

Remove meat from lobster shells. Save tomalley and roe, if any. Break roe apart. Cut meat into small dice no larger than ¼ in. Butter 12 individual soufflé dishes of 1¼-cup capacity each or 2 2-quart soufflé dishes. Melt butter with bay leaves over low flame. Add onion and sauté until onion is yellow but not brown. Remove from flame and stir in flour, blending well. Slowly stir in hot milk, mixing well with wire whisk. Return to moderate flame and cook, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes. Remove from flame. Remove bay leaves from sauce. Stir in lobster, tomalley, roe and wine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Preheat oven at 375°. Let sauce stand 15 to 30 minutes at room temperature. Stir in egg yolks, blending well. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, that is, until they form soft peaks and will not flow from bowl when it is tipped. They should not be so stiff that they have lost their shine. Gradually fold egg whites into sauce. Pour into soufflé dishes; place them in baking pan containing 1 in. very hot water. Bake 20–25 minutes if dishes are small; bake 35–40 minutes if dishes are large. Serve at once.

ROAST CROWN AND SADDLE OF LAMB

2 crown roasts of lamb, prepared by butcher, 14 to 16 ribs each
1 whole saddle of lamb (double loin cut across back)
Salad oil
Salt, pepper
1 quart stock
1 tablespoon meat extract
4 tablespoons arrowroot or cornstarch
2 tablespoons madeira or medium-dry sherry
3 tablespoons sweet butter

Normally, 2 crown roasts and 1 whole saddle are sufficient for 12 people. For extra-hearty trenchermen, another saddle may be added. Be sure backbones have been completely removed from crown roasts for carving. Ends of rib bones should be trimmed off meat and covered with aluminum foil. Have butcher cut off tough flanks of the saddle. They may be boiled and used for the stock or they may be used another time for a stew. Remove meat from refrigerator 1 hour before roasting. Preheat oven at 375°. Place meat in shallow roasting pan. Brush lightly with oil, sprinkle with salt



"I just thought of a good deed you could do. . . ."

and pepper. Roast 1¼–1¾ hours, depending on doneness desired: lamb connoisseurs prefer the meat slightly pink. While meat is roasting, bring stock and meat extract to a boil. Dissolve arrowroot in 2 tablespoons each of cold water and madeira. Slowly add to stock, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes. Set aside. When meat is completely roasted, remove it from pan. Pour off fat from pan. Add stock, scraping pan bottom, and bring to a boil over top flame. Simmer 2–3 minutes. Remove gravy from pan. Stir in butter; add salt and pepper to taste. Before carving, remove foil from rib ends. They may be garnished by fastening spiced crab apples or kumquats soaked in rum to each rib. Carve crown by cutting into chops. Carve loin lengthwise into thin strips, not forgetting the two *filets* on the underside of the saddle. Pass pan gravy at table. Serve lamb with a 12-oz. jar of black-currant jelly, into which 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar has been blended with a wire whisk.

POTATOES DORE PUFF

4½ cups diced potatoes
2 teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons butter
1½ cups all-purpose flour
6 eggs
Salad oil

Boil potatoes in water to which 1 teaspoon salt has been added. Cook until potatoes are soft. Drain well; mash with potato ricer. Do not add the usual butter or milk. In a saucepan, heat 1½ cups water, remaining 1 teaspoon salt and butter until water boils and butter melts. Reduce heat. Add flour all at once and stir until batter is firm and leaves sides of pan. Remove from fire. Turn batter into bowl of electric mixer. Add eggs one by one, beating well after each addition. Add potatoes and mix until well blended. Heat 1 in oil in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop potato mixture by teaspoons into hot oil. Fry until puffed and light brown. Drain on paper toweling. Place in a single layer in very shallow baking pans or cookie sheets. Place in freezer. Potatoes will freeze rather quickly. At serving time (after lamb and soufflés have been removed from oven), turn oven heat to 450°. Bake potatoes uncovered 8–10 minutes or until medium brown. Sprinkle with salt.

SAUCE MALTAISE

¾ lb. unsalted butter
9 egg yolks
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper, cayenne

Melt butter over low flame. Remove from fire and skim foam from top. Beat egg yolks and orange juice with wire whisk in top part of double boiler. Place over barely simmering, not boiling, water. Top part of double boiler should not be in contact with water. Beat constantly with whisk, scraping corners and bottom of pan; cook just until egg yolks begin to turn creamy in consistency. Do not cook until they become thick or firm. Turn yolks into bowl of electric mixer. Heat butter over low flame until hot. With mixer at medium speed, add hot butter in dribbles, no more than a tablespoon at a time. Do not add solid part of melted butter in bottom of pan. When all of the butter has been added, turn off mixer. Stir in orange rind and lemon juice. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Sauce may be made in advance and kept in a warm, not hot, place. It should not be reheated if it is served lukewarm with broccoli, which has been trimmed and boiled.

CELERY KNOB, FRESH MUSHROOM AND SWEET PEPPER SALAD

1½ lbs. celery knobs (celeriac)
1 lb. fresh firm white mushrooms
2 large sweet red or green peppers
1 cup olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 heads Boston lettuce
Salt, freshly ground pepper

Remove leaves and root ends of celery knobs. Peel. Boil in salted water until tender—usually 20–30 minutes or longer, depending on size. First, cut into thin slices, then cut slices crosswise into matchstick size strips. Cut mushroom caps and stems same size as celery knobs. Cut peppers in quarters lengthwise. Remove stem ends, seeds and inner membranes. Cut crosswise into thinnest possible strips. Store in refrigerator. Pour olive oil, lemon juice, vinegar, both kinds of mustard and ¼ teaspoon salt into blender. Blend at high speed 30 seconds. Put celery knobs and mushrooms in bowl and pour olive-oil dressing over them; toss well. Chill until serving time. Wash and dry lettuce and tear into small pieces. At serving time toss lettuce in large salad bowl with celery knobs and mushrooms, together with their dressing, and peppers. Add salt and pepper.

ICE CREAM WITH CRÈME DE MENTHE PEARS GRASSHOPPER SAUCE

2 18-oz. jars pears in crème de menthe
1 2-quart *bombe* French vanilla ice cream or 2 quarts vanilla ice cream
2 ozs. cognac
2 ozs. crème de menthe
3 ozs. white crème de cacao

Drain pears, reserving juice. Divide ice cream among 12 dessert dishes. Heat pear juice over low flame. Place pears in shallow porcelainized iron pan or chafing dish. Add about ¼ cup pear juice. Heat over chafing-dish flame for several minutes until pears are warmed. Add cognac, crème de menthe and crème de cacao. Set ablaze. When flames subside, spoon hot pears into serving dishes alongside ice cream. Add flambéed liquid to pear juice and pour over ice cream.

A felicitous gathering of kindred spirits, the holiday feast will be made more so with appropriately gala food and drink, such as that set forth in the preceding recipes, for an ebullient New Year's Eve. Let the revels begin.

"Beat it, Kovarisky, this is a pas de deux!"

winter

(continued from page 122)

To Magda on the other hand, a stone is a stone and that's that. Now she kept on just as if she hadn't heard what I'd said. "I'm telephoning to tell you that they're all here, in my flat, and are expecting you."

"Who's there?"

"Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante Alighieri, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Napoleon Bonaparte."

I pretended not to see the joke and answered: "All right, I'll get ready and come."

I put down the receiver and extracted myself with some trouble from the enveloping sheets in which I'd been wrapped for two days. As soon as I put my feet to the floor, my dachshund, Zen, started jumping round me. He hoped I was going to take him for a walk, poor beast, after 48 hours of darkness and immobility. "No, Zen," I said, "no, lie down, there's a good dog," and to keep him quiet, I gave him the last biscuit on the tray. For two days we had been living on tea and biscuits, Zen and I. He had eaten almost more than I, but I didn't feel the least bit ill, just the contrary. I went to the bathroom, turned on the shower and stood with closed eyes under the hot rushing water. Then, while it splashed on my back, I saw, as in a flash of lightning, the psychedelic design that I would paint on myself. I saw it in every detail, as if I had already painted it.

I turned off the shower, dried myself and still naked went to sit on the bed. I took the box of make-up pencils and began a design on my stomach. I painted my navel to look like an eye, with a blue pupil and a black eyebrow, then gradually I surrounded this eye with concentric, wavy arabesques in red, blue, green and yellow, all over my stomach. Behind the arabesques, as if behind the waves of a sea, I painted the face of an Indian saint, with that single navel-eye, a hooked nose with very wide nostrils, made by the fold in my belly, a pair of big black mustaches and a pointed beard, this being the triangle of my pubic hair. My belly finished, I went on to my thorax. With the black pencil, I made a number of stripes across my ribs, like those of the figure of death in the medieval *danse macabre*. Then to my chest. Although I'm supple and slim as a snake, I have, unfortunately, the big bosom of a wet nurse. Two breasts, solid as two big pumpkins. I decided, after reflection, that I hadn't the time to paint them. I'd have liked to put there two figures of Vishnu dancing with numbers of arms and legs and with the nipples as the centers. All I did was paint my breasts in a fairly simple style, one green with a red nipple and one red with a green nipple. I tackled my arms then, making a number of blue and red loops on them. I painted a yellow exclamation mark on my left hand and a purple question mark on my right hand. I proceeded to my face. Grayish powder, no rouge, eyes sunken-looking with black rings round them. Luckily, I wear my hair long and loose; all that was needed was one or two strokes with the brush. At this point, the dachshund, poor little beast, who'd been gazing ecstatically at me during all this, came to me, holding in his mouth the leash I use when I take him for a walk. I took it and patted him, then I started dressing.

I put on a pair of black-velvet trousers with very wide bell bottoms and a very low waist, so that my painted stomach could be seen. I put on a yellow-leather belt with a big purple buckle. Then a transparent blouse, black, embroidered with gold stars, which I tied below my bosom. Under it my green breast and my red breast exploded with a fine effect. Round my neck I hung five necklaces of small money value but great philosophical significance. They came from a big village below the Himalayas. They were brought to me by a boy who had spent two months there and had caught hepatitis. I slipped on my famous rings, three to each finger. One had an oval pink stone with iridescent green reflections. Finally, over the blouse, I put on a mauve-velvet cloak.

But there was the problem of the dog. I did not want to take him with me; there's never any knowing how an evening may end up, especially at Magda's, and I might even lose him. Now he was walking with me toward the door, wagging his tail, and I said, "No, Zen, be a good dog, stay here and don't bark." It was a waste of breath. No sooner was I in the hall of the pension than I heard him howling furiously.

The owner of the house, a disagreeable man, bald as a coot, with the face of a sexton and the thick neck of a policeman, popped out from I don't know where and said to me, "*Signorina*, this really won't do. It's one o'clock in the morning and your dog is waking the whole place up. Go stop him, or else——"

Hurriedly I waved my hand at him. "It's all right, it's all right . . . Now please call me a taxi." And I went back upstairs. I opened the door and there was the dog, in the middle of the room, gazing at me with imploring eyes. I took a saucer, poured into it most of the water in which I had dissolved the barbiturates, then added a little milk and three packets of sugar. The dog, hungry and thirsting, immediately rushed to drink from the saucer and I got out again quickly. I said to the landlord: "You'll see, he won't bark anymore now."

I jumped into the taxi, threw myself

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down onto the seat, feeling exhausted. I said, "Let's go to Magda's."

The taxi driver asked, "Who's Magda?"

I answered impatiently, "What d'you mean, who is she? Are we still at *that* stage? There's no one in the world who is anybody. Well, if you want to know, she's my best friend." I give everyone the familiar *tu*, except the landlord of the pension, but there are men who mistake it for the *tu* of lovemaking, and the taxi driver was one of those.

He looked at me with a glance of surprise, and of a certain slyness, too, saying, "Well, where does she live?"

I was exasperated; I waved my hand at him and said, "Go on, drive straight on and in the end, you'll come across Magda." The fact was that I had forgotten her address and, if a thing has been forgotten, what can you do to recall it? The driver, a dark young man, not at all bad looking, was now gazing at me perplexed, as though really wondering where Magda lived. Then he started the engine quickly, put it into gear and we were off.

As the taxi hurtled onward, throwing me from side to side at every bend in the road, I was trying to recall the reasons I had wanted to kill myself an hour ago. I couldn't decide. The chief reason seemed to be that, three days before, I'd told Magda that I wanted to do it. But I had entirely forgotten any other reasons. Evidently they were of a philosophical kind; nowadays you live, and thus you also die, from philosophical motives. It didn't matter. I would go to Magda's; I would dance, say, until five in the morning and then I would go back to the pension and take the barbiturates. My suicide had been merely postponed.

The taxi stopped with a jerk and I looked out and saw that we were in the country: no lampposts, a hedge, some trees, a winding lane that looked white in the car's headlights. The driver got out, opened the back door, sat down beside me and threw himself onto me with rape in mind. He seized hold of my transparent blouse with the gold stars and tore it from my breasts; at the same time, he was trying to undo the buckle of my belt. I fought back and struggled and, in the end, I managed to knee him in the stomach and throw him back against the side of the taxi. Then I spoke calmly. I told him that, if he liked, once we arrived at Magda's, he could go up with me and have a drink and dance and stay with us. Later on, Cecilia, who had no home of her own and who was always available, would go with him and make love, provided he'd give her a place to sleep. If not Cecilia, it would be somebody else. When I said this, he gave me a really ugly look, like a bull ready to charge. Then he did charge. He grabbed me by the hair, threw me out of the taxi, jumped in again behind the wheel and drove off at full speed.

Bruised, dusty, limping, I got up and hurried down the lane to the main road. I sat on a fence and decided to calm down by making an effort at contemplation and identifying with some ordinary object, the first that I happened to see. There, on the edge of a ditch, was a common flower, a kind of yellow daisy. I stared at it, isolating myself and concentrating my mind so much that the whole world became remote and extraneous to me. At first, the flower resisted. In a mean, bourgeois way, it asserted its own personality as being distinct from mine. It defended the color of its petals, the shape of its leaves, the length of its root as individual characteristics that, according to the flower, would prevent it from being merged with me. I tried harder. I encircled it with my love; and then, though very slowly, the daisy yielded. Gradually, I felt that I was becoming the flower and the flower was becoming me. In the end, the identification was so profound that I barely noticed the drivers who stopped to ask me the usual idiotic questions: "Well, shall we go?" or "How much d'you want?" or "What's the tariff?" and so on.

By now, it was day. The sun shone behind a row of trees, clear and bright as a jewel, and I realized that I was numb with cold. So I decided to break off my contemplative identification. I "withdrew" from the flower and the flower withdrew from me.

I was now just an ordinary girl sitting on a fence; the flower was now just an ordinary flower growing on the side of a ditch. I rose with an effort, feeling battered and stiff, and raised my arm to try to get a ride.

At once, a car stopped with a screech of brakes. At the wheel sat a middle-aged nun; another nun, an elderly woman, was sitting beside her. On the back seat was a younger nun, in fact, a mere girl, with a white, clean face and pale-blue eyes. I climbed in beside her and the car drove on. The elderly nun asked me my address and then, without moving or turning round, added, "What were you doing, my daughter, sitting on that fence, at seven in the morning?"

"I was identifying myself with a daisy, Mother."

When I said this, the face of the young nun beside me expanded and reddened, as if she were trying to stifle her laughter. The elderly one inquired, "And why are you got up in that way?"

"In what way?"

"Why, half-naked and with those colors."

"To go and see Magda."

"Who is Magda?"

Suddenly I got impatient and shouted, "Magda, I, that flower, you three—we're all the same thing. What a lot of silly questions! Are you still at *that* stage?"

"In any case, you're giving offense to God by exposing yourself in public like that," said the old nun.

The young nun, at this point, took hold of the edge of my cloak and made as if to draw it over my stomach and my chest, which were, indeed, half naked. But I stopped her crying, "It's not I who should cover myself, it's you who should *un*cover yourself. Show your breasts, your belly, your behind. Throw away those black veils. Show yourself naked. Are flowers covered, trees, horses, mountains? You talk about God and then you hide yourself from His sight. Now I'm going to uncover you, yes, I'm going to tear off all those ugly black veils."

And so, all at once, a kind of fight broke out between the nun and me. I was trying to undress her and she was resisting. She was very strong, much stronger than I, so soon she got the better of me. I gave up and laid my head in her lap. Then I became drowsy and, half-asleep, I felt her light hand caressing my brow and smoothing back my hair. Finally, I felt the car stop and the young nun helped me get out while the two others pretended not to see me. All at once, I found myself on the pavement among a crowd, in front of the door of the pension. I went in, got into the elevator and started going up.

I reached the long, dark, evil-smelling corridor of the pension. When I opened the door of my room, the first thing I saw was the dachshund lying on his side on the floor, motionless, with eyes closed, beside his empty saucer. I thought he was asleep. I threw myself onto the bed, wrapping myself up in the bedclothes, just as I was, and I fell asleep immediately. I had a strange dream: I was in the lane where I had been last night, holding the dachshund on the leash. I was walking toward the sun as it was rising behind a row of trees. The sun rose completely, the sky was filled with light. The dachshund said to me: "Untie me, let me go. The moment has come for us to part. I must go to paradise." Then I bent down and undid the leash and immediately, like a flash of lightning, the dog ran off in front of me and vanished. I was left alone and I burst into tears. Weeping bitterly, I awoke.

I looked down at the dachshund. He was still there, stretched out motionless beside his saucer, his eyes closed. But I noticed that his lips were slightly parted and that his teeth could be seen. I rose, and the first thing I did was to stoop and touch his nose. It was cool—a good sign. But when I stroked him, I found that his body was colder than his nose. I understood then that the dog was dead. But I could not weep; I had already wept in my dream. At that moment, somebody knocked at the door and a terrible voice cried, "Telegram!"

—Translated by Angus Davidson

"Sir Gawain covers the flanks, Sir Bevedere here looks after the rear, while I concentrate on the front— we do everything as a team."

autumn *(continued from page 121)*

balls, sports, cruises and what not. But, really, I haven't time for love, which is one of those free things you can't make into a planned program. Can you imagine anyone writing in an engagement book, "December 12–January 20: love"? Love is for people who have the time, and that means people who live outside time. D'you know the answer I gave to a society reporter who asked me whether love played an important part in my life? I told her, with my well-known, brilliant smile, "I live in airplanes. How can I think about love when I live in airplanes? Let's leave love to people who stay in one place."

So I sat down on the unmade bed beside the tray with the tea that I still hadn't had time to drink, took my big engagement book crammed with addresses from all over the world, ran my finger down the column, looking for Benno's name, and was on the point of picking up the receiver. But suddenly, I stopped. My maid appeared and announced, "Your sister."

And immediately, my twin sister, Susanna, came into the room, with a singsong "Hello, Marianna."

They say that twin sisters have a kind of physiological identity. If one of them gets ill, the other feels the effects. Nonsense. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Susanna is a stranger to me, but in fact she is, almost. It's quite obvious that we are twins; we have the same enormous blue eyes, the same fair hair, the same pointed nose, the same big, red mouth, but the resemblance ends there. I am high-strung, crazy; Susanna is relaxed, languid, phlegmatic. My chief trait is nervous quickness, Susanna's is exasperating slowness.

These differences in temperament have given us different destinies. From the start, I wanted to be rich, and I've succeeded, even though it meant a *mariage de convenance* with an elderly man. Luckily, he very soon left me a widow. Susanna did not want anything; she just went on living. In fact, she achieved nothing at all. There she was, anyhow, and the very sight of her spoke for itself. She was dressed like a tramp, with a shapeless sweater and faded slacks and down-at-the-heel boots. Her naked face, with no make-up, was topped with a sort of peasant head scarf. I said, "So it's you! I've got to leave and I still have everything to do. Look, it'd really be better if you went away."

Not at all. She came toward me with arms outstretched. I jumped backward, avoiding her embrace, because, to be frank about it, she smells. She wasn't upset, however, but looked around and remarked in that drawling, astonished tone of voice she has, "What a lot of lovely dresses! But what a lot of them! You certainly have plenty of clothes!"

I had taken off my dressing gown and was already at the door of the bathroom when it occurred to me that I might get rid of her by giving her something and then sending her to the Devil. I turned back, naked and nervous, and hurried around the room, collecting a pair of slacks I had never worn, a cashmere sweater, some perfectly new boots. All these I threw at her, saying, "Here you are; throw away those stinking clothes you've got on. You've got some presents now. Then please, please go away; I haven't time."

Slowly, very slowly, she took the clothes, looked them over lengthily, repeated several times a rather unconvincing, ironic-sounding "Thank you," and then, to my extreme irritation, said quietly, "Now I'll try them on."

No, don't try them on, put them on and go away."

She did not listen to me. Very slowly, she pulled down the zipper of her slacks and slipped them off. Slowly, she took off her sweater. There she stood, in her brassiere and panties. They were riddled with holes, threadbare and filthy. I was furious. "You're dirty, you're foul," I cried. "Before you put on my clothes, you've got to be a lot cleaner. Come on, now, we'll take a shower together."

I tore off her rags and pushed her under the shower. She struggled a little, protesting and groaning, but she gave in. We were now underneath the jet of hot water. I seized the soap and lathered Susanna from head to foot. While I was soaping her, I realized how different we really are. My body is all nerves and muscle, as if made for running. No one has ever looked at me or contemplated me for long, and I have never contemplated anybody else at length. Susanna, on the other hand, is tender and soft and smooth. I have a feeling that she has stood still all her life, slowly staring, and that she has always let other people slowly stare at her. I came out of the shower with her, wrapped her up in a towel, gave her a quick rub to dry her and then pushed her out again into the bedroom.

"Now you're clean and you can put on my clothes."

"My wife gave it to me for Christmas. The idea is to activate your anti-ballistic missile before your opponent activates his anti-ballistic missile."

We dressed together. Susanna dressed so slowly that when she was just slipping her legs into the slacks, I was already sitting, completely dressed, in front of the table to put on my make-up. I watched her in the mirror as she finished. Then she began, in a plaintive, absent-minded tone of voice, "I come to see you only once or twice a year and you don't even ask me how the children are."

Now I was in for it. Three daughters by three different men, none of them her husband. I am not raising moral questions, but I don't have time to sort out all of her domestic complications. In a great hurry, I said, "Ah, yes, how are they, how are they? Are they all right—Isabella and Giannina and Lea?"

"They're all right, but they're growing and with them, clothes are really a problem. I solved the problem by making 'growing' clothes, you might say, big overalls down to their feet skirts down to their calves. But they hate that. They're ashamed, they're already just as particular as grown-up women."

I was touching up my eyes and was almost frightened to see how they glittered with anger. "D'you still live in that basement?" I asked.

"No, we've moved. We're in an attic. It's true there are only two rooms, but we have plenty of roof terraces. We're on the outskirts, almost in the country."

She was standing just behind me and now I could not see her, but I felt her presence and it annoyed me. From the dressing table I picked up, haphazardly, a long, glistening yellow-metal chain, studded with a lot of false stones, and held it out to her over my shoulder, saying, "Put this on, too. And go away."

I should never have done it. She took the chain in both hands, looked at it with silent, greedy astonishment, stone by stone. She is so extremely slow because she takes things in by degrees, through her senses, whereas I myself am extremely quick because I take things in all at once, with my mind. Finally, in a lazy and yet tempted voice, she said, "But I don't want to take it away from you. What a gorgeous thing! Are you really giving it to me? Don't you need it? Aren't you going to wear it for your trip?"

"I'm giving it to you. But it's not for wearing round the neck. It goes round the waist."

"Like this?"

I did not answer her this time. I finished doing my lips and then pressed the bell. The maid appeared. I said to her sharply, "Tell Vincenzo to come up and fetch my suitcases."

Now, for some reason, a strange recollection came back to me. Strange because it was so insignificant. Some time ago, I took a short walk in the garden and felt the warmth of the sun on my face, and I thought: How warm the sun is! It's really summer. I thought of this as I saw the look that Susanna gave the yellow-metal chain. And I reflected that during that walk in the garden, I discovered through my senses that it was summer, instead of learning the fact from, let us say, the little numbers on my calendar; in just the same way, Susanna, a short while ago, discovered, through her senses, the beauty of the chain I had given her. And I said to myself that it was years since I'd discovered anything that way. Alas, I never have time to stop and look and contemplate anything. But now Susanna was saying, "You've treated me like a beggar come to ask you for charity. It's true that I have something to ask you. But it isn't a question of clothes."

I said decisively, "Now, look, I haven't time; the car's waiting for me to go to the airport."

"I'll make it short, though really it's a very complicated and a very long story. You must know that——"

I was already at the door, on my way out. "I haven't time," I cried. "Do you or don't you understand that I haven't time?"

I went out. She rushed after me, to the stairs. "You must know that, a few months ago, a very good-looking young man came to see me and he fell in love with me."

"Sorry, but what does it matter to me?"

"Wait. He fell in love with me because he was in love with you."

"Extremely interesting."

"Just think a little. To him I am a—how shall I say?—a kind of stand-in for you. He says he had an affair with you and then you turned him down and so now he wants to make love to you through me, since I'm your twin sister and so much like you. And what does it matter? He's so good-looking. Besides, I don't know why, but I like the idea of having a man in common with you."

"Good for you! You've done well. Listen, I'll make a present of him to you, just as I made you a present of the chain. Take him and enjoy him."

"He's called Benno. He's a German."

I hadn't time. I threw my arms round her neck and embraced her. The car was there, waiting for me. Inside my head there was already the roar of the airplane that would be taking me away shortly. Quickly, I said to her, "Goodbye. And be happy with your Benno."

"You mean *your* Benno."

I turned away and got into the car. Perhaps I ought to have had some profound kind of thought. There might have been occasion for it. But I hadn't the time.

—*Translated by Angus Davidson*

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TRANSIT OF EARTH

(continued from page 210)

plateau where Olympus had touched down after we'd separated and begun our own descent. Though our friends would never land on Mars, at least they'd had a little world of their own to explore; even for a satellite as small as Phobos, it worked out at 30 square miles per man. A lot of territory to search for strange minerals and debris from space—or to carve your name so that future ages would know that you were the first of all men to come this way.

The ship was clearly visible as a stubby, bright cylinder against the dull gray rocks; from time to time, some flat surface would catch the light of the swiftly moving Sun and would flash with mirror brilliance. But about five minutes before lift-off, the picture became suddenly pink, then crimson—then vanished completely as Phobos rushed into eclipse.

The countdown was still at ten seconds when we were startled by a blast of light. For a moment, we wondered if Olympus had also met with catastrophe; then we realized that someone was filming the take-off and the external floodlights had been switched on.

During those last few seconds, I think we all forgot our own predicament; we were up there aboard Olympus, willing the thrust to build up smoothly and lift the ship out of the tiny gravitational field of Phobos—and then away from Mars for the long fall Earthward. We heard Commander Richmond say "Ignition," there was a brief burst of interference and the patch of light began to move in the field of the telescope.

That was all. There was no blazing column of fire, because, of course, there's really no ignition when a nuclear rocket lights up. "Lights up," indeed! That's another hangover from the old chemical technology. But a hot hydrogen blast is completely invisible; it seems a pity that we'll never again see anything so spectacular as a Saturn or a Korolev blast-off.

Just before the end of the burn, Olympus left the shadow of Mars and burst out into sunlight again, reappearing almost instantly as a brilliant, swiftly moving star. The blaze of light must have startled them aboard the ship, because we heard someone call out: "Cover that window!" Then, a few seconds later, Richmond announced: "Engine cutoff." Whatever happened, Olympus was now irrevocably headed back to Earth.

A voice I didn't recognize—though it must have been the commander's—said: "Goodbye, Pegasus," and the radio transmission switched off. There was, of course, no point in saying "Good luck." *That* had all been settled weeks ago.

• • •

I've just played this back. Talking of luck, there's been one compensation, though not for us. With a crew of only ten, Olympus has been able to dump a third of her expendables and lighten herself by several tons. So now she'll get home a month ahead of schedule.

Plenty of things could have gone wrong in that month; we may yet have saved the expedition. Of course, we'll never know—but it's a nice thought.

• • •

I've been playing a lot of music, full blast—now that there's no one else to be disturbed. Even if there were any Martians, I don't suppose this ghost of an atmosphere could carry the sound more than a few yards.

We have a fine collection, but I have to choose carefully. Nothing downbeat and nothing that demands too much concentration. Above all, nothing with human voices. So I restrict myself to the lighter orchestral classics, the *New World Symphony* and Grieg's piano concerto fill the bill perfectly. At the moment, I'm listening to Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*, but now I must switch off and get down to work.

There are only five minutes to go; all the equipment is in perfect condition. The telescope is tracking the Sun, the video recorder is standing by, the precision timer is running.

These observations will be as accurate as I can make them. I owe it to my lost comrades, whom I'll soon be joining. They gave me their oxygen, so that I can still be alive at this moment. I hope you remember that, 100 or 1000 years from now, whenever you crank these figures into the computers.

Only two minutes to go, getting down to business. For the record, year 1984, month May, day 11, coming up to four hours, 30 minutes, Ephemeris time . . . *now*.

Half a minute to contact; switching recorder and timer to high speed. Just rechecked position angle, to make sure I'm looking at the right spot on the Sun's limb. Using power of 500—image perfectly steady even at this low elevation.

Four thirty-two. Any moment, now. . . .

There it is . . . there it is! I can hardly believe it! A tiny black dent in the edge of the Sun, growing, growing, growing . . .

Hello, Earth. Look up at me—the brightest star in your sky, straight overhead at midnight.

Recorder back to slow.

Four thirty-five. It's as if a thumb were pushing into the Sun's edge, deeper and deeper—fascinating to watch.

Four forty-one. Exactly halfway. The Earth's a perfect black semicircle—a

"It's called grass; it's softer to walk on than concrete."

clean bite out of the Sun. As if some disease were eating it away.

Four forty-five plus 30 seconds. Ingress three quarters complete.

Four hours, 49 minutes, 30 seconds. Recorder on high speed again.

The line of contact with the Sun's edge is shrinking fast. Now it's a barely visible black thread. In a few seconds, the whole Earth will be superimposed on the Sun.

Now I can see the effects of the atmosphere. There's a thin halo of light surrounding that black hole in the Sun. Strange to think that I'm seeing the glow of all the sunsets—and all the sunrises—that are taking place round the whole Earth at this very moment.

Ingress complete—four hours, 50 minutes, five seconds. The whole world has moved onto the face of the Sun. A perfectly circular black disk silhouetted against that inferno, 90,000,000 miles below. It looks bigger than I expected, one could easily mistake it for a fair-sized sunspot.

Nothing more to see now for six hours, when the Moon appears, trailing Earth by half the Sun's width. I'll beam the recorded data back to Lunacom, then try to get some sleep.

My very last sleep. Wonder if I'll need drugs. It seems a pity to waste these last few hours, but I want to conserve my strength—and my oxygen. I think it was Dr. Johnson who said that nothing settles a man's mind so wonderfully as the knowledge that he'll be hanged in the morning. How the hell did *he* know?

• • •

Ten hours, 30 minutes, Ephemeris time. Dr. Johnson was right. I had only one pill and don't remember any dreams.

The condemned man also ate a hearty breakfast. Cut that out.

Back at telescope. Now the Earth's halfway across the disk, passing well north of center. In ten minutes, I should see the Moon.

I've just switched to the highest power of the telescope—2000. The image is slightly fuzzy but still fairly good, atmospheric halo very distinct. I'm hoping to see the cities on the dark side of Earth.

No luck. Probably too many clouds. A pity; it's theoretically possible, but we never succeeded. I wish. . . . Never mind.

• • •

Ten hours, 40 minutes. Recorder on slow speed. Hope I'm looking at the right spot.

Fifteen seconds to go. Recorder fast.

Damn—missed it. Doesn't matter—the recorder will have caught the exact moment. There's a little black notch already in the side of the Sun. First contact must have been about ten hours, 41 minutes, 20 seconds, E. T.

What a long way it is between Earth and Moon—there's half the width of the Sun between them. You wouldn't think the two bodies had anything to do with each other. Makes you realize just how big the Sun really is.

Ten hours, 44 minutes. The Moon's exactly halfway over the edge. A very small, very clear-cut semicircular bite out of the edge of the Sun.

Ten hours, 47 minutes, five seconds. Internal contact. The Moon's clear of the edge, entirely inside the Sun. Don't suppose I can see anything on the night side, but I'll increase the power.

That's funny.

Well, well. Someone must be trying to talk to me. There's a tiny light pulsing away there on the darkened face of the Moon. Probably the laser at Imbrium Base.

Sorry, everyone. I've said all my good byes and don't want to go through that again. Nothing can be important now.

Still, it's almost hypnotic—that flickering point of light, coming out of the face of the Sun itself. Hard to believe that even after it's traveled all this distance, the beam is only 100 miles wide. Lunacom's going to all this trouble to aim it exactly at me and I suppose I should feel guilty at ignoring it. But I don't. I've nearly finished my work and the things of Earth are no longer any concern of mine.

Ten hours, 50 minutes. Recorder off. That's it—until the end of Earth transit, two hours from now.

• • •

I've had a snack and am taking my last look at the view from the observation bubble. The Sun's still high, so there's not much contrast, but the light brings out all the colors vividly—the countless varieties of red and pink and crimson, so startling against the deep blue of the sky. How different from the Moon—though that, too, has its own beauty.

It's strange how surprising the obvious can be. Everyone knew that Mars was red. But we didn't really expect the red of rust—the red of blood. Like the Painted Desert of Arizona; after a while, the eye longs for green.

To the north, there is one welcome change of color; the cap of carbon-dioxide snow on Mt. Burroughs is a dazzling white pyramid. That's another surprise. Burroughs is 25,000 feet above Mean Datum; when I was a boy, there weren't supposed to be any mountains on Mars.

The nearest sand dune is a quarter of a mile away and it, too, has patches of frost on its shaded slope. During the last storm, we thought it moved a few feet, but we couldn't be sure. Certainly, the dunes *are* moving, like those on Earth. One day, I suppose, this base will be covered—only to reappear again in 1000 years. Or 10,000.

That strange group of rocks—the Elephant, the Capitol, the Bishop—still holds its secrets and teases me with the memory of our first big disappointment. We could have sworn that they were sedimentary; how eagerly we rushed out to look for fossils! Even now, we don't know what formed that outcropping; the geology of Mars is still a mass of contradictions and enigmas.

We have passed on enough problems to the future and those who come after us will find many more. But there's one mystery we never reported to Earth nor even entered in the log. The first night after we landed, we took turns keeping watch. Brennan was on duty and woke me up soon after midnight. I was annoyed—it was ahead of time—and then

"His philosophy is that sex should be considered on the same level as shaking hands."

he told me that he'd seen a light moving around the base of the Capitol. We watched for at least an hour, until it was my turn to take over. But we saw nothing: whatever that light was, it never reappeared.

Now, Brennan was as levelheaded and unimaginative as they come; if he said he saw a light, then he saw one. Maybe it was some kind of electric discharge or the reflection of Phobos on a piece of sand-polished rock. Anyway, we decided not to mention it to Lunacom unless we saw it again.

Since I've been alone, I've often awaked in the night and looked out toward the rocks. In the feeble illumination of Phobos and Deimos, they remind me of the skyline of a darkened city. And it has always remained darkened. No lights have ever appeared for me.

• • •

Twelve hours, 49 minutes, Ephemeris time. The last act's about to begin. Earth has nearly reached the edge of the Sun. The two narrow horns of light that still embrace it are barely touching.

Recorder on fast.

Contact! Twelve hours, 50 minutes, 16 seconds. The crescents of light no longer meet. A tiny black spot has appeared at the edge of the Sun, as the Earth begins to cross it. It's growing longer, longer . . .

Recorder on slow. Eighteen minutes to wait before Earth finally clears the face of the Sun.

The Moon still has more than halfway to go; it's not yet reached the mid-point of its transit. It looks like a little round blob of ink, only a quarter the size of Earth. And there's no light flickering there anymore. Lunacom must have given up.

Well, I have just a quarter hour left here in my last home. Time seems to be accelerating the way it does in the final minutes before a lift-off. No matter; I have everything worked out now. I can even relax.

Already, I feel part of history. I am one with Captain Cook, back in Tahiti in 1769, watching the transit of Venus. Except for that image of the Moon trailing along behind, it must have looked just like this.

What would Cook have thought, over 200 years ago, if he'd known that one day a man would observe the whole Earth in transit from an outer world? I'm sure he would have been astonished—and then delighted.

But I feel a closer identity with a man not yet born. I hope you hear these words, whoever you may be. Perhaps you will be standing on this very spot, 100 years from now, when the next transit occurs.

Greetings to 2084, November 10! I wish you better luck than we had. I suppose you will have come here on a luxury liner—or you may have been born on Mars and be a stranger to Earth. You will know things that I cannot imagine, yet somehow I don't envy you. I would not even change places with you if I could.

For you will remember my name and know that I was the first of all mankind ever to see a transit of Earth. And no one will see another for 100 years.

Twelve hours, 59 minutes. Exactly halfway through egress. The Earth is a perfect semicircle—a black shadow on the face of the Sun. I still can't escape from the impression that something has taken a big bite out of that golden disk. In nine minutes, it will be gone and the Sun will be whole again.

Thirteen hours, seven minutes. Recorder on fast.

Earth has almost gone. There's just a shallow black dimple at the edge of the Sun. You could easily mistake it for a small spot, going over the limb.

Thirteen hours, eight.

Goodbye, beautiful Earth.

Going, going, going, goodbye, good——

• • •

I'm OK again now. The timings have all been sent home on the beam. In five minutes, they'll join the accumulated wisdom of mankind. And Lunacom will know that I stuck to my post.

But I'm not sending this. I'm going to leave it here for the next expedition—whenever that may be. It could be ten or twenty years before anyone comes here again, no point in going back to an old site when there's a whole world waiting to be explored.

So this capsule will stay here, as Scott's diary remained in his tent, until the next visitors find it. But they won't find me.

Strange how hard it is to get away from Scott. I think he gave me the idea. For his body will not lie frozen forever in the Antarctic, isolated from the great cycle of life and death. Long ago, that lonely tent began its march to the sea. Within a few years, it was buried by the falling snow and had become part of the glacier that crawls eternally away from the pole. In a few brief centuries, the sailor will have returned to the sea. He will merge once more into the pattern of living things—the plankton, the seals, the penguins, the whales, all the multitudinous fauna of the Antarctic Ocean.

There are no oceans here on Mars, nor have there been for at least five billion years. But there is life of some kind, down there in the badlands of Chaos II, that we never had time to explore. Those moving patches on the orbital photographs. The evidence that whole areas of Mars have been swept clear of craters by forces other than erosion. The long-chain, optically active carbon molecules picked up by the atmospheric samplers.

And, of course, the mystery of Viking Six. Even now, no one has been able to make any sense of those last instrument readings before something large and heavy crushed the probe in the still, cold depths of the Martian night.

And don't talk to me about *primitive* life forms in a place like this! Anything that's survived here will be so sophisticated that we may look as clumsy as dinosaurs.

There's still enough propellant in the ship's tanks to drive the Marscar clear around the planet. I have three hours of daylight left—plenty of time to get down into the valleys and well out into Chaos. After sunset, I'll still be able to make good speed with the head lamps. It will be romantic, driving at night under the moons of Mars.

One thing I must fix before I leave. I don't like the way Sam's lying out there. He was always so poised, so graceful. It doesn't seem right that he should look so awkward now. I must do something about it.

I wonder if *I* could have covered 300 feet without a suit, walking slowly, steadily—the way he did to the very end.

I must try not to look at his face.

• • •

That's it. Everything shipshape and ready to go.

The therapy has worked. I feel perfectly at ease—even contented, now that I know exactly what I'm going to do. The old nightmares have lost their power.

It is true: We all die alone. It makes no difference at the end, being 50 000,000 miles from home.

I'm going to enjoy the drive through that lovely painted landscape. I'll be thinking of all those who dreamed about Mars—Wells and Lowell and Burroughs and Weinbaum and Bradbury. They all guessed wrong, but the reality is just as strange, just as beautiful as they imagined.

I don't know what's waiting for me out there and I'll probably never see it. But on this starveling world, it must be desperate for carbon, phosphorus, oxygen, calcium. It can use me.

And when my oxygen alarm gives its final ping, somewhere down there in that haunted wilderness, I'm going to finish in style. As soon as I have difficulty in breathing, I'll get off the Marscar and start walking—with a playback unit plugged into my helmet and going full blast.

For sheer, triumphant power and glory, there's nothing in the whole of music to match the *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*. I won't have time to hear all of it; that doesn't matter.

Johann Sebastian, here I come.

Note: All the astronomical events described in this story will take place at the times and dates stated.

"I'll release you when you decide to give me what I really want for Christmas!"

WOMEN'S LIB

(continued from page 165)

And if you took mine away, you'd have a short Stanley Myron Handelman—in drag. Ladies obviously are as different from other ladies as they are from men.

That's why a lot of our ideas are not too practical. Take the concept of unisex, for example. I just can't go along with that one either, girls. True, I want to be liberated from the kitchen and the laundry room—but not from the bedroom. I believe in equality but I know for damn sure there's one thing that men can do that women can't. And I don't care what Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson say: Edgar does it better.

I also think our tactics leave a lot to be desired. What's the use of wasting all our time, effort and energy in marching, demonstrating and hollering, when one lib lady who looks like Gloria Steinem, in the sack with the right Senator, could get us everything we want—overnight. Remember, fellow libertinists, in the words of that eminent philosopher Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau, "The bed is mightier than the sword."

Let's admit something. We are the "weaker sex." I know that phrase makes some of the hard-hats in our movement very angry. But it's not necessarily a put-down. Sometimes it's a comfort. Militant schmilitant, you've got to agree that after a hard day of boozing at McSorley's, it's a pleasure to have a boy carry you and your groceries out of the supermarket. Or when you're on a crowded bus and your feet are killing you after you've picketed all day, it's nice to have a male chauvinist pig offer you his seat. Plus the fact that I can't, for the life of me, imagine carrying Edgar over the threshold.

There is no question that we should have more women in Congress, a woman on the Supreme Court and, certainly, at least one woman in the Cabinet. And not just as the Secretary of Labor. And I will fight to my last breath for these inalienable rights—soon. But at this point in my life, the only pants I want to wear in my family are from Pucci.

Actually, I do think that the concept of male supremacy is somewhat old fashioned. And we have to convince our men to let us have a hand in restructuring the world. Then, maybe they can relax a little by sharing some of that overwhelming responsibility. But, girls, I suggest we slow down our rush to convince them of our point. I know if I'm going on an important trip, I don't want to hurry and pack just an overnight bag. There are a lot of goodies in life and I want to take along a whole trunkful. Chances are, if I leave something behind, I may never be able to get it back.

Sure, I want to feel that I have a choice in who and what I am going to be and how and where I'm going to go about doing it. But I don't want to give up the sheer joy of being a woman. Not for anything! It's fun to be soft.

I am about as liberated a woman as there is today—I stand up there, dishing out my say so on the same stage with Johnny Carson, Buddy Hackett and Dean Martin—but I really love it when Edgar puts his arms around me and hugs me up into that hairy chest of his and when my little daughter, Melissa, climbs up into my lap to have her hair braided.

Yes, it's time for advertising agencies to stop treating us like boobs. How dare they think all we want out of life are thin cigarettes and a guy hidden in our washing machines. And it's time for employers to stop trying to save shaky egos and money with phony cop-outs about menstrual periods and pregnancy. And it's time for men in general to stop insisting on carrying the whole damned load. We've got enough widows and divorcees because men are so infernally stubborn about the wrong things.

However, let's not forget this: When the world finally turns full circle, and it will, the bottom line for me is still going to be, "He loves me"—and that's where it's at.

"My wife thinks I'm running around with other women. Actually, I'm not, but I haven't the guts to admit it."

street games *(continued from page 198)*

other's goal. It was a maddeningly noisy game and infuriated adults, notably my ill-tempered father. As he lay on his deathbed, 18 years ago, a gang of screaming kids ravaged the night with kickety can. I suspect he was too deep in Demerol to have been annoyed.

One game that did not utilize a ball or a stick, or any artifact, was ring-a-levio. The term has since been popularized by night-club comics. Like saloojee, its nomenclatural origin defies analysis. It was played over a wide area of Brooklyn—I learned this from an urban anthropologist—and apparently elsewhere in the United States. Chet Huntley tells me that in his Montana boyhood, he played a similar game of mass pursuit and escape. A gentleman from Waycross, Georgia, wrote me, after I described a ring-a-levio game in a novel, and said he had played an identical game in the rural South.

Actually, it was nothing more than group hide-and-go-seek ("hnegoseek"), in which two teams alternated as pursuers and escapees. There was a good deal of ranging over back-yard fences, empty lots, deserted stores and hallways. It was a rambling, chaotic business, with no true winners or losers, and I have since concluded that it was less a game than a tribal ritual. The appeal of the game was the group sense it nurtured, the chilling pleasure of the haunting cry of "Ring-a-levio!" (like "View halloo!") echoing across schoolyard and junk yard, the thrill of hiding, entrapment, escape, chase. It was not a proper sport but a formalized dance, as unfathomable but as satisfying as the bloodless war games of New Guinea head-hunters.

Another nonball game was Johnny-on-the-pony. It was played by two teams and one neutral boy, called the pillow. The pillow was usually a fat, amiable fellow, whose job it was to brace his back against a wall. The first defensive player rammed his head into the pillow's abdomen, bending over at the waist, as if about to be sodomized. The next man jammed his head into the first player's behind and wrapped his arms around his thighs, and so on, presenting a solid line of bowed heads, backs and rear ends. The offensive players, gathered across the street, took running starts and vaulted on top of their opponents. The trick was to apply maximum pressure at a weak point, all the jumpers attempting to land with force where a head joined a buttocks, using combined weight in order to break the chain. The pillow then led the ritual chanting: *"Johnny-on-the-pony, Johnny-on-the-pony, Johnny-on-the-pony, one-two-three, all off!"*

Both teams would then hit the sidewalk in a tangle of arms, legs and behinds, wallowing in the rich dirty smell of sidewalk. There would be much punching, mauling and goosing, and often we would break wind. The game probably had some cryptohomosexual significance (witness Mailer's argument that football's T formation is a buggerer's dream), but in our innocence, that aspect eluded us.

If crude pastimes such as Johnny-on-the-pony represented the nadir of street games, punchball was the unquestioned aristocrat. It was the truest test of skill, speed and coordination, the court tennis of the ghetto. I doubt that it is played anymore; it required a long stretch of street free of automobiles. In those bleak times, my father's black Buick—standard for doctors—was the only car on the block. Today, crumbling slum that Brownsville is, the streets are full of purple Pontiacs and chartreuse Chevys.

The punchball field was laid out between manhole covers, known as sewers. The word could refer both to the actual manhole cover and to the distance between two covers. Recently, I watched a newly appointed Catholic bishop being interviewed on TV and heard him tell a reporter that as a boy, he could "hit two sewers." The clergyman endeared himself to me, but the young Mod journalist looked at him with a bemused eye.

The sewer nearest the corner was home plate. The next sewer was second base. First and third bases were marked off halfway between them with chalked squares adjacent to the curbs to form the classic baseball diamond. A team consisted of six players. The first baseman and the third baseman were stationed directly to the rear of the chalked squares. A center—the key man—played in front of second base. There was a single outfielder. Inside an imaginary foul line, behind first and third, were a right sidewalk and a left sidewalk. The rules derived from baseball—three outs to an inning, a caught fly was out, a grounder required a play at first. There was no stealing, no pitcher or catcher, but runners could be forced or doubled off. If a play had to be made at home, the first or third baseman scurried to the sewer for the throw. Daring defensive teams often moved a player to home in a tight situation, leaving first or third unguarded.

The absence of a pitcher gave the "batter" a tremendous advantage and demanded fielding of the highest order. Therein resided the enormous challenge of the game. The batter started at home plate, bouncing the Spalding a few times to get the feel of it, often rubbing it sweatily to give it English. The defense

crouched low, hands on knees. Then the batter advanced, dribbling the ball a few times. About halfway to first base, he spun gracefully to the right (if he were a right-handed batter), tossed the ball into the air a few inches and struck it. The fist was used for distance, the palm and fingers for placement. The ball could be hit long and high or lined into the sidewalks, to rattle around garbage cans, or placed neatly over a fielder's head, or smashed on the ground, a blur of pink lightning. One must bear in mind that by the time the ball was struck, the runner, under a full head of steam, was almost to first base. (I am told that in some neighborhoods, batters were restrained by a "baby line" over which they could not run while hitting. On Prospect Place, there was no such impediment, the batter restricted only by an unspoken accord to go no farther than halfway.)

As the ball flew, or skidded, or bounced into the field, the defense had only split seconds to catch it and make a play. I doubt that any baseball ever traveled as fast. Considering the abbreviated distances, I still find it incredible that defensive stars such as Jos Dratel, our center, and Stanley Budesa, our outfielder, made the plays they did.

Jos was captain of the Prospect Place Pirates. The fiercest competitor I have ever known, he was not too big nor did he give the appearance of great strength. But his chunky, well-knit body was a mass of springs and tensile metal and his ruddy face, with its commanding brown eyes, had the look of a man who detested losing and losers. He guarded the center of the diamond with dazzling speed—sliding, falling, scooping up grounders, spearing liners with one hand, making impossible plays, tossing the Spalding from flat on his back or over his head or with a whiplike sidearm delivery.

Budesa was of Polish-Austrian ancestry, always soft-spoken and courteous, ever sensitive to other people's feelings. We knew there was something *different* about Stanley. While the rest of us rooted for the Brooklyn Dodgers, he was a Cincinnati Reds fan. In the deep, lonely gutter of the outfield, he was a solitary, distant hero, a reassuring presence.

These two were the core of the Pirates' undefeated punchball team, six 14-year-olds who had destroyed the opposition in Brownsville and East New York in a series of heated angry games, played for a half dollar a man. In their last few contests, the Pirates were required to spot inferior teams such as the Uhlans and the Doughboys five runs in the first inning, just to get opponents. Like Joe Louis in his prime, they had run out of adversaries. At this point, the Rens entered the picture. They were lumbering 16-year-olds, muscular, foulmouthed monsters, and they promised to "mopilize" those fresh kids in blue-and-gold jackets. As official scorekeeper, I shivered when I learned that the game had been booked. It was a monumental mismatch—little Tommy Loughran against the ogre Primo Carnera.

On a blistering July day, the crowds assembled on Prospect Place, packing stoops, windows, curbstones. A local boxing hero (was it Willie Suss, classy, crowd-pleasing Brownsville lightweight? Or was it veteran Billy Rykoff, former welterweight contender?) was engaged as umpire and holder of the six dollars. There was a crackling in the sultry air, a palpable tension.

From the start, the Pirates stunned the crowd and the humiliated Rens with their defensive feats. There had never been a center like Jos Dratel. Never had we seen such a brilliant performance. He leaped, he slid on the hot bubbly asphalt, he made unbelievable catches, breath-taking stops, last-minute throws. At one point, he lunged sideways, suspended parallel to the street for seconds, it seemed, like a Bolshoi dancer, to grab a wicked line smash with one hand.

Budesa—B'dees, as he was affectionately known—was no less spectacular in the outfield. Balls hit over Jos's curly head were his. If they bounced, he stopped them short. Anything on the fly was a certain out. Cunningly, he moved about, anticipating the Rens' batters' styles. He would challenge them by moving in, wait until the batters were well into their run-up, outguess them by quickly moving back.

Characteristically, the Rens had a ringer in their line-up, an 18-year-old football player from Boys' High School, a certain Schmolowitz, a shambling lout with an anteater's face and a thick blue rubber band holding his lank hair in place. Contestants usually wore knickers open at the ankles, but Schmolowitz sported red-and-black Boys' High basketball shorts.

In a late inning, he came to bat with two men on base and one out. The score was tied at one all. It had been a game of startling plays, close calls—classic punchball. Now the crowd buzzed: There was a sense that the Pirates' number was up. The mighty Schmolowitz took his awkward run-up—he was not a natural punchball player—and let fly with his fist. I watched the ball soar and I was afraid.

"Jeez," someone behind me muttered, "a t'ree-sewer hit."

And so it appeared. Up, up rose the Spalding in seemingly endless trajectory. Two-sewer men were rare enough—clean-up hitters, heavy sluggers. But *three*? Through the heated humid air of a Brownsville summer, the ball ascended like an escaping dove. It must have caught an air current in the canyon formed by the opposing rows of tenements. It would rise forever. Three runs would score and the Pirates would be crushed.

But we had forgotten B'dees. He was flying down Prospect Place, his knickers flapping, his towhead bobbing. Did his gold-rimmed specs fly off? On he ran, until he was almost gone from view, dodging a lemon-ice pushcart, a horse-drawn seltzer wagon, not looking back until the last breathless moment, when he turned, stretched out a skinny arm and squeezed the rubbery skin of the Spalding. With a great clangor, he fell amid the garbage cans outside a tenement, bounced up and fired the ball to Jos. A runner was doubled off second base. No one scored. Hysteria overwhelmed us. We cheered and shouted for minutes; we kissed Stanley; we were convinced the Rens were doomed. But the defensive feats of Jos and B'dees had infuriated the bullies. Frustrated, they deliberately began a violent argument in the Pirates' half of the inning. I don't remember what the dispute was about—a close call at first, a tag. Fists flew. A nose was bloodied. Vile curses sullied the air. Jos had to be dragged off the Rens' captain, a 16-year-old hoodlum who had fought in the Golden Gloves. Older men intervened. The pugilist-umpire returned the bets and declared it no contest.

In a way, I was glad. The game unfinished, Budesa's shining catch would be long remembered as part of the deathless legend of Brownsville punchball. Who won no longer mattered; an act of individual brilliance and courage would be immortalized.

Such was the golden age of punchball, the king of street games. It is gone, I suppose, forever. But what about the endless potentialities of ordinary marbles? Or the delights of the humble soda-bottle cap? They made excellent checkers, sometimes markers in a complicated game—called skelly in certain quarters—wherein kneeling combatants would try to flick their caps into boxes chalked on the versatile square of soiled sidewalk. Those old Moxie and Nehi caps gave us hours of joy.

And what about tossing baseball cards? Pitching pennies? Running bases? On-and-off the ice-dock? Follow-the-leader? Chicken-fights? Red rover? King of the hill? Wolf-are-you-ready? Church-on-fire? Take a giant step? Red light?

Once before I die, perhaps, I shall pass a gray city street and, in the cindery twilight, I shall see a teenage boy—in unhooked knickers and ragged, ankle-covering black Keds—bounce a Spalding twice, run forward with elegant grace, pivot to his right and strike the ball with cupped palm or clenched fist. And the ball will streak down the narrow diamond, a rose-gray flash. And the center will lunge to his left, fall, deflect the skidding ball, recover, throw. . .

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

COMMUNES! THEY'RE SPROUTING EVERYWHERE. – BACK TO THE LAND! – BACK TO THE TRIBAL CONCEPT OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN OF OLD. NO PRIVATE PROPERTY! NO LAW! THE SIMPLE, PRIMITIVE LIFE ··· EXTRACTING SUSTENANCE FROM THE SOIL ··· CHILDLIKE SOULS ENJOYING A COMMUNAL SMOKE – –THEN CLIMBING WALLS, STANDING ON CEILINGS, FLYING OVER MOUNTAINS– – BUT BACK TO OUR HEROINE ··· ABOUT TO VISIT A COMMUNE –

HI, HON! YOU SHOULD SEE THE RIOTS DOWNSTAIRS – HARD-HATS HITTING STUDENTS ··· POLICE CLUBBING BLACK PANTHERS ··· WALL STREET INVESTORS PUNCHING STOCK-BROKERS

RUTHIE, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOWADAYS –

NOISE

CRIME

GHETTO

BOMB

WAR

POLLUTION

POLITICS

The New!!

PRESIDENT SAYS EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE GREAT

Two Chickens Every Pot

SPIRO SPEAKS HUNDREDS RIOT!

EGGS

INFLATION

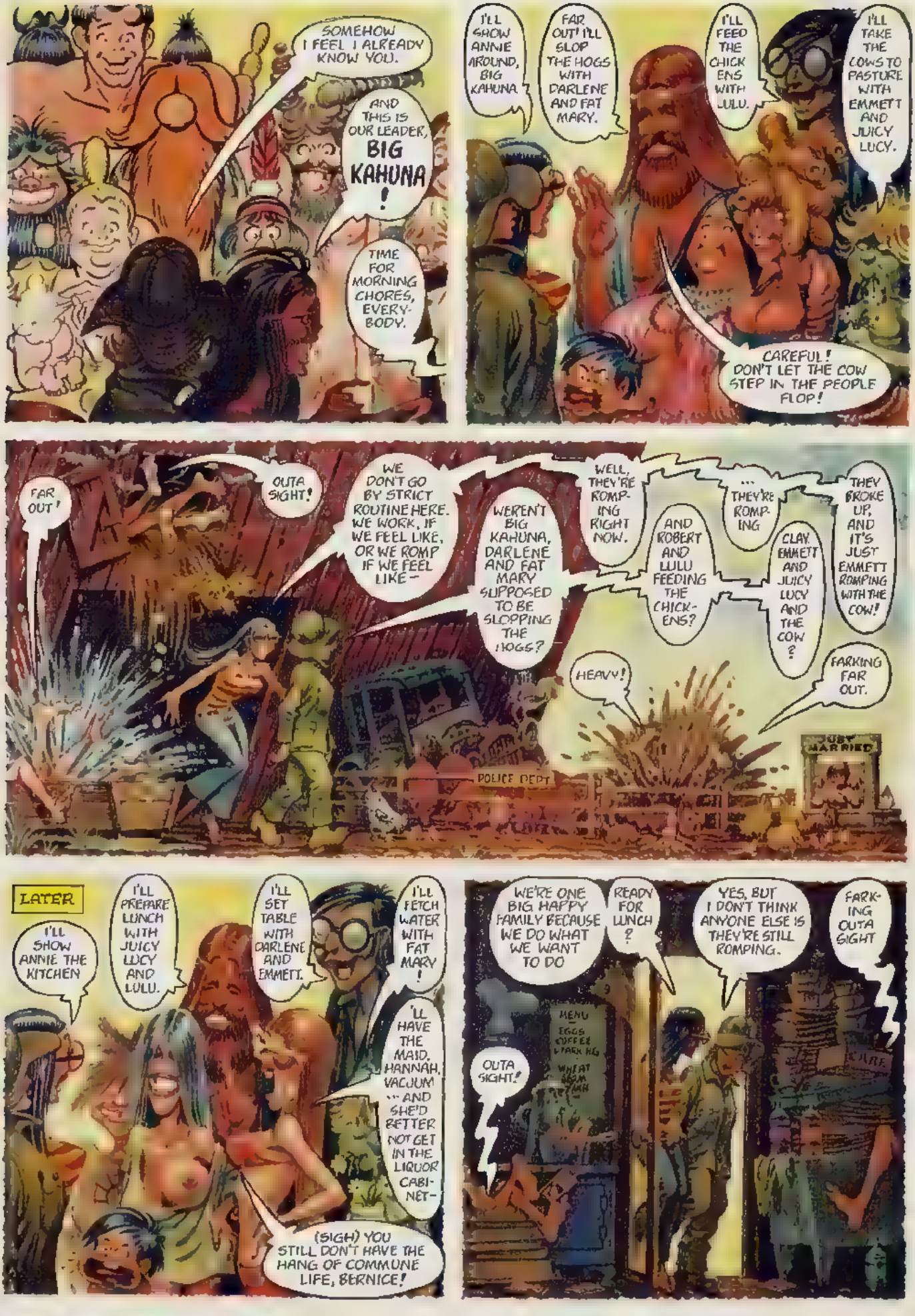
NEWARK

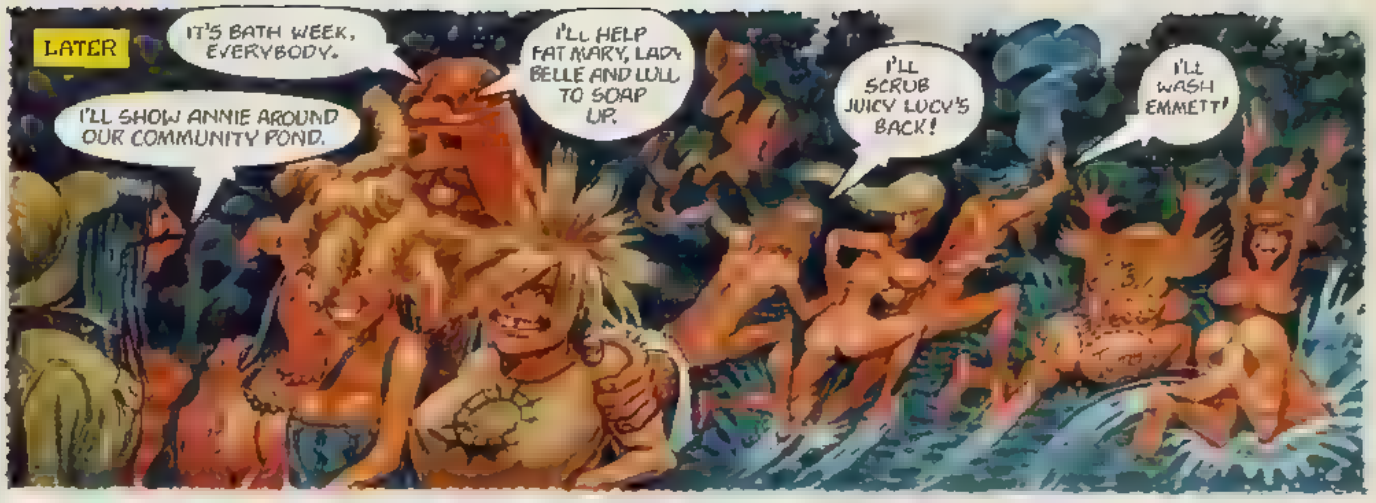
– DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE CHARGING FOR A LITTLE BOTTLE OF "WRINKLE CREAM" NOWADAYS?

THE WORLD IS FALLING APART AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT "WRINKLE CREAM"? ··· WHY DON'T YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT WRINKLE CREAM, AND YOU WOULDN'T GET THE WRINKLES THAT YOU BUY THE WRINKLE CREAM FOR!

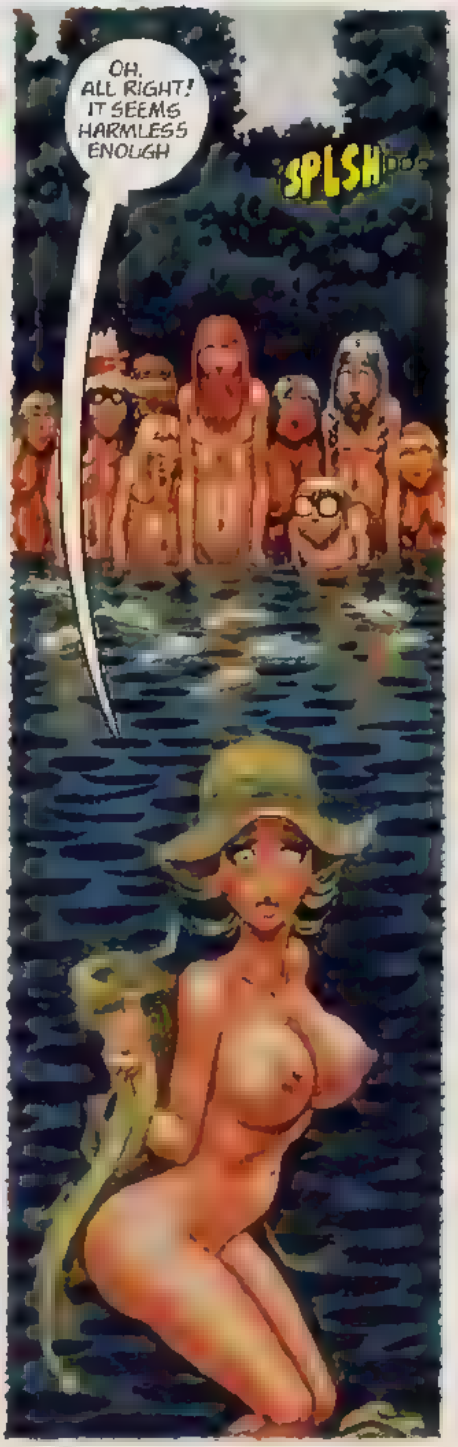
OBSCENE MAIL

LOOK! I HAVE FRESH ROLLS, MAGAZINES, THE PAPER, THE MAIL—
OOH!—A LETTER FROM MY CRAZY FRIEND, WANDA HOMEFREE! LISTEN TO WHAT SHE WRITES—
" I'M DOING MY THING. IT'S FAR OUT! IT'S WHERE MY HEAD'S AT. I CRASHED AT AN OUTA-SIGHT COMMUNE. IT'S BECOME A HEAVY EXPERIENCE—
"—THE CITY'S A HASSLE. WHY DON'T YOU SPLIT? COME DO YOUR THING—"
SHE'S INVITING YOU TO HER COMMUNE, ANNIE—
SHE GOES ON TO SAY THAT YOU SHOULD WEAR OLD CLOTHES. —ARMY SURPLUS STUFF.
AND GO—
SAY, MAN— DID YOU SEE A CHICK GET OFF THAT TRAIN? A BABY-FACED BLONDE WITH THE BIGGEST PAIR OF—
WAN-DA! -IT'S ME! ANNIE FANNY!
I'M SO GLAD YOU INVITED ME THE CITY WAS BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN
OUT HERE YOU'LL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE A MILLION MILES AWAY FROM THE WAR NEWS, THE RIOTS, THE HASSLES AND THE DANGER—
SCREEEESH!
SCREEEESH!
SCREEEESH!
THERE IT IS!
SO THAT'S A COMMUNE! — A BIG RED BARN··· SILOS··· CATTLE! ··· JUST LIKE A REGULAR FARM!
THAT IS A REGULAR FARM!
THE COMMUNE IS OFF TO THE RIGHT.
GLORYOSKY ··· IT CERTAINLY DOES LOOK LIKE A HAPPY OASIS HERE. HOW DOES EVERYONE MANAGE TO STAY SO HAPPY?
(SUUCK!)
(SUUCK!)
(SUUUCK!)
MEET ANNIE FANNY, EVERYONE.


SOMEHOW I FEEL I ALREADY KNOW YOU.
AND THIS IS OUR LEADER, BIG KAHUNA!
TIME FOR MORNING CHORES, EVERYBODY.
I'LL SHOW ANNIE AROUND, BIG KAHUNA.
FAR OUT! I'LL SLOP THE HOGS WITH DARLENE AND FAT MARY.
I'LL FEED THE CHICKENS WITH LULU.
I'LL TAKE THE COWS TO PASTURE WITH EMMETT AND JUICY LUCY.
CAREFUL! DON'T LET THE COW STEP IN THE PEOPLE FLOP!
FAR OUT!
OUTA SIGHT!
WE DON'T GO BY STRICT ROUTINE HERE. WE WORK, IF WE FEEL LIKE, OR WE ROMP IF WE FEEL LIKE—
WEREN'T BIG KAHUNA, DARLENE AND FAT MARY SUPPOSED TO BE SLOPPING THE HOGS?
WELL, THEY'RE ROMPING RIGHT NOW.
AND ROBERT AND LULU FEEDING THE CHICKENS?
... THEY'RE ROMPING
CLAY, EMMETT AND JUICY LUCY AND THE COW?
THEY BROKE UP, AND IT'S JUST EMMETT ROMPING WITH THE COW!
HEAVY!
FARKING FAR OUT.
POLICE DEPT
JUST MARRIED
LATER
I'LL SHOW ANNIE THE KITCHEN
I'LL PREPARE LUNCH WITH JUICY LUCY AND LULU.
I'LL SET TABLE WITH DARLENE AND EMMETT.
I'LL FETCH WATER WITH FAT MARY!
I'LL HAVE THE MAID, HANNAH, VACUUM ... AND SHE'D BETTER NOT GET IN THE LIQUOR CABINET—
(SIGH) YOU STILL DON'T HAVE THE HANG OF COMMUNE LIFE, BERNICE!
WE'RE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY BECAUSE WE DO WHAT WE WANT TO DO
READY FOR LUNCH?
YES, BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE IS THEY'RE STILL ROMPING.
FARKING OUTA SIGHT
MENU
EGGS COFFEE
OUTA SIGHT!
CAFE


LATER
IT'S BATH WEEK, EVERYBODY.
I'LL SHOW ANNIE AROUND OUR COMMUNITY POND.
I'LL HELP FAT MARY, LADY BELLE AND LULL TO SOAP UP.
I'LL SCRUB JUICY LUCY'S BACK!
I'LL WASH EMMETT!

SPLASH! FROLIC! ROMP!
FAR OUT!
OUTA SIGHT!
FARK-ING FAR OUT!
ONCE EVERY WEEK ... OR TWO WEEKS ... OR THREE WEEKS, WE ALL BATHE! COME ON! IT'S A TRIP! NOBODY'S EMBAR-RASSED!


OH, ALL RIGHT! IT SEEMS HARMLESS ENOUGH
SPLSH

SPLISHY SPLASH

TIME FOR AFTER-NOON CHORES, EVERY-BODY.
I'LL MILK THE COW WITH ANNIE.
NO! I'LL SHUCK CORN WITH ANNIE!
NO! I'LL TUCK-POINT THE CHIMNEY WITH ANNIE!
NO! NO! I'LL WITH ANNIE!
-I'LL WITH ANNIE!
I!
ME!
NO! NO! ME!
I! I!
ME, ME, ME!
TIME TO SPLIT, BABY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO TO A COMMUNE?
THIS IS A COMMUNE!
CORRECTION. THIS WAS A COMMUNE.
THERE'S NO MORE COMMUNE... NO MORE INDIAN-STYLE TRIBAL LIFE! ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND... AND YOU ARE IT!
COME ON, KEMOSABE... STRETCH OUT THOSE GREAT WHITE LEGS OF YOURS—
AND SO-
VROOM! BEEP! BEEP! CRASH!
NOISE
GADGETRY
POLITICS
POLLUTION
IZZZZZZ!
RRRRRR!
-OUTA SIGHT.
END

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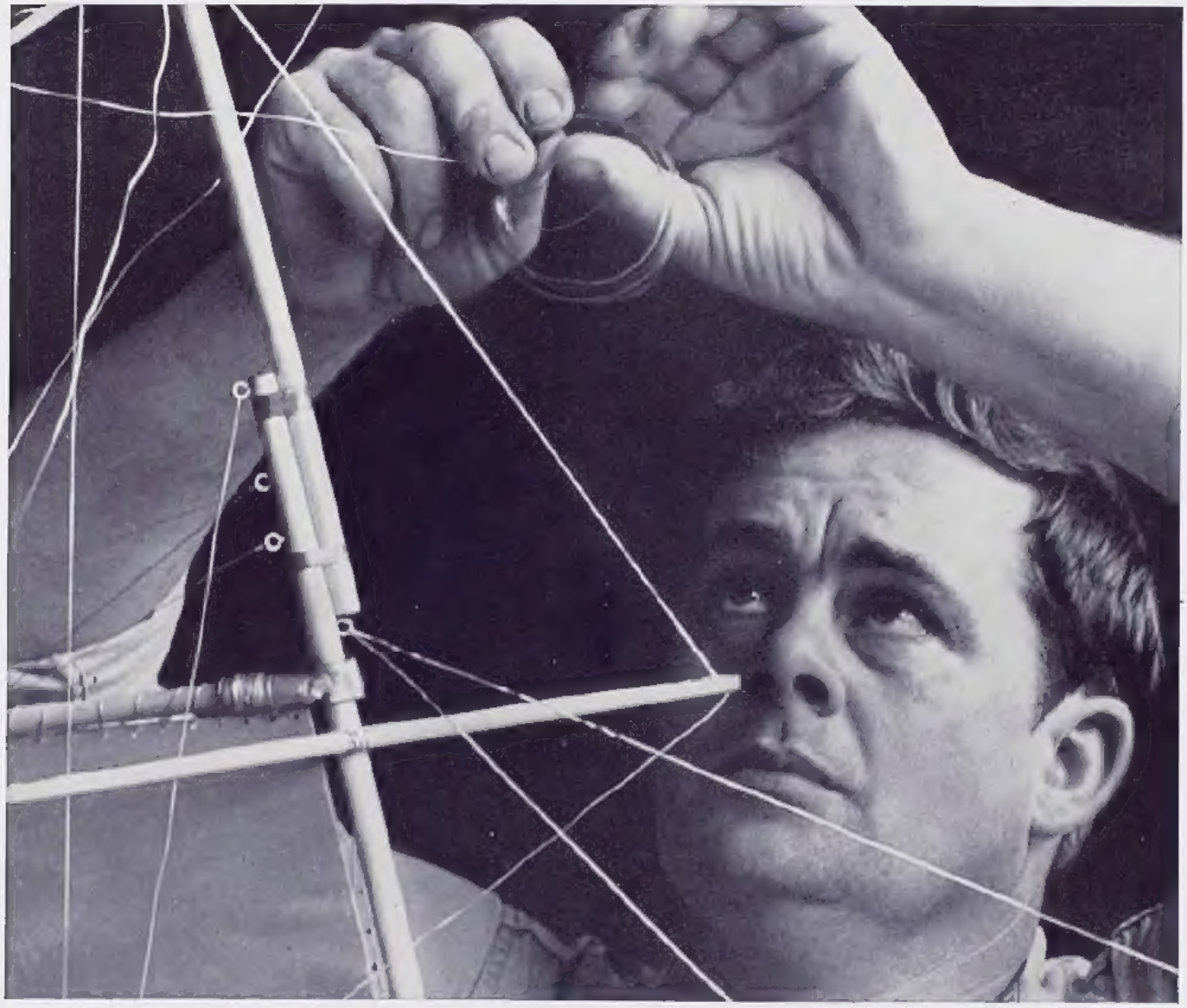

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